School of Theology at Claremont
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Prayers

OFFERED BY THE CHAPLAIN
REV. FREDERICK BROWN HARRIS, D. D., LL. D., LITT. D.
AT THE OPENING OF THE DAILY SESSIONS OF
THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES
DURING THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH
SEVENTY-EIGHTH, AND
SEVENTY-NINTH
CONGRESSES
1942–1946

The Library

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT

WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

To my good friend

Lord Geo. R. Grose

who with prophetic pen
and voice served the nation
and the world with utter fidelity
and outstanding ability during
the tense and anxious years mirrored
in these prayers.

With deep appreciation for
what his editorials have meant
to me and to many.

With warmest personal
regards.

Frederick Brown Harris

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Foundry Parsonage,
Washington D.C.

U.S. Congress. Senate. Chaplain
BV
280
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1942/46

Prayers

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AT THE OPENING OF THE DAILY
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SEVENTY-SEVENTH, SEVENTY-EIGHTH, AND
SEVENTY-NINTH CONGRESSES

1942–1946

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1946

Senate Resolution No. 252

SEVENTY-NINTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION

(Submitted by Mr. HAYDEN)

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
May 10 (legislative day March 5), 1946.

Resolved, That two thousand five hundred copies of the prayers offered by the Reverend Frederick Brown Harris, doctor of divinity, Chaplain of the Senate, at the opening of the daily sessions of the Senate during the Seventy-seventh, Seventy-eighth, and Seventy-ninth Congresses, inclusive, be printed and bound for the use of the Senate.

Attest: LESLIE L. BIFFLE, *Secretary.*

Theology Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
California

"ARROWS OF DESIRE"

Prayers

IN WAR AND PEACE OFFERED AT THE SESSIONS OF

THE UNITED STATES SENATE

BY THE CHAPLAIN

THE REVEREND FREDERICK BROWN HARRIS, D. D., LL. D., LITT. D.

"Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!"

DEDICATED

TO

Father and Mother

WHO TAUGHT ME TO PRAY

AND TO

"Our Jack"

WHO MARCHED AWAY

A VALIANT CRUSADER IN THE GREAT CAUSE

AND CAME NOT BACK

Foreword

by

FORMER VICE PRESIDENT, HONORABLE HENRY A. WALLACE

Presiding officer of the Senate when many of these prayers were offered

One of the utterly unique relationships in the Federal Government is that between the Vice President and the Chaplain of the Senate. Day after day, while the Senate is in session, the Vice President and the Chaplain meet in the Vice President's office before proceeding together to the Senate rostrum promptly at the stroke of 12. During the greater part of my term as Vice President, Frederick Brown Harris was Chaplain of the Senate, and as a result I became fully aware of the utter sincerity and earnestness of one of the greatest churchmen of our capital city. It fell to his lot to offer prayers on many occasions of both Senatorial and National importance. Again and again I found inspiration in his words, as I am sure will many of you who read this little volume.

H A Wallace

Foreword

by

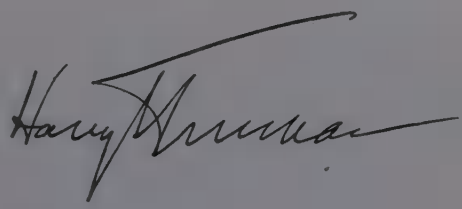
Former Vice President, President Harry S. Truman

The White House.

I am glad to know that a selection of the prayers offered at the opening of sessions of the Senate is to be published.

As Senator and as Vice President I was inspired and uplifted by these appeals to the Most High. In a time of anxiety and harassment it is well that they are to reach larger numbers of our citizens as will be possible now that they are coming out in permanent form.

May God bless and spread the message which these supplications breathe and answer the prayers for peace and good will among men and nations.



Introduction

by

Senator Alben W. Barkley, Majority Leader

During the past few years the Senate of the United States has labored through one of the greatest periods in our history. During these trying days the prayers of the Chaplain have been an inspiration to all of us. We have been greatly encouraged by their deep devotion and humble approach to the spiritual values that must be recognized by men in every profession and every walk of life.

The Chaplain of the Senate, Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, is not only an eloquent preacher, but he is a very devout man in all of his relationships. The prayers which he delivers each morning at the opening of the Senate constitute a residuum of spiritual and moral insight and consecration which deeply affect all who hear them or read them.

Dr. Harris is a man of wide scholarship, profound convictions and sympathies, and is a man of the highest and deepest sincerity. In his Church and in his daily walk, and in the Senate, he is a man of force and refinement and is affectionately regarded by all who know him, including the Members of the Senate.

These prayers, which are a periodical publication, will be a valuable addition to the religious literature of our day and an inspiration to those who, in these difficult days, would approach The Maker of all men for guidance and light upon the pathway of our Nation and ourselves.

Alben W. Barkley.

SEVENTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION

(Submitted by Mr. BARKLEY)

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
October 10 (legislative day, October 5), 1942.

Resolved, That the Reverend Frederick Brown Harris, doctor of divinity, of Washington, District of Columbia, be, and he is hereby, elected Chaplain of the Senate.

Attest: EDWIN A. HALSEY, *Secretary.*

Senate Resolution No. 51

SEVENTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION

(Submitted by Mr. BARKLEY)

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
January 14, 1943.

Resolved, That Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, of Washington, D. C., be, and he is hereby, elected Chaplain of the Senate.

Attest: EDWIN A. HALSEY, *Secretary.*

Prayers

OFFERED BY THE CHAPLAIN AT THE OPENING OF THE DAILY SESSIONS OF THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH (SECOND SESSION) TO THE SEVENTY-NINTH CONGRESS, INCLUSIVE (1942–1946)

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1942

MAY I BEGIN MY MINISTRY in this office, to which in this crucial hour of the Nation's life you have graciously called me, with a prayer offered where I now stand by my princely predecessor, Dr. ZeBarney T. Phillips, when the Senate was mourning the loss of a distinguished Member. The petitions which fell from his lips then we think of today as applying to him and to his dear ones, and as still linking us to him and to his glorious service as Chaplain of this body across beautiful years. Let us lift our hearts as we offer the prayer of Chaplain ZeBarney Phillips:

PRAYER

FATHER OF MERCIES, whose never failing love alone can heal our wounds, be with us now. Be very near, dear Lord, in this sad hour wherein we pause in loving tribute to the memory of him, our friend, so late our gallant comrade. Vouchsafe him peace and joy in the Paradise of God, and may he go from strength to strength in that life of perfect service. Deal tenderly with her whose love hath ever been to him the earnest of Thy love, that through the shadows Thy staff may be her stay, Thine everlasting arms her sure refuge. Grant unto us who are still in our pilgrimage that purity of intention which sets the seal of a supernatural distinction upon the humblest life, and gird us with prudence and restraint, the holy armor of knights dedicated to a divine adventure.

"When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown;
Thou, who hast made my house of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.
Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place."

Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1942

ALMIGHTY GOD, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name. Give, we beseech Thee, to these servants of the commonwealth clear vision, clean hands, and pure hearts as, facing great tasks and grave responsibilities, they ascend this holy hill of the Nation's life. In this age on ages telling, steady our purpose to give the best that is in us—body, mind, and spirit—to the right that needs assistance; against the wrong that needs resistance; to the future in the distance and the good that we may do. Grant us to pass this day in glad service and in inner peace, without stumbling and without stain. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1492

OUR FATHER GOD, frail children of earth's fleeting scenes we lift lame hands of prayer to Thee, who art from everlasting to everlasting. From the grinding daily schedules, which drain our strength and enmesh our hearts and minds, we would for these dedicated moments gaze up and out to the eternal principles which give worth and meaning to all that we do or say here. Purge our hearts of unworthy entanglements and shabby motives which may mar and blot the future's broadening way. In a world that has become a neighborhood, where we must make it a brotherhood or perish, join us to that increasing legion that across the boundaries of prejudice,

intolerance, and hatred, extends the dominion of healing good will. Make our spirits living links to unite the broken life of man in a new depth of understanding friendship. Out of the ruins of our shattered hopes may Thy kingdom come. Thou who through storm and night art still guiding and guarding, to Thee aloud we cry, "God save the State!" We ask it in the Name that is above every name. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1942

OUR FATHER GOD, Who art the Light of all our seeing, we thank Thee for this quiet moment when facing human issues, with heavy responsibilities committed to our hands, trusting a strength and a wisdom not our own, we can look away from things seen to things unseen and confidently express our faith—in God we trust. In the secret places of the inner life may there be those spiritual deposits and resources, that strength of conviction, that loyalty to ideals, that vision splendid of faith and hope that shall give poise and courage and an undeviating devotion to the right, as Thou dost give us to see the right.

In all the perplexities and confusions of our time may we be conscious that Thy truth is marching on, in the coming of a new spirit into society concerned for the common good. And as we here highly resolve to give all and to dare all for that dream and that dawn, may our glad hearts thrill at the beckoning challenge of being partners with Thee, our redeeming God, in building a world where righteousness and justice and love shall one day cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1942

OUR FATHER GOD, new every morning is the love our waking and uprising prove. Again we turn unfilled to Thee. Take Thou the dimness of our souls away.

Facing the duties of the new day, we would first search our own souls. May Thy holy powers of renewal be felt in every heart, and may all that is withered and blighted in us be morally and spiritually restored. May our guilt be lost in the unfathomable sea of

Thy everlasting mercy. May weights of despair be changed to wings of a new hope. May disappointments be changed into radiant expectations. May any bitterness or selfishness lurking in our hearts be transmuted into a love that thinketh no evil and seeketh not her own. Scorning expediency and cowardly compromise, may we be true to all truth the world denies; not tongue-tied by its gilded lies; not always right in all men's eyes, but faithful to the light within.

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1942

O THOU who changest not, the mournful requiem of sighing autumn winds and falling leaves, dead and driven, reminds us that we all do fade as a leaf. Change and decay in all around we see. We, Thy transient children upon this spinning island in the sky, would set our little lives against the background of Thy everlastingness, there to learn humility, quietude, and the patience which is power.

Take from our fearful, feverish souls the stress and strain, and let our ordered lives confess the beauty of Thy peace. So with inner calm and courage may all our deliberations this day within this white-domed shrine of each patriot's devotion be begun, continued, and ended in Thee. Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1942

GOD OF ALL MERCIES, still our fretful, anxious hearts as we bring our weakness to Thy might, our failure to Thy perfection, our littleness to Thy greatness. May the rush and roar of the tumultuous present not so browbeat our lives that we shall lose our perspective, our poise, and our peace. May the white principles by which we really live, which are the very breath of our better selves, never be strangled by policy or cunning. In challenging, perilous times like these, when our ship of state is tossed on mountainous seas and forked lightning stabs the darkened sky, may our faith be triumphant o'er our fears as, in spite of rock and tempest's roar, in spite of false lights on the shore, a nation of freemen from sea to shining sea, with patriotism pure and undefiled, declares anew "our toils and tears, our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, are all with Thee, are all with Thee." With chastened and grateful hearts bring us to

the desired haven of a just and durable peace for all peoples. Make us worthy of victory. In the name of our fathers' God, Author of liberty, we ask it. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1942

O GOD OF GRACE AND MERCY, in whose love and wisdom lies all our hope, look upon us with Thy favor in these dark days of the world's despair. From a sad and mad world, with its inhuman horrors, we turn for this hallowed moment to be still and know that Thou art God.

We thank Thee for life's loveliness that cannot be shattered nor shaken by war's alarms; for friendships which sanctify, for music which gives our drooping spirits wings, for truth which breaks the shackles of the mind, and for shining human characters where God stooping shows sufficient of His light for us in the dark to rise by. Immersed in this world of facts and figures, facing demanding duties, we pause to acknowledge that we cannot live by bread alone nor in the flesh alone; that our spirits must have an escape into that higher realm measured not by clocks nor calendars, that kingdom within whose radiant realities are its faith, its ideals, its visions of beauty, its aspirations that lay hold of God and goodness. Drinking deeply at these hidden springs, may we be strengthened with might. Help us this and every day to live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1942

DEAR LORD AND FATHER OF MANKIND, our glad and grateful hearts thrill as once more, on the coming morrow, a free nation pauses to hear and to heed the voice of the sovereign people.

We thank Thee for the mandates which emerge from the pooled judgment of a peoples' uncoerced will. From imposing legislative halls of the Nation and of the States we turn our reverent gaze to those unadorned yet sacred booths set up from sea to shining sea which are the holy of holies in the temple of our democracy, where, free from sinister, spying eyes, every man is alone with his own conscience, none daring to molest nor make afraid.

Make us solemnly conscious with what a price was this freedom bought for us; with what a price it is being preserved as, while the right of untrammeled franchise is being exercised under American

skies, our boys are bravely dying far from home, in swamp, in jungle, and on lonely isles, that this kingly scepter may never be snatched by tyranny from the hands of the common man. With the casting of the ballots may there be also the lifting of the prayer, America, America, best hope of tomorrow's world, God heal thine every rift, God mend thine every flaw. Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1942

"Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea,"

and in the air, and on the land, wherever the far-flung battle-line of freedom faces the ruthless might of tyranny. Conscious of the subtle temptations which lurk in our national privilege, fervently we pray, oh, hear us when we cry to Thee for those in peril in this dear homeland of ours, throned in richness, between the seas. From the peril of putting comfort above conscience and of selfishly refusing to match with our own self-denials the valor and sacrifice of those who fight; from the peril of the fatal delusion that we can long enjoy the material fruits of democracy unless we nourish its spiritual roots; from the peril of the false assumption that we can build the bright new world of our dreams on the love of power, rather than on the power of love, good Lord, deliver us. Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee to make us fit to set men free. We ask it in the Name above every name. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1942

Our Father God, at noonday, mid all the traffic of life's ways, we would lift our souls into the light of Thy presence. By thronging duties pressed, we, Thy servants, into whose hands has been placed the solemn trust of governance, would in this temple of the people's hope reverently pause in a little shrine of quietness, lest we forget whose ministers we are. From the framing of laws and the forming of policies holding in their reach the woe or weal of the commonwealth, we would come amid all the shattering events and tempestuous emotions of our time to an inner sanctuary where the world's angry voices die and Thou alone art real.

In drab days of bitter loss which must be endured on the way to final victory for the right, strengthen our hearts that we faint not. In glad days of jubilation, when the forces of freedom make tyranny tremble, may our elation grow out of the sacredness of our goal of a free world. Wherever we serve in this great struggle, molding the age to come, may we be ever mindful that still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, an humble and a contrite heart. So may the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our redeemer. Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1942

FATHER OF MERCIES, in Thee we live; away from Thee we perish. Thou only canst redeem our life from destruction.

As we witness man's inhumanity to man, we confess with sorrow that human devices and designs have deceived and betrayed every fair hope and brought ashes for beauty; the arm of flesh has failed us. Man has forsaken Thy ways all holy and slighted Thy word. Thou hast given him the faculty of creating beauty, and he has used the gifts of Thy grace to destroy the works of his own hands and the heritage of his children. In these latter days Thou hast granted him the dominion of the air, and he uses his wings to rain death and destruction upon the good earth, tearing to tatters the fair fabric of his own acheivements.

By Thy mercy and by Thy judgments hasten the day when the devotion, the skill, and the knowledge of men shall channel broad streams of living waters of good will through the arid wastes of human need and in wildernesses blossoming as rose gardens shall plant trees of life abundant, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. So out of the wrath of man may there come the reign of God, whose alone is the kingdom and the power and the glory. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1942

OUR FATHER GOD, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless until they find the rest of Thy peace. Thou hast taught us to love truth and beauty and goodness. May Thy truth make us free, free from prejudice and pride, from narrow nationalism and racial hatreds, and from all the ugly sins that do so easily beset us.

Lift us above the mud and scum of mere things into the holiness of Thy beauty, so that the trivial round and the common tasks may be edged with crimson and gold. In times of crisis and alarm, as we offer our very lives for the preservation of all the precious things we hold nearest our hearts, give us courage, give us vision, give us wisdom, that we fail not man nor Thee. Lead us in the paths of righteousness for Thy name's sake. Amen.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1942

O THOU God of might and wisdom, Thou knowest all the way by which we have come; Thou knowest the thorny path our feet are now treading; Thou knowest the unbeaten track before us. Our times are in Thy hands; our God, we would have it so; we do not ask to see life's distant scenes—one step enough for us. Enough the blessed assurance that Thou art the Love that never forgets, the Light that never fails, the Life that never ends. May that Love at last bridge every yawning gulf of hate. May that Light at last dispel the blackest night of ignorance. May that Life at last prove victor over boasting death. We ask it in the name of that One, holiest among the mighty and mightiest among the holy, who is the life and the truth and the way. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1942

OUR FATHER GOD, out of our deep need we come, conscious of our limitations, lifting lame hands of prayer to Thee. We are weak, mortal men, immeshed in this world's affairs, exposed to temptations, laden with responsibilities, liable to do less than our best. We would bring the solemn duties committed to our hands by the will of the people into the white light of Thy sustaining presence, Thou Holy One, higher than our truest thoughts, better than our noblest dreams. Thus may this revered chamber of national deliberation be to us a lofty temple of patriotism, pure and undefiled. May we come to its high altar with pure hearts and clean hands, not lifting up our souls to vanity nor swearing deceitfully.

Here we would confess anew our sure faith that evil dies and good lives on, loves on, and conquers all. Above all other loyalties and fealties may our ruling passion be to do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly before our God. And so, pausing for this still moment

at the portal of a demanding day, we would humbly ask, make Thou our hearts an altar and Thy love the flame. Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1942

ETERNAL GOD, with contrite hearts we come confessing that strident voices around us stop our ears to the still, small voice of the Divine, that the dazzling sights of the earth tempt us to be disobedient to the heavenly vision. Pilgrims in this bourne of time and sense we are played upon by influences which are of the earth earthy. The breath of unworthy motives, of prejudice and intolerance, too often blights the garden where once bloomed the bright flowers of a love that seeketh not its own.

"Breathe on us, Breath of God,
Fill us with life anew,
That we may love what Thou dost love
And do what Thou wouldst do.
Breathe on us, Breath of God,
Till we are wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of us
Glows with Thy fire divine."

Breathe on us, Breath of God. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1942

ETERNAL GOD, our Father, whose life is the breath of our being, in these times that try our souls, as we gird the might of the Nation to defend our threatened liberties, we pray that we take care to strengthen the spiritual foundations of our democracy, knowing that without Thee we build on sinking sand. Give us hearts and minds big enough for those social reconstructions, for those daring feats of generous good will, that shall yet turn human life into a glad, gracious, and triumphant fraternity around this torn and tortured world.

With uncovered heads we think gratefully and tenderly of those who have so recently given the last full measure of devotion, counting not their own lives dear to themselves, that they might strike a blow for freedom and against tyranny. In this our noontide petition we offer again the prayer which has come from the lips of Thy servant, our President, as the speaking air gave wings to his words:

"We thank Thee, God, for such men as these. May our Nation continue to be worthy of them throughout this war and forever."

In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1942

OUR FATHER GOD, into the calm and confidence of Thy presence we would bring our drained and driven souls that the benediction of Thy peace may fall upon our restless lives. May this little shrine of daily devotion, built by our fathers on this high hill of the Nation, open for us vistas of green pastures and still waters, where our jaded souls may be restored. In this difficult and desperate era, be Thou our pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, as patiently and obediently we follow the kindly light. May we close our national ranks in a new unity, as deadly peril threatens the birthright of our liberties.

Save us from living on a small scale in a great day, from toying with the tiny when we ought to be lured by the titanic. In this hour of destiny, oh, be swift, our souls, to answer Thee; be jubilant, our feet! Hasten the coming of that radiant kingdom when each man's rule shall be all men's good and universal peace shall lie like a shaft of light across the lands and like a lane of beams across the seas. In Thy name, we ask it. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1942

DEAR GOD AND FATHER OF US ALL, whate'er our name or sign, under the canopy of Thy goodness and mercy we pause to seek Thy face. Gather our wandering minds and our wayward spirits into Thy secret place where, even before we lift our own voices concerning the affairs of these perplexing times, we may have ears to hear those voices which tell us the meaning and worth of life. On the tablets of our hearts may there be written Thy decrees.

In days when eyes are fixed on the victory of our righteous arms, may we not forget that he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty and he that ruleth his own heart better than he that taketh a city. Let all that is low, abominable, selfish, vindictive, and of a mean report be put away from us, and may all things pertaining to Thy spirit live and grow in us. Enrich us with the durable

satisfactions of life so that the multiplying years may not find us bankrupt in those things that matter most, the golden currency of faith and hope and love. We ask it in the name of man's Best Man, love's Best Love. Amen.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1942

OUR FATHER GOD, out of the depths we cry unto Thee. We come with strength which has been sapped, with patience strained, with ideals tarnished by the acids of cynicism, with poise shattered by the tensions of these times. Amidst the shouting and tumult of a warring world we would be still and know that Thou art God.

Forgive us that, like roiled and ruffled pools, we cannot reflect the bending blue of the tranquil sky. Breathe through the heats of our desires Thy calmness and Thy peace. Together with our inner needs we bring our deep solicitude for all the peoples of the world. We ask nothing for ourselves that we do not desire for Thy children across all the frontiers of border or breed or birth. Prepare our hearts to build again the waste places of the earth, as tyranny and hatred give way to brotherhood and reconciliation. In the fight to make men free open our eyes, that we may see not only the encircling might of evil but, also, on the hills about us, the chariots of God and the horsemen thereof: In the name of that One by whose redeeming grace we are made more than conquerors. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1942

OUR FATHER GOD, in the abundance of Thy lovingkindness, humbly and reverently we come into Thy presence. Before we talk to one another about our homes, our Nation, and our world, we would listen for Thy voice, as with silenced hearts we wait for Thy word. Thou art light for life's meanings. Thou art wisdom for life's questions. Thou art strength for life's duties, and courage for life's unknown ways.

Each new day is a white page in the book of destiny if we but take it from Thy hand as trustees of Thy unfolding purpose. May we follow the gleam of the highest and best we know, as it leads o'er moor and fen and crag and torrent, till the evening comes and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then, of Thy great mercy, grant us a safe lodging and a

holy rest, and peace at the last. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1942

GOD OF ALL MERCIES, at the ancient altar of gratitude we bow with thanksgiving that the Pilgrim faith is living still in this dear land of which they dreamed and for which they dared and died. We thank Thee that we are the spiritual heirs of those who, in spite of want and woe, erected here a faith's pure shrine and sang doxologies of praise on the bleak and wild New England coast, and, passing, left unstained what they had found—freedom to worship God. We come unto our fathers' God, their Rock is our salvation; and as we come our glad and grateful hearts are singing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! And forget not all His benefits." May our national festival of Thanksgiving, with its wistful memories of our hearths and homes, stir us anew with the epic story of those who with the Pilgrim creed reared their altars and raised the white steeples of faith against the expanding horizon as they beat a thoroughfare for freedom across the wilderness.

Now God be praised, who hath matched us with this hour of world destiny when we are privileged with our all to defend the treasure committed to us, to guard our dream against sterner odds and darker perils than the Pilgrim mind could measure. In this agony of the world's black night make our spirits as candles of the Lord, and make our America the beacon of freedom for the whole world. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1942

ETERNAL SPIRIT, who art the center and soul of every sphere and yet who doth dwell also with those of humble and contrite hearts, Thou art never far from any one of us; but often we are very far from Thee. We would make of our hearts a shrine, where spirit with spirit may meet. May we be of that company of whom it can be said, "They looked unto Him and were radiant; and their faces were not ashamed." May a radiance divine transform and transfigure the unlovely which mars our motives and poisons the deep springs of our desires. Save us from accepting the low standards of the world across which we move. Being in the world, may we not be of it. Deliver us from the cowardly device of escaping moral

decisions by spinelessly melting into our surroundings. Awaken the hero in our souls. Bring us to the hour of the one clear call, and to the "well done" of the Master of all good workmen, with life unspoiled and with spirit undefeated, having run the race, finished the course, and kept the faith: In the ever blessed name of Him who is able to keep us from falling. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1942

OUR FATHER GOD, by thronging duties pressed we come seeking light upon our darkened way and strength and cleansing within our own hearts. In this age on ages telling, in the dire need of the ravaged earth we hear Thy call to be partners with Thee in making a a new heaven and a new earth. For this moment of insight, turning from all the turmoil and chaos without, we would look within at our own lives, knowing that out of the heart are the issues of life. For every echo of the world's evil tempers within our own hearts, its hatreds, its prejudices, its spite, and its pride, we would repent in contrition of spirit. We cannot be builders of a clean and true and kind world if our inner lives are unclean, untrue, and unkind. In all the maddening maze, through which lies our daily path, may things not be in the saddle; may we hold the reins of our own hearts—so may we be saved from the tyranny of the tangible. Awaken in us the realization that for the sort of victory for which we dare pray we must convert our minds as well as our mills, we must dedicate our faculties as well as our factories. So make us more than conquerors as we are loyal to the royal in ourselves. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's Name. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1942

OUR FATHER GOD, in a day of tribulation Thou hast called us to dedicate our little lives to a vast and vital cause. Forbid that fronting a day such as this, freighted with sobering and solemn significance for the long years that stretch ahead, and for all Thy children everywhere, we should meet Alpine issues with the molehills of small conceptions, petty patterns, and selfish designs. Broaden the areas of our sympathy exposed to the world's woes. Save us from being callous and complacent at strength that strangles

weakness and at might that crushes meekness. Fit us to be citizens of a redeemed world worthy of the crimson cost now so heroically being paid for it. For, as Thou art our judge, we aim not merely at a victory of the sword but, above that, at a victory of the spirit; else we know tragedy will wait us even in triumph. Beyond the horror of this struggle against that which denies and betrays man's most cherished hopes, we look to a fairer homeland of humanity, whose alabaster cities gleam undimmed by tears of want and woe and selfish coercion. Following the gleam of this vision splendid, may we toil in these fields of time in the sense of the eternal. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1942

ETERNAL GOD, clouds and darkness are around Thee, yet righteousness and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne. Through the shadows give us eyes to see that Great White Throne which is established forever upon the moral pillars of the world. Thou hast called us to play our part in one of the creative hours of human history. Help us so to speak and so to act in this day of destiny that tomorrow we may live unashamed with our memories. Above the smoke and dust of battle may we see the Lord high and lifted up: as the changing social landscape melts away before our gaze may we hear the voice of the Holy One whose kingdom is forever, declaring, "Behold, I am making all things new." In the midst of broken plans and ruined rainbows grant us sight and insight to meet with triumph and disaster and treat those two imposters just the same. So may we be delivered from the paralysis of pessimism and cynicism. Across the debris of ancient wrongs may our glad eyes see the glory of the coming of the Lord, as selfish exploitation makes way for brotherhood and for man. In Thy Name we ask it. Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1942

GOD OF THE FREE, on this national anniversary of infamy and perfidy we come asking that Thy everlasting mercy may cleanse our hearts of the poison of hatred and may take from our lips harsh cries for vengeance. On this day of shocked and painful memory we would turn our gaze to One who, betrayed by a mocking kiss, cried out from a cruel cross, "Father, forgive them! They know not

what they do." In the new world which even now we see rising from the ashes of ancient towns—a world in which man is more than mammon and persons more than profits—we picture a place of constructive service to the common good for those whom today we call foes—the peoples who have been deluded by false lights and futile hopes.

On this fateful December date we register a new vow in high heaven: That we will never falter, never desist, never compromise, never sheathe our righteous sword, until this torn and tortured world is made safe for decency, truth, honor, and the pledged word. Out of the broken bodies, the blasted ships, and the golden stars which now glow in the blue of our banners, we thank Thee for the new national unity, the grim purpose to close ranks, as there sounded out a trumpet that shall never know retreat. Steel and strengthen our hearts and minds for new Calvaries which yet loom ahead, the self-denials, the perils and the losses which will tear our hearts and smite our hearths before tyranny is dead. With deep repentance for our own sins, bring us to a united victory which shall make all men free: In the dear Redeemer's Name. Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1942

ETERNAL FATHER, in days of old Thy prophets summoned Thy fearful and faithless children to the altar of the Most High for cleansing and strength. We would seek our salvation where they found it, at the altar of the Living God. Out of our dire need we cry, "Have mercy upon us according to Thy loving kindness and the multitude of Thy tender mercies."

We bless Thy name for the millions of devout believers called by their spiritual shepherds this day to supplication in home and church, when all the interests of suffering humanity will be tied as with golden cords of prayer around the feet of God; when confession will be made for personal shortcomings; when prayers will be offered for victory against the black paganism we fight, for a cleansed social order, and for a peace which shall fall like a benediction upon all mankind.

We thank Thee for the ancient church sanctified by the long centuries, whose altar lights went not out even in the Dark Ages

and whose prayers unceasingly have ascended to the throne of grace like sweet incense across all the changing years.

With gratitude we take upon our lips the Te Deum of Thy servant Lincoln, uttered in other times that tried men's souls: "Thanks be unto God who in our great trial giveth us the churches." May the devotion and renewed faith they inspire leap from heart to heart and from altar to altar, until the spiritual life of the Nation be rekindled with fire from above. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1942

GOD OF LOVE, with contrite hearts, turning from earth's vain pomp and show, we would come again to a rude manger where lies a Little Child. Purge our spirits, we beseech Thee, from the bitterness and the blight of cynicism which the gray years have brought. May the Love that came down at Christmas give us fresh hope that we may find again our own lost child-heart. May we enter that radiant realm whose law is love, to which a hate-wrecked world turns once more so eagerly and wistfully to hear the angels sing. Grant us, in all our attitudes toward our fellow men of every color and kindred, a love that is very kind, that knows no jealousy; a love that makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never resentful; a love that is never glad when others go wrong but is gladdened by goodness; a love always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient. We ask it in the name of love's Best Love, the Crystal Christ. Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1942

GOD OF ALL GRACE AND LOVE, trusting only in Thy mercy would we seek Thy face. We come asking not that Thy will be bent to our whim but that Thy completeness flow around our incompleteness, and around our restlessness, Thy rest.

May the Christmas Cradle bring to us a penitent revelation of our towering self-sufficiency and the realization that in our smart sophistication we have so often mistaken knowledge for truth and cleverness for wisdom; and so, alas, have trusted in a wisdom that is not wise. May the Christmas skies and song shed new wonder and mystic meaning on tasks as commonplace as that of shepherds watching their flocks by night. And may the Christmas climate,

with its balmy breezes of good will, melt cold unbrotherliness, touching the bleak and barren areas of unbelief into the blossomed loveliness of a spiritual springtime. In that sunny domain unmarred by the blighting frost of disillusionment and intolerance may there bloom the fragrant flowers of humility and sweet charity.

We ask it in the ever blessed Name of that One at whose birth the angels sang and wise men hastened, and of whom the holy prophets declared, "And the government shall be upon His shoulder." Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1942

ETERNAL GOD, in this solemn hour fraught with a sense of finality, we pause to praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation. As the sands of this year of peril, toil, and pain run low, we to whom has been entrusted the ministry of governance come with sobered hearts to write the final word in an epic chapter of our national history. Frail human hands have carried the precious ark of our heritage through the encircling gloom; yet we dare believe that Thy hand has been guilding and guarding.

We thank Thee that in the name of a free people ours has been the high privilege to sign anew the immortal Declaration crimsoned with the devotion of the founding fathers: "We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Now, of the record made in this hallowed Chamber in months of destiny, we can but say, "What we have written, we have written." We ask the benediction of Thy grace upon all wise and good decisions and beseech Thee to forgive and overrule all that denies Thy will for us and mankind. As in the Name of the Lord our God we have set up our banners, we march on toward stern and bitter days with assurance that as we fight to make men free we march with Thee: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, in this hour of solemn convocation as with reverent hands we open a new volume of destiny in our Nation's history, we would, first of all, in contrition of spirit, lift our hearts to Thee, in whom we live and move and have our being. We confess our personal and social sin, our indifference to the want and

woe of the world, our racial rancor, and the bigotry which has so often blinded us to the deep meanings of human brotherhood.

O Thou by whom the meek are guided in judgment and light riseth up in darkness for the godly, grant us, in all doubts and uncertainties, the grace to ask what Thou wouldst have us to do; that the spirit of wisdom may save us from all false choices and that, in Thy Light, we may see light, and, in Thy straight path, may not stumble. In all the deliberations begun this day keep our motives clean, our vision clear, our patriotism undefiled, our speech guarded, our appraisals fair, and our consciences unbetrayed. We ask it in the Dear Reedemer's Name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1943

ETERNAL GOD, whose years have no beginning nor ending, replenish us with Thy sustaining and restraining grace as our feet tread the uncertain ways of a new year. Our judgments must weigh vast issues, our minds must face tangled problems. We are pilgrims of the night; we have not passed this way before. Yet we are heirs of great traditions. We are conscious of the cloud of witnesses out of heroic yesterdays who look down upon us from the sacred spaces of this white shrine of each patriot's devotion. We are conscious, too, of a listening world hoping in its agony, as in these halls of state is being designed the global shape of things to come.

Upon the President of the United States and his counsellors, the Vice President, the Members of the Congress, the leaders of our armed forces, and upon all trusted with authority, upon whom rest the heavy burdens and responsibilities of vital decisions so largely molding the future and, for weal or woe, affecting the lives of untold millions, we implore the wisdom which is from above and the undergirding of Thy everlasting arms. Together, with fixed purpose of heart, in Thy might unafraid, we march to meet the issues of this crucial year as in the name of the Lord our God we set up our banners. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 11, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, with all the deep and dire needs of our inner lives unmet by material bread alone, we turn unfilled to Thee. As jaded pilgrims journeying across burning sands gratefully pause

under protecting shade and at refreshing springs, so we would come to Thee who art as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and where alone are fountains of living waters which can quench the thirst of our yearning souls.

Here, at this noontide altar of devotion which our fathers builded and on which they cut deep with their founding faith the devout confession, "In God we trust," we humbly bow with the deathless assurance that turns tragedy to triumph: "The eternal God is our refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms." Facing the duties of demanding days, we would grow quiet enough for the still small voice to tell us what our besetting sins are and in what ways our selfish attitudes are hurting others, lest we bar our fellows from more abundant life and thus betray our own souls and fall short of our high calling. We would be the true servants of Thy will in this troubled time. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1943

GOD OF ALL GRACE AND GLORY, so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. In a confused day, keep our minds clear and clean and uncluttered by prejudice. In a darkened day, give us the sight and insight of the pure in heart, that we may see God and the godlike everywhere. In a clamorous day, filled with angry accents of hate, give us ears to hear the voices that speak of justice and freedom and world brotherhood. In a mad and sad day, grant us sanity of mind and spirit and a glad hope which sees a shining ray far down the future's broadening way.

"Lord, in this hour of tumult,
Lord, in this night of fears,
Keep open, O keep open
Our eyes, our hearts, our ears.
Not blindly nor in hatred,
Lord, let us do our part.
Keep open, O keep open, dear Lord,
Our eyes, our mind, our heart."

Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1943

O GOD, OUR FATHER, whose kingdom is forever and against which the gates of hell cannot prevail, we would rest our weary and needy

souls in Thee. At the wicket gate of another day with all its waiting tasks, we bow our heads and our hearts in reverence and devotion.

Into Thy hands we commit the mystery and the mastery of the godlike power of choice—the royal right to say "I will. Our wills are ours, we know not how; our wills are ours to make them Thine."

May the altar lights of faith, undimmed, burn brightly in spite of the winds of adversity and unbelief. In the confusions of these troubled days, help us to keep inviolate in our souls a little shrine of quietness; a chapel of peace within, an altar of contrition, a sanctuary of sure and swift retreat, where the world's angry voices die, where Thou alone art real. So, in turmoils without and within, may we find day by day,

"A little place of mystic grace,
Of self and sin swept bare,
Where we may look upon Thy face
And talk to Thee in prayer."

In the dear Redeemer's name we ask it. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1943

GOD OF ALL GRACE, Thou has taught us that in quietness and in confidence shall be our strength.

We turn to Thee for refuge from the noise and hurry of the world without and from the tyranny of selfish moods and motives within. May we fear only to be disloyal to the best we know, to betray those who love and trust us, and to disappoint Thy expectations concerning us. In a world where we see the fearful penalties of our selfish human separations, dedicate us in this anguished generation as builders of bridges across all the dividing gulfs which mar and rend this embattled earth.

Help us this new day to meet its joys with gratitude, its difficulties with fortitude, its duties with fidelity. Grant us to accomplish whatever tasks lie before us with cheerfulness and sincerity of heart. Deliver us from petty irritations which dim the far look. Bring us to the ending of the day unashamed and with a quiet mind. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1943

O GOD OF ALL LIFE AND LIGHT, by whose love we have the gift of today's fresh beginning, we thank Thee for this reverential moment

of quiet as we bow in Thy presence before the pressure of demanding hours lays its hand upon us. Lord of the new day, who spreadest the mantle of light about us when purple morning breaketh, fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight, dawns the sweet consciousness we are with Thee: If we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead us and Thy right hand hold us.

Even as the dawn has climbed to the zenith with glamor and golden dart and has grown into the fullness of noontide, so let Thy radiance banish all shadows of unbelief, of fear, and of guilt. May the Day Star from on high rise in our hearts with healing in His wings. So may we walk the steep and sharp road of duty and service as children of the light. In bitter and baffling days, when the earth is full of thunder and the seas are dark with wrath, give us a courage that never quails, give us a faith that never wavers, give us a hope that never dims. Thus, in the glory of the morning grant us Thy blessing, and in the gloaming of the evening let Thy peace be upon our hearts. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1943

ALMIGHTY GOD, in whose fear is the beginning of wisdom and from whom proceed all holy desires, all good counsels and all just works, our greatness is that we can lose ourselves in Thee and become the healing channels for what Thou dost desire and will for our common humanity. Recognition of our oneness in Thee makes vivid our realization of the oneness of humanity across all separating barriers of race or birth. May our human loyalties be as wide as Thy divine fatherhood. Make us wise enough to give ourselves to the greatest. Make us good enough to surrender ourselves to the best.

In what we have to give to a hate-torn world may our own inner lives be part of the solution—not part of the problem—of our ailing social order. In honest moods may our hearts not utter the fatal judgment upon ourselves: They have made me a keeper of the vineyards and my own vineyard have I not kept. Save us from an easy belief in statutory substitutes for character. Give us this day light to guide us, courage to support us, love to unite us. We ask it in the Name that is above every name. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1943

O GOD OF GRACE AND GLORY, we would yield our flickering torch to the flame of Thy redeeming love. Strengthened with might in the inner man, send us forth to quest and conquest on the wings of this new morning, sustained by a faith that will not shrink though pressed by every foe.

Into Thy keeping we confide and commit our loved ones, our fighting men, our country, and our cause. In all danger and distress, in all anxiety and perplexity, keep them and us; that, upheld by Thy might, even in these turbulent days we may live quietly, confidently, and victoriously. Strengthen us to carry our share of the burden of mankind's advance toward Thy will, in the Nation and in all the earth. Solemnize us with the responsibility of ability. With the vision splendid may we be found among the pathfinders of humanity—leading another day's march toward the bright and beckoning land of promise.

"God of justice, save the people
From the clash of race and creed;
From the strife of class and faction,
Make our nation free indeed.
Keep her faith in simple manhood
Strong as when her life began,
Till it finds its full fruition
In the brotherhood of man."

Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1943

ETERNAL GOD, who committest to us the swift and solemn trust of life, so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Consecrate with Thy presence the way our feet may go and the humblest work will shine and the roughest places be made plain.

Help us to be valiant pilgrims on life's dusty and dreary way, mindful of the fret and jar which any words or deeds of ours may bring to fellow travelers by our side. Deliver us from unlovely self-conceit. Make us forgiving and forbearing, gentle with others' failings and grateful for others' favors, remembering that the time for loving and serving is so short as the night cometh and swift to its close ebbs out life's little day. Teach us to toil and ask not for

reward save that of knowing we do the things that please Thee. So upon our passing days may there rest the benediction of a faith that dares, a love that cares, and a service that shares, until by Thy grace we find ourselves by hands familiar welcomed into the Father's house. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, apart from Thee all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Thou hast taught us that our lives are the temples of Thy holy presence. Made in Thy image no despot may enslave our conscience. Against the defilement by impious hands of that sacred inner shrine we pledge a sacrifice from which no Gethsemane or Calvary can hold us back. Strengthen our will to halt the designs of the tyrants, who would bring us and other nations under their evil domination.

Give courage to our stalwart men who on the far-flung battle lines of freedom are baring their breasts to the fire of the foe and putting their lives a living wall between threatening danger and our destiny. Stir up in the whole body of the people an adventurous willingness, even as they pour out the crimson cost of war, so also for international good will to dare bravely; that on the ruins of man's hate we may build a new and fairer home for humanity worthy to house all the children of Thy love and care—as glorious from the heavens above shall come the city of our God. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1943

O THOU who dost speak to listening hearts in the holy hush of the dawn and in the brooding quietness of the evening, speak to us now in the heat and burden of noontide's toiling. May we regard the faithful service of the commonwealth as a sacramental task. As we come to the high altar of patriotism in this temple of a people's hope and trust, may it be with clear minds, clean hands, and courageous hearts.

Teach us to value a conscience void of offense and the royalty of inward calm above all the pedestals, prizes, and preferments earth can give. May the tyranny of majorities and the tirades of minorities be equally impotent to sway us from the right as Thou dost

give us to see it. Forbid that any actions or attitudes of ours should ever deny or betray the white principles for which on land and sea, under alien skies, our brothers in arms are paying the last full measure of devotion. Along the road of this day and of every day may we walk with Thee in the bright fellowship of those who fight and keep the faith. In the Redeemer's name, we ask it. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, in all the agony of this seared and sundered earth we bless Thee that through the blackness breaks the dawn, for our eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. We thank Thee for prophetic glimpses of a new world, a radiant world in which, under all skies, reverential altars of worship shall be freely reared, none daring to molest nor make afraid—a world where no fetters shall coerce minds or silence speech; a world where the earth's abundance anywhere shall be channeled to human need everywhere. May our glad hearts rejoice that the day of salvation draweth near as against the vilest tyranny of the ages Thou hast loosed the fateful lightning of Thy terrible, swift sword.

In humility and penitence that our own democracy has fallen short of the glory, we are grateful that America has come to the kingdom for such a time as this; not flaunting her strength as a great giant, but as a Good Samaritan bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded world. Help us to seize the whole of life and build Thy glory there. In the name of the Master of all good workmen, we ask it. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1943

ON THE VISIT OF MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

OUR FATHER GOD, who hast made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the face of the earth, we give Thee thanks for the increasing revelation that, under the canopy of Thy everlasting mercy, in Thee there is no east or west; and that the seamless robe of a united humanity is being woven out of the strands and colors of all peoples. In the courage, the faith, and the hope made flesh in the queenly representative of a great nation we clasp this day the hand of our brave ally, a half world away, yet near to our hearts. As we

bring our grateful homage to this Lady with a Lamp—the glowing lamp of an ancient and magnificent culture, of justice and freedom, and of a radiant reliance on Thee—we see illumined a page of Thy Holy Book: "The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall have no lack of gain. Strength and dignity are her clothing. She openeth her mouth with wisdom and the law of kindness is on her tongue. Many daughters have done virtuously, but she excelleth them all. A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised; her works praise her in the gates."

We thank Thee, God of the freedoms, that, under the valiant leadership of this servant of Thine and of her warrior companion, by faith China has quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, waxed valiant in fight; out of weakness has been made strong; being tortured has not accepted deliverance that she might obtain a better resurrection, but that enduring as seeing the invisible has put to flight the army of aliens. By faith bring us, we beseech Thee, with her to united victory, keeping step with the eternal purpose for mankind as Thy truth goes marching on. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1943

OUR FATHERS' GOD, Author of liberty, we come with sacramental remembrance that on this new day in the cycle of the passing year even the calendar makes obeisance at the shrine of patriotism. Out of the heroic yesterdays when Founding Fathers, pledging their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor, molded the Union comes an arresting voice: "Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us; for the Lord manifested in them great glory, even His mighty power from the beginning."

In this city which is baptized in his revered name, where the monumental shaft lifts its glistening whiteness to the bending sky, telling to the generations following of the supremacy of unsullied character, we bow in this hallowed temple of the freedom he wrought to achieve, to give Thee thanks for the life and service of that one whom we reverently call the Father of his Country. We would clearly see that stately figure, fatherly yet stern, who having won all renounced all. As in the deep need of our Nation's cause we lift our hearts to Thee, especially would we remember that one who in

the darkness and the doubt of an hour when all the lamps had gone out gained strength and solace for himself and for his tattered, suffering troops when, alone and apart, he found an altar for bended knee on the hard and frozen ground. May we honor him by being worthy of the favor of his God and our God, who hath made and preserved us a nation. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1943

ETERNAL GOD AND FATHER OF US ALL, amid the maddening maze of things that fill our toiling days with fever and fret we would tarry now in the shelter of Thy shadowing wings. At the inn of the morning we wait for Thee, O Guide and Guardian of our pilgrim way. We need Thy presence every passing hour whether the road be starred with flowers or studded with thorns. As we trudge along the path our feet must tread may our eyes be lifted up from the ground beneath them to the eternal hills of peace and power, whence cometh our help. Forgive us that so often we go in the poverty of spiritual rags when we could claim the golden gifts of Thy grace.

We would stay for this moment the noisy shuttle of time that we may catch a revealing glimpse of the larger pattern it is weaving. Tune our tangled lives to the harmony of Thy purpose. Make of our hurrying years a tapestry of beauty. Before evening comes and our work is done, may our glad eyes yet see some victory of liberty over tyranny, of righteousness over injustice, of brotherhood over ruthlessness, of virtue over evil, of peace over war, in our hearts, in our Nation, and in all the world. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, we thank Thee that Thou hast formed our minds to seek Thee, our hearts to love Thee, and hast made our spirits restless for the rest that is alone in Thee. Since Thou hast set our feet on a path so full of chance and change that we know not what a day may bring forth, and hast curtained every day with darkness and rounded our little life with sleep, grant that we may use with diligence the fleeting span of time vouchsafed to us, filling sunny hours with labor, working while it is called day, knowing that the night cometh when man's work is done.

Bowing now at this noonday shrine, may Thy name be hallowed, may our hearts be cleansed, and may our daily duties shine with the halo of a new glory.

"O healing peace of this withdrawing place!
O central calm that soothes storm-shaken men!
Refresh our fainting souls, but better still
Go with us to our tasks of life again."

In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1943

GOD OF OUR FATHERS,

"Standing in the living present,
Memory and hope between,
Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving
Praise Thee most for things unseen,
For the priceless gift of freedom,
For the home, the church, the school;
For the open door to manhood
In a land the people rule.

For the armies of the faithful,
Souls that passed and left no name;
For the glory that illumines
Patriot lives of deathless fame;
For our prophets and apostles,
Loyal to the living Word;
For all heroes of the Spirit,
Give we thanks to Thee, O Lord.

God of justice, save the people
From the clash of race and creed,
From the strife of class and faction:
Make our Nation free indeed.
Keep her faith in simple manhood
Strong as when her life began,
Till it finds it full fruition
In the brotherhood of man."

Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1943

O GOD, our shelter from the stormy blast and our eternal home, in the stillness may we grow more sure of Thee. If for any of us duty has lost its high solemnity, if the fires of devotion and a sense of the

unseen have burned to faint embers because altar fires have been untended, kindle a flame of sacred love in these cold hearts of ours. If the peril that walketh at life's noonday has spoiled the splendor of ideals that once lured us to far horizons, if our fairest dreams have turned to dust, if tinted morning glories have faded with the scorching rays of the ascending sun, may our jaded souls be restored; may we find at the renewing altar of Thy mercy oil of joy for sadness and beauty for ashes. So may our thought grow reverent again, so may the trivial round be transfigured with an inner light as, with common bushes on fire with Thee, daily duties become sacraments of service and love. We ask it through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 9, 1943

ETERNAL GOD, who putteth down the mighty from their seat and exalteth the humble and the meek, Thy providence has led us as a nation across stern and stormy years to the very vestibule of destiny. In spite of our own shortcomings, which we confess with contrition, in this hour of world crisis Thou hast summoned us as trustees of civilization to defend the heritage of the ages and to help create institutions essential to human progress.

More and more may our strength be dedicated to the fulfillment of the ancient commission now put into our hands, to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive and the opening of prison doors to them that are bound; to build the old wastes, to repair the ruined cities and the desolation of many generations. Forbid that our favored land throned in richness between the seas should, in such an hour, be tempted to ask "Who is to be the greatest in the coming kingdom of humanity?" May she be the greatest as she becomes the servant of all.

We ask it in the name of that One who for the joy that was set before Him despised the shame and endured the cross. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, on this holy day in the Christian year we fain would join the vast company of pilgrims around the world who reverently pass through the portals of Lent. Whate'er our name or sign, we, too, would follow the wounded feet of that Master of men who has invaded more realms, conquered more lives, taken posses-

sion of more hearts, swayed more wills than has any other figure across the long centuries. We, too, would gaze at that one Face set steadfastly against cushioned ease and cowardly compromise and which has become forever the living symbol of the might and majesty of meekness and of ideals and principles worth dying for.

For these weeks ahead leading to the gloom of Calvary and the glow of Easter, in the midst of our crowded and complex modern life, may we find some quiet cloister of the spirit; may we still the tumult a little, so that, opening long shut doors to the unseen and Eternal, we may hear His voice. Coming to these days of the Passion with the sackcloth and ashes of penitence, may we enter with sincerity that we may come out with strength and joy: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1943

ETERNAL FATHER, Thou art the law within our minds, the life of every breath we draw, the love that yearneth in our hearts. Thou hast set eternity in our souls. In Thee alone are the fountains of living water; yet we have tried to quench our burning thirst at broken cisterns—to comfort the crying needs of our spirits with baubles bought at vanity fair, forgetting that each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold. With shallow sophistries we have sought to stifle the pain of our deep unrest.

From shams and shadows we turn unfilled to Thee, praying for strength for our burdens, wisdom for our responsibilities, insight for our times, and vision which sets its eyes on far horizons. In our own repentant hearts may Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, we would turn in this sacred moment from the brazen vessels of governance to the golden bowls full of incense which are the prayers of the saints, conscious that more things are wrought by prayer than this world of facts and figures dreams of. As responsible servants of the Commonwealth we pause, deeply concerned about the spiritual verities without which our fleeting lives are but vanity and our boasted democracy destined not long to endure.

On this World Day of Prayer, when in countless sanctuaries in all lands in agony of spirit anguished lips lift up the ancient words, "Out of the depths do we cry unto Thee," we would humbly bow at this altar of devotion beneath the white dome, symbol of religious freedom, linking our petitions with all those whose hope and help is in God. On this dedicated day we fervently pray for the cleansing of our own hearts and the speedy coming of the glad day of the Lord when politics and commerce and industry and letters—the whole round circle of human activities—shall be purged and purified and in the shining splendor of service held up to Thee, an offering well pleasing in Thy sight. Hear our prayer, as we tread softly the altar stairs of our common humanity: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, in the abundance of Thy loving kindness we come unto Thy presence. We bless Thee for the inspired souls of all the ages who saw afar the shining city of God and by faith faced peril, toil, and pain to follow the gleam. We rejoice with joy unspeakable that today the hope of these lonely hearts is becoming the confident faith of millions as the salvation of the exploited and of the enslaved draweth near.

Save us from garnishing the tombs of yesterday's prophets and yet standing today with those who stone their successors. Suffer us not by thoughtless condemnation or selfish opposition to weaken the arm and chill the spirit of those who strive for the redemption of mankind. As citizens of this land of the free and as servants of the commonwealth make us solemnly conscious that—

"We are watchers of a beacon whose light must never die,
We are guardians of an altar that shows Thee ever nigh,
We are children of Thy freemen who sleep beneath the sod:
For the might of Thy arm, we bless Thee, our God—
Our fathers' God."

Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1943

ETERNAL GOD, together we bow in the hush and joy of Thy presence, pausing in the morning tasks to listen for Thy call sounding in our ears. In the stillness wilt Thou whisper some word of insight within our souls? By the very opulence of Thy grace Thou art

saying to us that of those to whom much has been given much will be required.

Save us from small and selfish living in so great a day. Have mercy upon us for our frantic boasts, our foolish words, and our perverse ways. Forgive us if greed for gain and lust for gold have made us complacently content with a system in which lives of men and women and little children have been held more cheap than merchandise. We pray for the coming of the commonwealth of brotherhood, where those who toil shall be honored and rewarded; where a man's worth shall be reckoned higher than the price of the things he fashions with hand or brain, and where science, redeemed from destruction, shall serve the common good as it walks with humble feet to find the God that faith hath found. In the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, we ask it. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1943

O GOD, Thy word is hidden in the very framework of the world; Thy image is stamped in the very core of our being; Thy voice soundeth in experiences which sing, and sob, and sigh across life's changing scenes. Bowing in this hushed moment, we would discard every mask and disguise of pretense which, alas, too often we wear before the face of man. To give Thee back the life we owe is but to exchange the shallow pools of our vain designs and desires for the ocean depths of Thy eternal purpose in us and through us.

May the fretful fears that film our sight be cast out by a love that takes the dimness of our souls away. With new eyes may we see Thee as our Father, our fellows as our neighbors, and ourselves as our brothers' keepers. In that vision splendid of Divine Fatherhood and of human brotherhood may we dream our dreams, mold our lives, enact our laws, build our Nation, and plan our world, until this shadowed earth which is our home rolls out of the darkness into the light and it is daybreak everywhere. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1943

ETERNAL GOD, Thou hast made us heirs of all the ages. For us every poet has sung until now, for us every prophet has prophesied and the martyrs have glorified Thee in radiant lives of selfless service.

At our feet every inventor, every explorer, every scientist, has laid the harvest of his patient seeking.

We give Thee thanks for those shining souls whose vision saw ends too great to be reached in their own lifetime and whose courage and faith enabled them to go down to defeat with causes that were destined to win. With eager steps and glad may we follow in the train of the pathfinders of humanity, as we break new seas, confident that time's mirror is turned forward to reflect the glories of the future, not the past: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 30, 1943

O THOU GOD OF OUR SALVATION, the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee. Lest we lose our footing and our way in all the terror and tragedy of these testing days, worn and weary we turn from the din of earth's shouting and tumult to the quiet pavilion of Thy presence and of Thy peace. Bowing our heads and our hearts at this noontide altar we would be still and know that Thou art God.

Through the tangled wilderness of human relations show us the clear path of Thy will for our troubled day. In the dense darkness, black as the pit from pole to pole, be to us as a pillar of cloud and of fire. In the confusion of tongues and counsels endue us with the wisdom to rightly discern the signs of the times. This day keep our tongues from evil and our lips from speaking guile, so that no careless word of ours may smite or shadow the spirit of another by our side. So may we do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with Thee, our God. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1943

O THOU GOD OF LIFE AND LIGHT, our glad hearts thrill at the risen glory of the awakening earth robed in the blooming garb of spring. We are grateful for the mystic wonder of this yearly miracle, as the world is turning green again and Nature climbs to a soul in leaf and flower.

May our ears be atuned to the voices in blossoming boughs, speaking still as they did to Thy servant of old who found tongues in trees declaring: "God will surely hasten His word, to keep it. He will not faint nor be discouraged until He hath set justice in the earth."

May the tinted branches be to us a parable of Thy faithfulness and Thy constancy, reminding us that even the tomb of winter is but Thy laboratory where spring flowers are being fashioned. So in gloomy days may the gospel of the springtime reassure us that, in our bare and barren winters of despair, where we see but withered leaves, God sees sweet blossoms growing. Thus, from the lowly earth where our weary feet stumble and falter, may the exultant notes of our faith and hope rise like the lark on morning wing, singing its song at heaven's gate. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1943

ETERNAL FATHER, Thou only art the fountain of our being, the light of all our seeing; our helper, Thou, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing. Our puny mortal strength is unequal to the tests and tasks of these terrific times which are upon us. The arm of flesh fails us. We dare not trust our own devices and counsels.

Strengthen us, we beseech Thee, in the inner man, by the renewing, sustaining, undergirding grace which is able to keep us from falling and failing. So may our hearts be steadied and stilled, purged of self, emptied of strain and stress, filled with peace and poise, satisfied with each new morning just to wake and find Thee there. For Thine is the kingdom to which the future belongs, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, Thy glory the heavens are telling and the earth showeth Thy handiwork. Across the star-strewn spaces, in all the order and majesty of the universe we catch an assuring glimpse of Thy garments vast and white with a hem that we can recognize. Behind all the tangled threads of human affairs we are conscious that hands not our hands are working out the bright pattern of an eternal purpose.

In the heat and burden of our swiftly ebbing day may we be the agents of Thy beneficent will for mankind, with honor unsullied, playing our part in the life of our times. With full purpose of heart, wherever we are called to stand in this epic hour, may we strike our blow for the truth of God and the freedom of man.

"Set our feet on lofty places,
Gird our lives that they may be
Armored with all Christlike graces
In the fight to make men free.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
That we fail not man nor Thee."

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1943

O THOU SEEKING SHEPHERD OF OUR SOULS, from the arid wastes of our own foolish and perverse ways lead us in green pastures and beside still waters. Deepen the wells from which our spiritual strength is drawn. Incline our hearts to keep Thy law, and in that law may we meditate day and night. May that meditation of the heart be mirrored in wise legislation for the Nation.

In all the perplexities of these confused days may we not lose our perspective. May we be worthy of the high trusteeship of power and of opportunity which Thou hast committed to us. May this Nation under God be purged of its own failures to practice genuine democracy. Keep us in the homeland from all that is narrow and selfish and petty by the solemn remembrance that every day her embattled sons are bravely dying for her preservation.

Make a chastened and disciplined America the pioneer of a better world for ourselves and for all peoples, a world of justice and righteousness, of security and freedom and with living room for the development of personality. May our starry banner be ever the symbol of the beatitude of patriotism pure and undefiled: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."

We ask it in the Name that is above every name. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 12, 1943

GOD OF OUR FATHERS, gratefully we remember the days of old. We meditate on the wonders Thou hast wrought. In hours of crisis and sore need Thou hast raised up for us great-souled and high-minded leaders who were the mouthpieces of Thy emancipating truth that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. Especially today do we offer our thanksgiving for Thy servant,

Thomas Jefferson, as, two centuries after his birth, in remembrance of him an embattled Nation lifts its white symbol of liberty against the black shame of thraldom.

As his towering figure is set up within the encircling classic columns through which blow the free breezes of heaven may there be set up anew at the heart of the Republic's life his lofty passion for pure democracy.

We give Thee thanks for this servant of Thine and of the people, to whom principles and persons were more than pedestals; who, in a time of mental fetters proclaimed freedom, in a day of religious bigotry championed tolerance, in a day of dense ignorance fathered universal learning, in a day of artificial sham and show loved sincerity and simplicity, and who in a day of lax morals himself wore ever the white flower of a blameless life. Our grateful hearts rejoice that this founding father was the faithful servant of ideas whose hour had come. May we count as the beads of a holy rosary the triple creed which even in death he bequeathed to posterity, political independence, religious freedom, popular education. As his heroic sculptured form is unveiled to the gaze of a torn and tortured world may the wise and reverent counsel he gave in the flesh fall like a benediction upon the Nation and upon the nations.

Hear us as we prayerfully lift up his words:

> "Adore God. Love your neighbor as yourself and your country more than life. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence, and the life which you are now living will be the passage to one of eternal and ineffable bliss."

We ask it in the name of Jesus, whose words were to him, as they are to us, spirit and life. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1943

OUR FATHER, in the resurrection glory of the world about us, heaven and earth are full of Thee; common bushes are on fire with God, and the time for the singing of birds has come. May a spiritual springtime make our own hearts as the garden of the Lord. There may the fair flowers of humility and charity appear, there may fallow ground blossom as the rose, there may barren branches be clothed upon with the beauty of holiness; for,

"Our faith is all a doubtful thing,
Wove on a doubtful loom,
Until there comes, each showery spring,
A cherry tree in bloom;
And Christ who died upon a tree,
That death had stricken bare,
Comes beautifully back to us,
In blossoms, everywhere."

In the name of that One altogether lovely, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, like ruffled pools that cannot reflect the bending blue of the calm sky, fretted by every passing wind, we come with feverish spirits and anxious cares to the healing balm of Thy presence, there to find the perfect peace of those who stay their minds on Thee. For this still moment of devotion we would hush into stillness our busy thoughts. So relentlessly are we driven by the pressure of demanding days that our souls become jaded and drained.

In these solemn and searching days of the Passion, help us to take time to be holy. We would turn from the tragic, troubled world without to the inner kingdom of our own hearts, knowing that there are the issues of life and that as a man thinketh in his own heart so is he. We would dim all lesser lights that the light within may shine with a new radiance. In that light we would see ourselves, stained by selfishness, warped by prejudice, blinded by pride, duped by false lights that fail. Grant unto us the grace of penitence that we may not grow insensible to our need of forgiveness from one another and from Thee. In the crises of our times join us with those who across the waste and wilderness of human need, preparing the way of the Lord, throw up a highway for our God. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1943

O THOU LAMB OF GOD, who taketh away the sin of the world, in the holy pilgrimage of this sacred week we fain would join devout multitudes treading the Way of Sorrow. We lift our eyes to a green hill outside a city wall and to a lone cross against the sky—a cross so old and yet so new; it is a cross crimsoned by the cleansing love of

a redeeming God, a cross hallowed by forgiveness for hate's most cruel blows, a cross sanctified by loving solicitude for all mournful mothers weeping at crosses where hang their sons, a cross glorified by the Father's brooding presence as into His hands is committed the pure soul of man's Best Man. May that cross be for us and for all men the sublime symbol that truth will conquer error, that light will dispel darkness, and that at last life will prove stronger than death.

Give us eyes to see that a mocking robe may be more regal than cloth of gold, that a crown of thorns may glow with a splendor surpassing kingly coronets, and that a garden of suffering may hold more beauty and fragrance than a sheltered bower of delight. On the stepping stones of our dead selves may we mount to newness of life—to the singing Easter of the soul,—as we pray, each at the inner shrine of his own heart: Nearer my God to Thee, e'en though it be a cross that raiseth me: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1943

O THOU GOD WITHIN THE SHADOWS, in this black night of the world's agony as again the eternal Christ climbs new-Calvaries with the cross that ne'er turns back, by the dire needs of our own anguished hearts we are driven to that Strange Man lifted up from the earth. As we come to the place called Calvary may we remember that not a nail touched His truth, that not a sword severed the secret of His power, that not even a cross could impede His cause. In that hour of terror we would listen again to the Conquering Victim as He declares, "He that takes the sword shall perish by the sword." As we face foes cruel and vindictive, who callously put brave men to death, may we still remember the forgiveness and mercy of that One who, hanging there, prayed for those who did the wrong.

As crusaders in a holy cause may we conquer by that sign which forever is the emblem of joy through sorrow, strength out of weakness, triumph out of failure, song through sacrifice, gain through loss, and life through death. In that faith grant us of Thy mercy a valiant heart, that we may tread the unknown road with head uplifted, with a smiling face, greeting the unseen with a cheer, knowing that the third day cometh: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1943

GOD OF THE LIVING, and of the living dead: From the beauty of the lilies, in the afterglow of Easter we come girding ourselves with its deathless message as we take up our daily tasks again, "feeling through all this earthly dress bright shoots of everlastingness." In our own risen lives, seeking those things which are above, enable us to challenge with the conquering truth of Easter all tyrants who, denying it, deal in war and death and chains and who suppress, exploit, and degrade the holy temple of human personality. Steady our hearts and steel our wills to pay the price for its coming, knowing there is no way to dawn except by dark, no way to light except by night, no way to Easter except by Calvary.

Make us worthy of those who, day by day, are making the supreme sacrifice that the flag of our dear country may become a symbol of peace on earth and of the brotherhood of man. May we face whatever the future holds, calm and confident in the assurance that—

> "There lives the beauty that man cannot kill,
> Yea, that shall kill all ugliness at last;
> And Christ in love's white vesture moveth still among us.
> May we hold that faith, and hold it fast."

Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1943

ETERNAL SPIRIT, hope of the souls that seek Thee, strength of the souls that find Thee, grant to all our spirits the refreshment and renewal which shall make us adequate to serve the present age. As the chosen servants of the Commonwealth, pushed and pressed by grave questions and vexing problems so vitally affecting national welfare and world concord, we would bow first of all at this daily altar dedicated to the far look. We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought in every generation.

Before our eyes may there tower those lofty and eternal verities that outlast the strident noises of any day. The world about us is full of wild commotion, the clamor of the violent, the dark deeds of the ruthless, and the agony of uncounted hosts of Thy children haunted by nameless dread and ground in the dust of tyranny. We cannot adequately face such a world without and make our humble contribution to the healing of its tangled, tragic state unless our faith in

Thy power to make even the wrath of man praise Thee and in the victory of Thy purpose is kept untarnished. Give to us peace in our time, O God. To our stricken generation may there come peace with honor, with human dignity vindicated and social justice the canopy of all the nations. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 3, 1943

SPIRIT OF GOD, descend upon our hearts. Without the inner strength which Thou alone canst give we are but fainting and frail human creatures, insufficient for these terrific days. Beset by determined and fanatical foes who defy the Father of all mankind, betray the hard-earned liberties of the people they suppress, and who deny the equality before God of every race and color, we would register a new vow in heaven that we will lift the vindication of all that America symbolizes above every other loyalty of our lives. In this day of desperate danger and crisis grant us a patriotism so pure and undefiled that we shall put the right above our rights, the common good above our material goods. May personal advantages be scorned and hardships gladly borne that the soldiers of freedom may have the weapons for complete victory.

We would face the challenge of these days in the spirit of Thy servant, who so long ago, thinking of his own ravished land, exclaimed: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning; let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I prefer not Thee above my chief joy." In Thy presence we solemnly pledge,

"O land of lands! To thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live
And at thy need shall die for thee."

Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, from this high hill of the Nation's life we would remember before Thee all those who serve in our stead for freedom's cause. With unspeakable solicitude we would gather in the arms of our intercession this morning every family where a vacant place speaks eloquently of one far away today in the Nation's service.

"O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
Creator, who dost from above
Observe Thy sons with eyes of love,
Who canst preserve where'er they be
Our men who fight for home and Thee;
O put Thou forth a guiding hand
For those in peril on the land.
Almighty, who canst from on high
Protect our flyers in the sky
And guide each pilot in his plane
The length and breadth of Thy domain;
O hearken to our fervent prayer
For those in peril in the air."

Hasten, we beseech, the day of victory for truth and justice and righteousness, when there shall rise to Thee glad hymns from air and land and sea. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1943

ETERNAL GOD, we thank Thee for this shrine of the Nation's faith where, facing vast human issues committed to our hands, relying on a strength and a wisdom not our own, we come humbly to confess "In God we trust." Make us the kind of persons Thou canst trust as the instruments and channels of Thy saving grace. Out of the burning bush of our daily duties as the miracle of insight is wrought anew for us and in us, in the stillness may there come a voice as of old, "The place where Thou standest is holy ground."

For our country we pray, entrusted with power to work weal or woe on the earth. Help her to heal the open sores of the world, which hate and selfishness and misunderstanding have inflicted on the bleeding body of our common humanity. Upon the President and all who counsel with him, upon the Congress and all who represent the Nation's strength and administer the stewardship of her service, we crave divine guidance. In these tragic days, as all mankind stands in the valley of decision, show us the way we should go. Bring us and all the nations to that glad day of the Lord when righteousness and peace shall kiss each other. Upon us may there rest the beatitude of the peacemakers, who shall be called the children of God. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, we thank Thee that our common life on this shrinking sphere which is our home is driving us, from self-contained complacency, to a vivid sense of comradeship with our brothers everywhere whose future we share. We are grateful for the hard-learned lessons in Thy stern school of discipline: That no nation liveth or aileth to itself; that the deepest facts of humanity are not to be found in any book of geography; that our selfish spite fences shut out more than they shut in, and that upon the East and West, the North and South, is the compulsion that the best be shared as good neighbors. We repent of our part in the sins of the social order which are now making nations and races speak to each other through the frightful when the God who is over all meant that they should speak to each other through the beautiful.

Keep us, we beseech Thee, from the seat of arrogance where sit those of whom the Holy Book declares, "They speak peace with their neighbors, but mischief is in their hearts." Above the walls of suspicion and prejudice may we hear a brother's heartbeat across our national borders. May our own attitudes contribute to the warmth of that climate of friendship which shall color every landscape with its magic charm and at last spread its divine tints across all the areas of human life: In the name of our Elder Brother. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 10, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, who didst entrust Thy Son to a human mother, we thank Thee for the sacrament of motherhood, as our Nation has turned again with memory and hope to its cleansing springs. In this day when blackest paganism is invading the homes of millions, polluting childhood and degrading womanhood, we are grateful for the spectacle of our free land bowing at the white altar of motherhood, confessing its faith in the centrality of the home, recognizing that there is the source of all that is vital in the life of the Nation. We give Thee hearty thanks for noble mothers whose precepts are more far-reaching than the statutes of the State, whose word is more potent than the pomp of governments, whose simple faith is more enduring than the formal creeds of the churches.

Here at the fountainhead of our Nation's rule we would remember the patriot mothers of the Commonwealth who, even with a sword through their very souls, breathe cheerful benedictions on warrior sons as, carrying the shield of a mother's willing sacrifice, they march away to face loneliness, wounds, and death that freedom may live. May the protecting love of motherhood with open eyes and strong with Christly passion set its tireless strength to lift humanity from the reign of brutal force and to found the larger family of men on the blessed might of love. We ask it in the name of Mary's Blessed Son. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1943

ETERNAL SPIRIT, in this quiet and sacred place, where freedom reigns and none dare molest or make afraid, we hear the moaning of the oppressed, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Make us, we pray Thee, Thy instruments for battering down the doors of the bastiles of tyranny, as against entrenched evil Thou dost unloose the fateful lightning of Thy terrible, swift sword. Nerve and steady our hands to strike the blow that shall shatter prisons and break asunder chains of coercion. Hearten those who in the darkness keep alive the holy flame. Give strength to endure to those whose dear ones are snatched from their grasp as hostages and whose lives are snuffed out by a system that cannot bear the light of truth. Sustain those who suffer from wounds and sickness. Be Thou the Shining Presence in every fear-shadowed area of life. Take to Thyself those who in the fiery hurricane of battle give their lives that freedom may live. Hasten the day when righteousness shall be triumphant and peace shall bless our land and every land: Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, whose truest words to us are heard in the silences of the soul, give Thy servants quiet hearts and open minds, lest while we are busy here and there we miss the vision splendid. May the fret and fever of our own spirits not add to the confusion of a confused age instead of helping and healing.

Lift us, we pray Thee, above the foggy valley of narrow loyalties and partisan interests to vaster vistas where small things are seen as

small, and great things as great. In all our attitudes and decisions give us perspective and horizon. Remove far from us even unconscious bigotries and antipathies. Help us to recognize truth and to welcome revelation, from whatever quarter they arise. Disappointed with ourselves, shamed by our sins, defeated by life, haunted by fears, wounded by the world, we would find strength in Thy presence, forgiveness in Thy grace, cleansing in Thy mercy, and victory in Thy love: Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 17, 1943

GRACIOUS GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, in awe and reverence we stand before Thy greatness that we cannot measure; yet are we grateful that our eyes have seen beauty, our hearts have felt love, our minds have discovered truth, and our wills have found purposes that lift and ennoble and tie us to causes greater than our own brief span. We give Thee hearty thanks for great souls, great music, and great books, which for us have been mirrors of Thy glory. We who are of the earth earthy do feel the pull of the eternal tugging at our wayward hearts. We are conscious of a heavenly gravitation which lifts us to a mood of penitent aspiration, of unutterable longings, of winged thoughts that wander off into eternity.

As now we front the tasks of a new week give us a vision of the far-off years as they may be if redeemed by the sons of God, that we may take heart and battle more valiantly for Thy children and ours. As we have mastered nature that we might gain wealth and comfort, help us now to master the social relations of mankind that we may gain justice, emancipation from want and fear, and a world of brothers: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1943

OUR FATHERS' GOD, author of liberty, across the struggling years, again and again hast Thou used human voices as the silver trumpets of Thy purposes and decrees. As here this day, in this shrine of each patriot's devotion, is heard the clarion tones of a great captain of his time, the pillar of a people's hope,* we give Thee hearty thanks that Thou hast raised him up for such a time as this. We remember with gratitude that in dark days of crisis and alarm the

* Prime Minister Winston Churchill.

words of this mighty man of valor—winged words which girdled the earth—dispelled panic and despair; that his phrases have kept men on their feet; that it has been given to him to utter words gushing from the deepest springs of our common language, words of faith, fortitude, memory, hope, pride, humility, terrible as an army with banners, as they have voiced the righteous wrath of outraged peoples and pronounced the sure doom of those who have defiled and blasphemed the holy of holies in the temple of human freedom.

As partners in this crusade to make men free, may Thy blessing rest upon Britain and America, and upon all the global strategy now being planned by the leaders of the two Commonwealths. We thank Thee for our shared ideals of decency, honor, and chivalry, for the roots of our Christian culture reaching deep into the rich soil of the storied island which is the garden whence came the seeds of our own freedom. Through our shared blood and sweat and tears bring us to the common victory for the inalienable rights of all men everywhere. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1943

FATHER OF OUR LIFE, fountain of our being, we thank Thee for the light of Thy countenance which illumines our pathway with eternal splendor. Without that light we walk in darkness; without Thee as guide our boasted progress but leads to the quagmires of futility and oblivion; without Thee our science but whets the sword to a sharper edge and destroys us with our own wheels and wings; without Thee commerce cannot save us, for selfish trade but lifts the hunger of covetousness to a higher pitch; without Thee even education cannot redeem us, for we know now that the mere sharpening of the intellect, the massing and mastery of facts and figures, may but fit men to be tenfold more masterful in the awful art of slaughter.

In all our ways may we not miss the way. Shatter our delusions, shine through our blindness, shame our pride, that we stray not in folly away from Thee. Bring us without fear to meet the flaming of eternal dawn: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, open to us, we pray Thee, the gates of the morning as at its swinging portals we bow here at this wayside shrine of

Thy grace, for these are troublous times; the margin of our inner strength seems often perilously low; we stand in dire need of courage and fortitude and stability. Grant us now the grace of a quiet heart and an humble mind. With Thy light upon our ways send us forth contrite, forgiven, and cleansed.

May the gates of the morning shut out the failures and mistakes of the yesterdays—the concern for transient and trifling things which have so often, we confess, turned our minds from high pursuits and set our hearts upon unworthy ends. Save us from spoiling the music of this new day by cherished hates, remembered slights, and corroding resentments. Let no unguarded word of ours bruise the rightful self-respect of any traveler by our side. As we turn to our waiting tasks may the love of friends, the confidence of those who believe in us, the inner vision of the soul, the spur of conscience, and the commanding call of goodness be the high white stars to lead us on. So may we follow the gleam until the gates of the morning open into the light of the eternal day: In the Redeemer's Name.

Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1943

GOD OF ALL HOPE, we bless Thee for the cleansing ministry of memory and for the rich heritage of noble deeds. Look upon us in pity and mercy as our Nation, founded in Thy name, turns to its stirring past and to its warrior dead. In the flowering splendor of Maytime's garden, even as bugles are sounding to new battles for liberty's cause, prepare our hearts and minds for the sacramental journey to quiet cities of the dead where, under their tents of green, sleep those whose lives were offered as freedom's shield. We thank Thee for the thoughts which make tender our hearts as on the yearly day of remembrance, hallowing the white stones and grassy mounds which mark their resting place, we come with reverent step as loving arms are filled with bright-hued blooms, emblems of the evergreens of gratitude and the forget-me-nots of love. Save us from decorating tombs and at the same time desecrating the costly heritage which it takes graves to guarantee.

As our day of memorial comes, with misty eyes and with sorrowing pride we see the blue stars in flags of service which day by day are turning to gold. In thought we leap the seas and walk amid new crosses rising from consecrated ground under alien skies. In this

desperate struggle against a pagan creed and for a fairer world, steel our wills to endure to the end, as the dear sons of our hearths and hearts ride off as valiant knights with waving plumes white as their steadfast purpose to battle to the death if need be against the powers of darkness.

> "O risen Lord, O shepherd of our dead,
> Whose cross has bought them and whose star hath led,
> In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
> Commits her children to Thy gracious hand."

In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, all the ways of our need lead to Thee; our deepest cravings but drive us to Thy everlasting arms; Thou alone art our refuge and our strength. For this quiet moment may we rise above our baser selves and, instead of our cramped and cabined conceptions, may there come the lure of far horizons, the light of lifted skies. We confess with shame and sorrow that often on life's lower levels we find ourselves surprised and trapped by unworthy compromises, by cowardly concessions, by weak acquiescence, by betrayals of integrity, and disobedience to the heavenly vision. When we would do good, evil is ever present with us. But we are grateful for those better moods when even in the pressure of daily duty there comes to us the hush of solemn thoughts, vistas of splendor, windows of insight, when the darkening veil on the face of all things falls away and the inner eyes of the soul see through the sham and show of the common days. May we find Thy highway through the fields of time and sense.

Breathe through the things that are seen the peace of the unseen and eternal. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, in a world so filled with terror and horror, leaving a ghastly harvest of broken bodies, ravaged lands, ruined temples, devastated towns, we thank Thee for all the gentle and healing ministries which soothe our fear-haunted, troubled souls. We are grateful for the gladness of the morning, the freedom of the wind,

the music of the rain, the joy of the sunshine, the deep calm of the night; for trees, flowers, birds, clouds, and sky; for the tender ministries of human love, the unselfishness of parents, the confidence of little children, the patience of teachers, and the encouragement of friends.

If we have been holding the exploding present so close to our eyes that we have lost the far perspective of Thy favor, grant to us, we pray Thee, as we bow by this wayside shrine, true horizons. Remind us of the better aspects of the civilization out of which we have come, which even now, with new vitality, is beating back the powers of barbarism. Remind us of great books, great art, great music, and of causes, once defeated, now victorious, for which other generations shed their blood. Drawing refreshment from vineyards we did not plant, drinking at cisterns we did not dig, knowing the very freedoms for which we fight have been bought with a price, may we be eager in the supreme test of this glorious day to make our lives part payment on an unpayable debt. So may our imperfect service express something of Thee before life's little day ebbs out and the night comes down and our work is done. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, we turn to Thee sorely perplexed with our own thoughts, often confused and confounded by the vastness of human problems confronting us. Save us from the despair of a defeated cynicism which denies that there is any road to the fair city of our dreams. Forgive our foolish ways and our faltering faith. Our lives are so cluttered with the trivial and the trifling that mistaken magnitudes keep us from fixing our hearts on the great issues that at last prove to be the factors of our destiny. When common bushes along the way of our daily toil flame with divine fire, forgive us that so often we stand on holy ground with irreverent feet and unseeing eyes, conscious of the bush but not of the flame.

We do not ask to see distant scenes and final goals. We ask but for light enough for the next step ahead and for faith and fortitude to take it boldly. As we go our pilgrim way make us grateful for night skies that bring out the clear stars of faith, for hard tasks that develop the sinews of strength, for sorry failures that bloom into new achievements, and for futile quests which drive us back unfilled to

Thee. Along our differing paths, bring us all to the homeland of Thy eternal love. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 8, 1943

ALMIGHTY GOD, who in the former times didst lead our fathers forth into this land, give Thy grace to us their children in these days of crisis, that we may prove ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor and eager to be the instruments of Thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning, and pure religion. Save the inner life of the Nation from violence, discord, and confusion, from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. By the very fiery trial through which we are passing fashion into one people the multitudes brought hither of many kindreds and tongues. As we gird ourselves to do battle with the principalities and powers of evil, Thou art the courage that arms us, the strength that sustains us.

Endue with the spirit of wisdom those who have been trusted with responsibility and authority in these troublous times. For the preservation of liberty, for the defeat of all tyranny, for the opportunity still to be free souls, for the redemption of democracy from its failures, for the establishment of a just and lasting peace, we lift our hearts to Thee, O God of our salvation: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1943

ETERNAL GOD, we, the creatures of time and sense, with the fever of mortal days upon our spirits, with wistful longings which haunt the depths of our being, turn to Thee, the King eternal, immortal, invisible. We change with the changing days. We are fretted by every passing wind, tempest-tossed and afraid. But Thou art the same yesterday, today, and forever. Even now, as we face perplexing decisions affecting the lives and fortunes of untold millions who look to us for the wise word and the right action, wilt Thou lift us from the confusions and bafflements of these days into the unhurried calm of Thy presence? Grant us the peace which is the gift of Thy grace and the wisdom which is from above.

In the sacrifices now demanded for the continued boon of freedom may our eyes discern Thy judgments. In the world-wide strivings toward a brotherhood which knows nothing of color, creed, or race, may we see Thy kingdom's coming. In the clanking chains of the

enslaved may our ears hear the voice of Thy command, "Let my people go." May the spiritual verities by which we really live assert their sovereignty and ascendancy over our hearts and minds as with unbroken vigil we keep the perpetual light of faith burning over the inner shrine of the soul. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1943

O THOU GOD OF MERCY, Thou art also the God of law. Through tragedy and tears the stern fact puts its relentless hand upon us that men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles. In this golden season of seedtime and harvest as sowers go forth to sow, teach us anew the solemn lesson written in the very cells of our bodies and in the structure of the world, that as a man sows so shall the reaping be. In these National Halls where laws are enacted may we be very conscious of that one law that cannot be revoked: "He that soweth the wind shall reap the whirlwind; he that soweth destruction shall reap destruction." If we sow to the flesh we shall of the flesh reap corruption; if we sow to the spirit we shall of the spirit reap life everlasting. May we never imagine that the operation of that law is postponed to some far-off distant day. We confess with shame that what we reap today in bitterness, in starvation and slaughter of millions, in all the disruption of our common life, is the harvest of the selfish seed that we, the nations of the world, have sown.

Let the chastisements of Thy law be our teachers. Strip us of our boastful illusions. Open our eyes to the evils among us that we condemn in others. May we scatter seeds of thoughtful kindness, of generous good will, of universal justice, for our reaping by and by, so that, instead of the thorn with its wounding blade, shall come up the fir tree with its healing shade. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, we come this day in the spirit of solemn dedication as in the name of the Lord our God we set up the starry banner of our Nation's life. We gratefully remember that its folds are woven of a thousand strands of memory, of affection, and of hope; that in it are the recollections of a glorious past and of immortal deeds. As it floats in the free breeze of heaven it speaks to us of an

awful sense of divine destiny as our Nation now plays its part as the prepared instrument of Thy providence in all the earth. That we may be more worthy of that manifest destiny in the molding of a new world, we make a new covenant sealed in the patriot blood of the past and in the blood of today. May no attitude, word, nor deed of ours stain its white or shame its red, betray its blue or dim its stars. We humbly pray that wherever it waves it may be to all men the emblem of freedom, equality, brotherhood, and justice; that wherever it is carried it may bring hope to the down-trodden, emancipation to the shackled, and doom to the thralldom of tyrants.

To Thee, Author of Liberty, we pledge, as the emblem of our heart's devotion moves forward toward the goal of a free world with the flags of other nations who cherish liberty more than life, that we will nobly live for it and if need be, bravely die for it:

"What matters death if Freedom be not dead?
No flags are fair if Freedom's flag be furled.
Who fights for freedom goes with joyful tread
To meet the force of hell against him hurled,
And has for Captain Him whose thorn-wreathed head
Smiles from the cross upon a conquered world."

Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1943

O GOD, OUR FATHER, whose love has never let us go and beyond whose brooding care we cannot drift, in the glory and vigor of a new morning as we set our faces once more toward tasks and toils, we lift our careworn hearts to Thee. We bow in prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to make known our requests unto Thee. We fain would quiet our souls in Thy presence and rest ourselves in the confidence of Thy sustaining strength, that the peace of God which passeth all understanding may guard our hearts and thoughts.

Through countless channels Thou dost seek our lives, at many a door Thou dost stand and knock, if we would but heed the gentle accents of Thy call. We wait now for the still small voice which can change our fear to faith and our cowardice to courage. Harken to the prayers of our hearts when in highest moments we forget ourselves and think of Thee. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, once more a new day with its golden hours lies before us. We are grateful for a laboring place in Thy vineyard and that in work that keeps faith sweet and strong Thou callest us to be fellow laborers with Thee.

In the midst of crushing cares and frenzied fears may the healing balm of Thy presence restore our jaded souls. Forgive the petulance of our impatience, which is revealed in our discouragements, in our hasty judgments, in our childish outbursts, because the kingdom of love and justice and peace seems so long delayed. Forgive the impertinence that would hurry on the dawn, that would thrust impious hands across the pattern Thou art weaving, that would outrun Thy perfect will for us. Strengthen us to play our part in the life of our times, to think clearly, to speak kindly, to act bravely, to walk in the light as Thou art in the light, to keep the faith, to finish our course and, falling on sleep, to gain the crown—the approval of the Master of all good workmen. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1943

O THOU great companion of our souls, grant unto us, O Lord, the spirit of understanding, of discernment, and of fair dealing. As we give our minds and hearts to the Nation's need save us from our prejudices, from half truths, and from all attitudes colored by the clamor of the few. May we have eyes to see and to seek the highest good for the whole Commonwealth, whose faithful servants we would be. May we take heed of all judgments of men and gather patiently whatever truth they hold; but teach us still to test them by the words and the spirit of that One whose white and winning life judges us all. If men speak well of us may we not be puffed up; if they slight us may we not be cast down, remembering the words of the Master who bade us rejoice when men speak evil against us and to tremble when all men speak well, that we may have evidence that we are still children of God.

In these dark days of the world's agony let not any shadow of discouragement, of defeatism, or of cynicism oppress our spirits, lest our gloom should darken the light by which others have to live and

walk. In these days of crisis and alarm help us to play the man and so help others to face with good cheer and courage whatever tomorrow may bring. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, in a world filled with the clamor of those whose trust is in violence and with the boasting of those who reckon not with the ultimate supremacy of forces unseen and eternal, we come seeking fortitude and stability as we rest our souls in those final and vital things stronger than the noise of the world. Confront us, we beseech Thee, with a vision of Thy majesty that we may be stripped of pride and made humble and penitent.

Save us from being victims of the apparent and the transient. Give us the steadying confidence that behind the unchartered riot of today there hides a power whose invisible energy is the real master of the field. May we keep that faith even when the obtrusive circumstances of the hour shriek against that creed. And so in dark and dangerous days may we still be able to utter our glad and grateful confidence: "*Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident: The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?*" Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, we would be valiant in a day when the hearts of many turn to water in them. As we here seek a solution for the Nation's tangled problems, may we not be found unwilling to pay the price of better things. Teach us the vanity and futility of a quest for salvation which leaves ourselves unchanged. We mourn the misunderstandings and suspicions, the alienations, the strife between class and class, which weaken the Nation's strength and sap our vitality when, in this age on ages telling, we must be strong, for our own sakes and for the sake of the world's tomorrow. As we remember those of our own fellow countrymen who in far places are ready to lay down their lives for the preservation of our heritage of freedom, save us from lowering the shield of national solidarity just as the air is filled with the poison arrows of determined foes.

O Thou, in whose Holy Name our Nation was baptized at its birth, enable us to find that one highway along which we may march together to the promised land. Grant that we may be found among the shining company of prophets and forerunners who, amid the encircling gloom, have sought the mind and the will of God and who have known the time of his visitation and restoration and with faith and hope and love have prepared the way of the Lord. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, conscious of the faults and failures which mar and stain the past, we are grateful that each new week brings us to the land of beginning again. Troubled by the record of remembered yesterdays when, under the pressure of these momentous times, we fell short of our best, we are beckoned to better things by the assurance of the angel of the dawn, "Each night I burn the records of the day; each sunrise every soul is born again." And, while there comes to us a solemn realization that we cannot cancel a line of the books that are closed, we are grateful for a new week and a new day, because they are Thy gifts, bringing new vigor, new hopes, new opportunities to be strong and kind, patient and understanding, faithful and true.

Help us to command this new day, meeting its joys with praise, its difficulties with fortitude, its doubts with fidelity. Direct our steps, guard us from error, deliver us from all evil; help us to sit where others sit, seeing life's tangled skein through the eyes of those less fortunate than ourselves. So make us faithful ministers of this stricken generation. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29, 1943

ETERNAL GOD, who countest the nations as the dust of the balance, who puttest down the mighty from their seat and exalteth the humble and the meek, have mercy upon our Nation as we strive to mend its flaws, and make it the fit instrument of Thy will in these troubled days. Forgive us that so often, drunk with sight of power, we have loosed wild tongues that have not Thee in awe.

History's tragic pages remind us that Thy providence knows no favorites, that naught can bend Thy justice and none can break Thy

laws that shall not themselves be broken. Facing duties and decisions that outweigh our own strength and our own wisdom, we ask for courage to do the right as Thou dost give us to see the right. More potent than the raucous voices without may there come the whisper of a still voice within, heard only by obedient hearts:

"Men may misjudge thy aim,
Think they have cause for blame,
Say thou art wrong.
Hold on thy quiet way;
God is the judge—not they.
Fear not, be strong."

Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, we come seeking wide horizons around our noisy days. Through our preoccupied and cluttered lives we would clear a highway for Thy holy purposes. Join us, we pray, with those farsighted souls who, toiling in darkened valleys, have heralded the coming day and lifted men's eyes to the eternal hills.

Midst all the busy shuttles of legislation, as here is woven the fabric of law and order shielding the life of our democracy, may we not be so enmeshed in the immediate mechanics of our task as to lose sight of the total pattern shown in the Mount of Vision. As we have undertaken on this continent a government of, by, and for the people, may we not lack the spiritual quality and a sense of the divine sovereignty without which no such government can long endure. Putting off the works of darkness and putting on the armor of light, may our loins be girt and our lamps burning, and ourselves as men who watch for the coming of their Lord. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, in times of stillness, as we pause in the midst of rushing cares, we hear like a distant song the call of the better angels of our nature. Forbid that the toil of life or the dust of common days should rob us of life's meaning, its dignity, and its beauty. Save us from the supreme folly of missing Thy glory by turning to grasp for the baubles of vanity with our mis-spent freedom, our fleeting pleasures, and our fatal self-indulgence.

We hear the low, sad music of humanity as in disrupted and invaded lands men mingle tears with hopeless tasks and days and nights are filled with terror and horror. Even as we brood on the pain and anguish of the world, by faith may we discern a rainbow of hope through the tears of the exploited and the disinherited. May there be redemption in the cross to which by selfish power humanity is nailed. Seeing we spend our days as a tale that is told, let us haste to speak the best that is within us, lest ere ever the day has worn to noon we hear the one clear call before our word is said and our deed is done. May we not neglect or defer it, seeing that we pass this way but once: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, in the dedication of this quiet moment at the beginning of the day we would that all voices be stilled that Thine may be heard. Show us the false glamour of things that too often deceive with their gaudy glitter. O Thou who art the life and the light, dawn upon our darkened minds; make us pure in heart, in motive, in thought, in action, that we may see God and the godlike everywhere.

Save us from being driven by the logic of our minds to a mere belief in Thee and yet living our days in spiritual poverty, oblivious to those deep streams of eternal help where the soul is refreshed and made sufficient for the evil of the day. As servants of the Commonwealth may we be diligent enough to seek the truth, honest enough to follow the gleam wherever it may lead, brave enough to proclaim it and defend it even though men may revile us and persecute us and say all manner of evil against us falsely. May all life, private and public, be to us as a sacrament. Make Thou our bodies Thy temples and our hearts Thy altars where the sacred flame is ever burning. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1943

GOD OF OUR FATHERS, to whose kingdom of justice and love the future belongs, it is Thy might which hath made and preserved us a nation. Standing this day on the threshold of an immortal date which has engraved itself forever on the fast-hurrying years and whose scarlet threads are woven into the grateful memory of every

true patriot of the Republic, we lift our joyful praise for the American dream—the dream of a land where the people rule, of a state which is the instrument of the common good, of a union which finds room for the richness of diversity.

In this solemn hour of the supreme test of America's faith, when determined foes deny, defy, and would defile the very conceptions and aspirations which to us, nurtured in liberty, make life precious and sacred, may this Nation under God have a new birth of freedom. If the way to victory is long and difficult and at crimson cost, still keep our wills steadfast and our faith strong as was the faith of our fathers when they built this Nation of our love and prayer. May our flag, born in the tragedy of strife, be an inspiring symbol to all the world that out of today's death and night shall rise the dawn of an ampler life for all mankind. May we bear our full part in freedom's crowning hour that we may tell our sons and daughters who will live in the light of the new day, "I saw the powers of darkness put to flight. I saw the morning break!" We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1943

OUR FATHERS' GOD AND OURS, on the birthday of national independence we confess our dependence upon Thee. Without Thee we are lost, in spite of the overwhelming might of our material arms.

We thank Thee for those pilgrims of faith who came hither in their frail barque across mountainous seas and who stepped upon strange shores with the salutation to a new world, "In the name of God. Amen." The Nation here established, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, has acknowledged that Name above every name and reverenced it, has built its altars, reared its temples, and raised its steeples, emblems of a faith that points to the skies and wings its sure and certain way to God. Make that faith of the fathers, we pray, real to us in these tempestuous days. Save us from a freedom of speech so empty that we have nothing worth saying, from a freedom of worship so futile that we have no God to adore, from freedom from want and fear with no creative idea as to how to use our plenty or our security for the redemption of our social order and for the salvation of our own souls. Let all that is low and unworthy in us sink to the depths.

Let all that is high and fine in us rise to greet the morn of a new day confident that the best is yet to be. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, amid all the voices of this vast and varied world, save us from the supreme tragedy of missing Thy call. As age after age men have heard Thy voice, we, too, can hear it when silence falls and we listen with reverent and obedient hearts. We catch its accents in the whispering wind, in sunlight and moonlight, and in the far flicker of the stars, in all the beauty of the earth, and the wonder of the sky: Thou dost speak to us everywhere, for this is our Father's world. In all the roar of the earth's vast work, above all the selfish and noisy cries of class and clan there sounds a Voice divine that knows and feels and cares.

Turning aside for the moment from the violence and turbulence of human strife we would hush the words of the wise and the prattle of the foolish. Rising above the deafening prejudices of our embittered days may we be the hearers and doers of Thy word and of Thy will. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, Thou hast made all the highways of our hearts to lead to Thy face. Thou hast so formed our being that its deepest cravings are satisfied only in Thee. We confess that, in the conceit of our self-sufficiency, too often we have turned with our burning thirsts to the broken cisterns of worldly wisdom and of our own sophisticated cleverness. That delusive way has brought us and our generation to tragedy, tyranny, and agony. In all the confusion of our willful blundering we see now that darkness broods upon our path because we have turned our backs to Thee and hidden ourselves from Thy light. Help us this noontide to turn our faces to Thy shining, O Thou Sun of our help and strength.

Not only for our separate lives do we pray, but for the common interests that bind us all together. For our Nation and its leaders, the whole body of our citizens in this time of testing we crave Thy guidance. Forbid that we should miss the way again to just, enduring, and redeeming peace. In all our decisions set our souls on high things. In this dangerous yet glorious day, when we must choose

for ourselves and our civilization life or death, the blessing or the curse, grant us the grace in scorn of consequence to set our wills on things worth living for, and, if need be, worth dying for: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1943

O THOU who makest Thyself known and heard not in the whirlwind nor in the earthquake, but in the still small voice, we would hush our thoughts to silence as we bow our spirits at this altar of prayer. Before we speak to one another about the Nation's life we would open our hearts to Thee, from whom no secrets are hid. From the tumult of an angry world we seek the sanctuary of Thy presence, not that we may escape the world but that we may turn to the perplexing maze of its tragic problems with strong spirits and quiet minds. In a shaken world we seek stability. In an anguished world we need inner peace. In a fearful world we want confidence and courage. In a world of rising and falling systems we crave a vision of Thine eternal kingdom which has no frontiers.

Grant us the wisdom and the vision here to fashion laws that may be the expression of the fairer ideals of freedom and brotherhood which are now seeking their incarnation in a new age which has struck the tents of a past content. May those who here serve the public weal be wise interpreters of Thy eternal law, the brave spokesmen of Thy will and of Thy truth which sets men free from ancient wrong. So send us forth to serve the present age sure that, though the earth were removed and the mountains cast into the midst of the sea, the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1943

OUR FATHER, who art in heaven and in the earth and in the hearts of men, hallowed be Thy name. Without Thee our striving would be losing. Our strength is unequal to our tasks. Undergird us, we beseech Thee, with Thine enabling might, in the inner man. To us in Thy providence has been given a place of awesome responsibility in this supreme hour of the centuries. We would exercise that stewardship of power with anxious care and deep humility.

In these fateful days lead us to right decisions and to that wisdom which is from above. Conscious of a cloud of witnesses of the past and of the present, whose searching eyes are upon us in this historic Chamber, may we here conscrate ourselves anew to the fulfillment of the aims and dreams of a new world for which our sons are dying on the far battlefields of freedom. Keep us from any denial of the faith for which they are giving their all. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, who art the hope of all the ends of the earth and the light of all our seeing, help us who grope in the darkness of earth's dim ways to remember that even the shadows themselves are born of light. Lift upon us the light of Thy countenance. Save us from the blighting company of those for whom humanity's wistful longings are but a target for sneers. May we be saved from despair by hope and by faith. Deliver us from political policies which are symptoms of spiritual disease. Even while we are spurred to fight with all our might against a present evil, may we also be lured by the vision splendid of a coming good. Give us courage and strength for the vast task of social rebuilding that needs to be dared if life for all men is to be made full and free. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1943

O GOD OF OUR SALVATION, from whom alone all just designs and righteous judgments proceed, Thou makest hope to spring eternal in the human breast. We thank Thee for all the loveliness that summer unfolds through flower and field and forest, as by still waters and green pastures our jaded spirits have been restored. We are grateful for happy memories like quiet pools that mirror peace.

In weary and wearing days freighted with stress and strain, help us to listen, beyond the tumult of the world, to voices heard only in gentle stillness. May we take the anxious and restless striving of our perplexed generation and set it against the wider background of Him with whom a day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. Through the blare of today's blatant voices,

with steady faith may we march to the beat of a distant drum that selfish hearts can never hear. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1943

O GOD, in whose almighty hand the future lies, give us understanding minds, patient hearts, and determined wills that through us Thou shalt create among the nations Thy chosen pattern of government and Thy charter for freedom and justice in all the earth. In these troubled days, confronted with anxiety, tragedy, and death, and the mystery that lies beyond death, our hearts cry out for a meaning that is larger than the things we see. Lest our feet slip we must be upheld by something that has an eternal faith behind it.

Give us that penitence for our own sins, that contempt for our own prejudices, that hatred for our own hate, that shall enable us to put on the whole armor of God as we fight against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Make us worthy to look unashamed into Thy face as we say with full purpose of heart:

"We lift our living Nation
A single sword to Thee."

In the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1943

ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save, amid the shifting forms of the ephemeral, give us eyes to discern the shining truth of the eternal. Forgive us that so often we have forgotten that above our hollow pride and our easy vanity is the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy. Thy mercy on thy people, Lord! Thy pity on our blindness! Thy light on our darkness! Thy grace to heal the broken life of mankind!

Make our America a nation Thou canst trust and bless. Make her beautiful in righteous love and in humane service. May our democracy, purged of its failings and confessing its failures, be an inspiring and emancipating power for world security and stability. We beseech Thee so to order and dispose the issues of this crucial conflict, raging in its mad fury around the globe, demanding our all, that

we may be brought through strife to lasting peace, through sacrifice to the song of the redeemed. We ask it in the name of Christ our Lord. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, with our burdened lives tense and strained in a violent world, we seek that peace which is the gift of Thy grace to all those who yield their wills to Thy will, their minds to Thy truth, their hearts to Thy obedience. O God, our God, Thou hast fashioned us so that we faint and fall without the breath of Thy presence. Thou art the desire beneath desire. When upon our mortal days there is lifted the light of Thy countenance even trivial rounds and the common tasks are arched with the aura of infinite peace and power and joy. In the brightness of Thy throne we become sure of the vital and eternal things that are stronger than the noise of the world and against which the gates of hell cannot prevail.

Make us such ministers of Thine to this stricken generation that the golden dream of the ages may transfigure a cleansed and chastened earth, as the waiting continents and the isles of the sea are linked in a new fellowship for the promotion of Thy glory and the good of all mankind. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1943

MERCIFUL FATHER, whose faithfulness is constant with all our fickleness, whose forgiveness outlasts all our transgressions against Thy holy love, we bemoan the delusions which have led us to mistake shadows for substance; we confess that by the opiate of our own achieving we were lulled into cushioned optimism. Now with jarred and jolted minds we see the whole circle of the world grown somber and terrible with the fires of battle and the smoke of a judgment which envelops us all. We behold in the torture and rubble and dust of this conflict Thy righteous sentence on our godless lives. We but reap the ghastly and costly harvest of our careless years.

Help us, in this hour which reveals our desperate state, with contrition for past mistakes with their tragic consequences, renouncing all cynicism, all disbelief in the innate splendor of humanity, that we may be empowered to fill with satisfaction to ourselves and benefit

to the world the solemn role to which we have been deputized by destiny. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, in this testing day 'stablish Thou our hearts as we battle not in enmity against men, but against the evil which enslaves and degrades them. Remember our sons and daughters in their perils on land and sea and in the air. Keep love's banners floating o'er them; smite death's threatening wave before them. Give them and us the calm assurance that those who are absent from each other are still present with Thee. Deliver them from temptation. In lonely hours grant them strength and courage for the ordeal which has separated them from the shrines of their love. Comfort them and us by the steadfast faith that they cannot be where Thou art not, on any sea or shore.

O Thou great Shepherd of our souls, when on some far field, looking up at the silent stars, there seems nothing left but God and prayer, may a familiar voice out of the unseen whisper to their listening hearts the deathless song in the night: I shall not want. E'en though I walk through the valley of the shadow I will fear no evil. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies. If it be Thy gracious will, bring them in safety back to the loved homes they defend and to loyal hearts that hold them dear. Bring us all to the homeland of Thy eternal love and in peace to gates ajar in our Father's fair abode. Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1943

ALMIGHTY AND EVERLIVING GOD, all things wax old as doth a garment; but Thou art the same. Thy years shall not fail. Change and decay in all around we see, but Thy mercy endureth forever.

Give us the untroubled calm which illumines a faith in the final triumph of every true idea let loose in the world. May we see and know Thy word as the power of a growing seed hidden in the cleft of the rock, which presently it will split to pieces. In the light of Thy presence may we know that we live only as we love; that we are strong only as we are pure; that we succeed only as we are just and merciful and good. In this tumultous day when the highways

for Thy conquering truth are being paved even by the wrath of man, we pray not that Thou shouldst help us carry out our plans, but that we may be the willing channels for Thy redemptive purpose for all mankind. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1943

O GOD, who art the hope of all the ends of the earth amid the tragedy of a broken world, in deep humility of spirit at noonday we ascend the altar stairs of this hallowed temple of our faith and hope. Before we talk of the Nation's good we would lift our needy hearts to the Nation's God. For in Thee we trust. When for this dedicated moment we blot out all but Thee in a world of rising and falling empires, we crave the strengthening vista of Thine eternal kingdom whose sun never sets.

Give unto us that greatness of spirit which shall match the vast patterns of this creative day. Save us from setting narrow limits upon our responsibility to our fellow men. May no pettiness in our patriotism rob us of the habitual vision of greatness. May we never hesitate when the choice is between honor and calculation. Beyond the strategy of war may we see the depth and scope of this historic drama of the centuries, and may that vision turn its blood and sweat and tears into glory. We ask it in the ever-blessed Name. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, who dost overarch our fleeting years with Thine eternity and dost undergird our weakness with Thy strength, at the day's beginning we pause to bow our hearts at this shrine of our spirits. We would silence tense emotions, calm stormy passions, that we may be still and know that Thou art God. Without Thee even our radiant hopes for humanity are like withered leaves—once bright with sunshine which change to brown and crumpled ruins, blown upon a bitter wind.

O God, save us from succumbing to the terrible temptation to be men of lost faith. Help us to see that way madness lies and the surrender of all that gives life worth and loveliness and grace. Join us in spirit to those who, in other times that tried men's souls, went on believing in beauty and love and God in the midst of ugliness, hatred, and horror. For, as in humility we turn to Thee, we remember

that we date this day's deliberations from the lowly cradle of One who died on a cruel cross, mocked, reviled, insulted, outraged; yet that cross of torture sways the future. By its crimson sign may we conquer: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1943

ETERNAL SPIRIT who dost bring forth Thy righteousness as the light and Thy judgments as the noonday, in the presence of the ageless realities we pause in reverence and with a deep sense of responsibility as servants of the public weal, praying for courage to attempt, power to achieve, patience to endure. In this pavilion of peace above the confusion of tongues we would commit our way unto Thee, fretting not ourselves because of the men who bring wicked devices to pass; knowing that evildoers shall be cut off but that those who wait upon the Lord shall inherit the earth. Forbid that in this solemn hour when great clocks of destiny are striking we, whose is the birthright of the democratic tradition, should meet the world's spiritual crisis with blind unbelief, blighting cynicism, and timid unwillingness to make decisions in time and together.

We pray not for man's victory over man, but for the triumph of Thy kingdom in all the world, as we fight on, with the fire of our ruling passion burning, not because we loathe the same evils, but because we love the same God who is the Father of all men: We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1943

O GOD OUR FATHER, in all the confusion and perplexity of these convulsive days we look up, with the inner eyes of deep desire, believing with a faith that will not be denied that somewhere in the universe is a Reality that answers to the noblest hopes which ever flash their bright beams in the darkness. From the misty flats of dull and sluggish moods which so often becloud the radiant faith by which we really live, lift our spirits, we pray, to the height of the historic moment in which we are set.

As day by day within these hallowed walls we stand in the Valley of Decision we would fail not Thee nor our fellow men who, caught in the fell clutch of tyranny, are counting on us for deliverance. Strengthen our will to choose that which is morally excellent rather

than that which is politically expedient; so that receiving today the inheritance of yesterday we may transmit it unsullied and unwasted to tomorrow. Bring us to an enduring peace when justice shall roll down like the waters and righteousness as a mighty stream. We ask it in that Name above every name. Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1943

SPIRIT OF THE LIVING GOD, Thou hast chosen the heart of man for Thy inmost shrine. The spangled heavens keep their dreadful order, the swelling seas stretch in mystery to far horizons, the silence of the infinite spaces awes and terrifies our minds and on earth our eyes behold tyranny, misery, poverty, man's inhumanity to man and nation lifting up sword against nation. Yet we thank Thee for the sustaining faith that we are not orphans in an empty universe; that there are no shadows back of which Thou dost not stand keeping watch above Thine own.

Forgive us that, like birds upon the wing that question the air in which they fly, so, in hours of doubt we have questioned Thee. Join us with those great spirits of the past who lived in dark days yet, seeing Him who is invisible, won their victory for truth and noble living; who looked out and saw Thy garments across the sky, Thy footprints upon the earth, and looking within made their bodies Thy temple and their hearts the altar for Thy flaming love. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1943

GOD OF THE NATIONS, on this day of national honor we give Thee thanks for the daring faith of that intrepid mariner who, trusting in Divine guidance, gained a New World for Thy benign purposes on the earth. From fragile ships tossing on mad and mystic seas we would listen again to the voice of the brave captain whose words as leaping swords stir our sluggish hearts, "Sail on! Sail on!" May that stern command resound in our hearts today as Thy summons to us who live in this supreme hour, that we may discover for our own time the meaning and significance of America for itself and for the world. May we discover America as a moral and spiritual enterprise which has direct responsibility both to the people who live under it and to the God who reigns above it. Thus,

in the spirit of the great explorer who pushed back the veil from a waiting continent which, in the unfolding of history, was to be Thy last and the best hope for humanity, may our America fulfill its manifest destiny in proving an instrument in thy hands for making this old world of human hate into the New World of Thy redeeming love. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1943

O THOU whose dwelling place is the light of setting suns and the round ocean and the living air and the blue sky and in the mind of man: Shine into our darkness by the light of Thy truth; correct the dismal errors of our judgments and the false perspective of our prejudices by the wisdom Thou dost wait to give liberally to all who ask of Thee and who with pure hearts wait for Thy will and Thy word.

Inspire and guide with the spirit of understanding these Thy servants, the few among the many, in a great and crucial day, lifted by their fellows to high pedestals of power and influence. May their words and counsels, so laden with possibilities to affect this stricken generation, add to the world's store of good will, and may they be for the healing of the nations. May a consuming passion for the commonwealth of the human family consume all the dross of unworthy ambition, knowing that without Thee, our God, as Architect our labor is in vain.

May we build, with all Thy wondrous gifts, a kingdom meet for Thee. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1943

O GOD, who art to be surely found if with all our hearts we truly seek Thee; Thou art known by those who love; Thou art seen by those whose hearts are pure; Thou art heard by those who hush earth's blatant noises and in the quietness listen with reverent hearts. Thou hast given us thoughts that wander off into eternity. From the deepest valleys of distress and despair we lift our eyes to lofty heights on the far horizon, because Thou hast so made us that the glory of our life can never be beneath.

O God of Light, as we face a darkened world, grant to our minds that illumination without which we grope in a night from which

the stars are gone and know not whither we go. May no blighting unbelief lie like withered leaves in the hidden hollows of our hearts. Forbid that when radiant human hopes are flaming in the skies we should be blinded by the smoke of our own campfires. When great ideas whose day has come beckon us to be their servants, save us from giving ourselves to the dead past, rather than to the living future. We ask it in the Name which is above every name. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, as in the white light of Thy searching we pause at the day's threshold to examine our hearts and minds, we confess with contrition that selfishness has poisoned our relationships with men, and indifference our relationship with Thee. As servants of the Nation's life, save us from the dangers that lurk in a warped judgment, a confused reckoning, and a narrowed outlook. Deliver us from the shrunken imagination of an embittered mind which sees nothing beyond this war and the hope for the winning of it but a gloating triumph over our foes. Keep us from any national and international plans which would be blasphemies against the universal vision of the kingdom of God.

Upon all who here labor with true purpose of heart for the purification of public life, for the removal of all that betrays and denies democracy, for the spread of the gospel of good will, let Thy blessings rest. Bring us to a golden tomorrow for all Thy children, when the shared plenty of the good earth shall wash the slums of the world into vague, unhappy memories. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1943

O GOD, who art the author of peace and the lover of concord, whose mercy is broader than the measure of man's mind: We confess that we have made Thy love too narrow by false standards of our own. By all the tragic mistakes of the centuries past Thou art reminding us that no nation liveth to itself or aileth by itself. Through all the broken dreams of humanity Thy spirit is urging us to the high road which leads to the glorious goal of man's oneness. More and more we comprehend that history is but Thy story, telling us how the truth of cooperation has fought the falsehood of

strife and competition all down the ages, and how slowly and painfully cooperation has won, dragging civilization behind it. Above the flickering lamps of our own hearthstones, above the broken lights of our own little systems, may a glory from the bending skies shine upon us and upon all this darkened earth, making clear the way ahead. Without confusion, joining all men of good will, may we follow the gleam to the blessed plains of perpetual peace. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1943

O FAITHFUL SHEPHERD, who dost neither slumber nor sleep, we are the people of Thy pasture and the sheep of Thy hand; in Thy will is our freedom; Thy rod and Thy staff comfort and keep us. Until Thou, good Shepherd, dost capture our hearts, wandering without direction on the plains of peril, we mistake the license which enslaves for the liberty which makes free indeed.

We would remember that other sheep Thou hast which are not of our fold. For all Thy people hasten the day of deliverance, when there shall be one shepherd and one fold in a common unity against the wolves of want and fear, tyranny and exploitation. May we so guard the treasures of our freedom, bought with a great cost, that we will not allow the fight for freedom to destroy the freedom for which we fight. May the crimson threads of today's fearful sacrifice be woven into the very fabric of society in a fairer pattern of opportunity and equality for all. We ask it in the Saviour's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1943

O THOU MIGHTY SOVEREIGN OF THE SEA, with each thought a prayer we come this day glimpsing seas wider and vaster than ever the Psalmist knew, as we take upon our lips his words of old: "There go the ships." There go the ships of our Nation's righteous cause; there go the ships whose thunder makes tyranny tremble, whose wealthy cargo is humanity's fears and its hopes of future years. Today we think of that expanding armada with pride and gratitude, for the sweat and toil of the workmen who launched them, for the valiant crusaders who tread their decks, for the trained and tried officers who command them, and for the chaplains who minister in the things that matter most. Upon them all may there rest the benediction of Thy mercy which is like the wideness of the sea.

As on all the seas of the globe, in perils from above and beneath, far-called, our navies sail away, God of our fathers, Thou knowest that every ship carries our faith, our hopes, our prayers, our pledge to be worthy of them until the peace is won for which they must suffer and for which we toil and pray. May our soldiers of the sea incline their hearts to keep Thy law and to be true to the sacred worship hour which hallows each ship when the pennant of our holy faith flies majestically above the Nation's flag, yet so close that they merge into one banner of victory, dedicated to the service of God and the brotherhood of man. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1943

OUR FATHERS' GOD, author of liberty, facing in these epic days determined foes who violate every cherished right which mankind has slowly won and who would turn the wistful eyes of man backward toward the jungle, we thank Thee that more and more even the lurid glare of tyranny is revealing the spiritual glory of democracy as in Thy name it fights for its life. Startle us with the deep meaning for all mankind that a new moment has come in the old story of our planet. Strengthen our determination to seize the day, as the full tide is at the flood, to sail boldly out to wider seas of human rights.

> "Create in us the splendor that dawns when hearts are kind,
> That knows not race nor station as boundaries of the mind;
> That learns to value beauty in heart, and brain and soul,
> And longs to bind God's children into one perfect whole."

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1943

LORD OF ALL LIFE, whose light is truth, whose warmth is love, we thank Thee for the miracle of dawn which calls to holy dedication of renewed powers; for noontide with its summons to play the man in a solemn day that demands our best, and for the quiet of twilight, like bells at evening pealing, which brings whispers of that realm where beyond these voices there is peace. In the busy hours of life's midday so teach us to think and act and toil that we may justify the lofty pedestal of our privilege, desiring nothing for ourselves that we do not hope for all mankind; may we strive to open for each human

being the gates of an equal opportunity and an equal chance to become the best it is in him to be. Our eyes having seen the glory of a government of law bring peace and prosperity to many States and to men of all colors, creeds, and races within our own Nation, give us a steadfast faith that a lawful order can be established for the whole world. In this faith steel our hearts to march forward toward the clean world our hands can make.

We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1943

O THOU WHO HEAREST PRAYER, to whom all flesh shall come, the inmost soul of us cries out for the Living God. The hurrying pace of our fleeting years frightens and awes us. So teach us to number our days that we may fill swift hours with mighty deeds and lay up treasures beyond the reach of moth and rust. If the glowing vision that once lighted our horizon has faded to somber shadows, if the flame of faith in Thee and in our fellow man has flickered low, even standing on the debris of our dearest dreams, may we be stabbed by a strengthening glimpse of divine resources, heights above heights, loftiness beyond loftiness, vista beyond vista, glory reaching out to further glory.

Out of the terrifying perplexities of these days we turn to Thee, drawn by the hints of our highest hours that there is a way of life vastly richer and deeper than all this hurried existence, so drab and unheroic, which fills our days with fretful stress and strain. In Thee alone we find serenity and peace and power. Take Thou our trembling hands in Thine. Lead us on, o'er moor and fen and crag and torrent, till the night is gone and the day dawns: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1943

O GOD, Guide of these pilgrim days, strained and tense with our burdened lives we seek the shelter and strength that surrounds us in the shadow of Thy wings. At this our daily altar of prayer we are made vividly aware that victory for the precious things we hold dearest is not to be won alone on battlefields half a world away, but in the quality of our inner lives. We who have been commissioned to find the truth about this ailing world would face the truth about ourselves. We confess that we dread to know our own heart with

its strange deceptions, its studied selfishness and its calculating prudence. O God, as for this moment we look away from our tasks to Thee, Thou judge of all men, strip us of our illusions, chasten us for our willful blindness, cleanse our hearts, capture our wills, clarify our minds. With the duty of our daily lives illumined and made glorious by the light within, lead us in the paths of righteousness for Thy name's sake. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1943

GOD OF LIGHT, in whom is no darkness at all, with gratitude we lift our hearts to Thee for the daily sacrament of beauty when morning glory gilds the skies and the splendor of dawn awakens the earth to newness of life. O Thou Sun of Righteousness, dawn upon our shadowed lives with the light of Thy revealing truth. Dispel the darkness of our minds; burn up the dross of our little loyalties with the fire of a consuming sacrifice for causes greater than ourselves. May we die to the things that seem—earth's sham and show—may we rise above poisoning hatreds, above greed and pride and prejudice and all the base contempts of sect and creed.

Release us from an inner tyranny which makes us cry out in our slavish chains: "The things I would do I do not; for when I would do good evil is present with me." Break down every debasing idol, cast out every lurking foe. Smite down the arrogant specter of self; set our spirits free. May love cast out fear. Send us forth more than conquerors in tune with the Infinite, at home with the eternal. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1943

"Lift up our hearts, O King of Kings,
To brighter hopes and kindlier things,
To visons of a larger good
And holier dreams of brotherhood.
Thy world is weary of its pain,
Of selfish greed and fruitless gain,
Of tarnished honor, falsely strong,
And of its ancient deeds of wrong.
Almighty Father, who dost give,
The gift of life to all who live,
Look down on all earth's sin and strife,
And lift us to a nobler life."

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1943

ETERNAL FATHER, in changing and troubled days we pray for conceptions big enough and spirits strong enough to match the awesome time in which we live and serve. We come with our minds startled by the swift march of world-shaking events. Hidden fires are flaming forth, consuming the old habitations of men. We hear voices that challenge all that men have counted fixed and final and sure. Men in chains are chanting a new song of expected freedom. For social systems which have sentenced the masses to grinding poverty, for arrogant overlords of government and industry who have held human life more cheap than merchandise, the ax is at the root of the rotted tree, the judge is at the barred gate.

May the very melody and march of life in this epic hour lead us and all nations to the great day of God, when the shining sword of universal freedom shall be lifted against all that denies and enslaves brotherhood; when all men shall stand side by side in equal worth and real freedom, all toiling and all reaping, masters of nature and brothers of men, exultant in the tide of the common life and jubilant in the adoration of Thee, the source of all their blessings and the Father of all mankind. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, in the heat and burden of days that drain our strength and demand our best we would find at noontide the springs by the wayside that flow from the eternal silence of the Most High; for, as the hart panteth after the water brooks, so thirsteth our souls after Thee, O God. May we not miss the wells of living water whose elixir alone can refresh and restore our bodies and spirits, saving us from physical exhaustion, from spiritual impoverishment, from the numbness of routine, and from all bitterness of heart.

Set our feet on lofty places. If we have been engrossed in narrow duties and petty concerns when the vast needs of humanity are calling aloud for prophetic vision and Christlike sympathy, we pray Thee to open our eyes; that great things may be regarded as great and small things as small. May the sparkling dew of morning freshness glisten upon the common tasks and the trivial rounds of daily duties. Override the errors of our faulty judgments. Through

the sincere expression of differing appraisals may the final wisdom that charts the Nation's course in these perilous days be higher than our own. So may Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done in all the earth: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1943

O GOD, eternal, immortal, invisible, we would hush our busy thoughts to silence as we wait for Thy word. Unless the whisper of Thy guiding voice is clearly heard and heeded in the inmost shrine of our hearts, in the clamor of the world without we will lose our way, our purpose, our peace, and our poise. Without Thee all is vanity and life itself barren, joyless, dead, robbed of its meaning, its dignity, and its beauty. In Thy presence even failure, disappointment, and bitterness are redeemed to radiant expectations.

As we turn now to our waiting tasks may the chilling breath of cynicism not dim the shining mirror of wonder that reflects for eyes that see the radiant glories of the Father's world and the dawning splendor of this day of Thy visitation. May the world invisible, in which our spirits really live, be real to us today; and in that inner fellowship may there come light out of darkness, peace out of discord, steadfastness out of turmoil, forgiveness out of guilt, and faith instead of fear. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1943

ETERNAL GOD, in whose hands are all the souls of men, we thank Thee that Thou, whose glory flames from the uttermost star, dost dwell also in humble and contrite hearts. Our pettiness is shamed in the light of Thy greatness. Even as we come bringing our partisanships and our national loyalties we know in our heart of hearts that we cannot pray unless we say "Our Father." Before the altar of the one God of all mankind we bow, without the masks of our self-seeking, confessing that the walls we have built and the social life we have accepted and defended have betrayed and denied the brotherhood of the race. The bitter fruit that now we taste is of our sowing. The righteous judgments of Thine eternal order sorely chasten us. We have broken Thy law of love and our disobedience has broken us and our world.

In contrition we would dedicate anew this dear land, given us by God, to a purer life, a more unselfish devotion to the ideals which have made it great and the hope of the downtrodden, and to a deeper loyalty to the dreams of the world's Christ for all men. We ask it in the Name that is above every name. Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1943

FATHER OF ALL MEN, at noontide, amidst the clamor of busy cares, we seek a quiet cloister of the soul where spirit with spirit may meet. In this anguished day of the world's passion and pain, we would purge and purify our own hearts as we face the high demands of the public good committed to our keeping. In righteous wrath we have lifted a sword bathed in heaven and have pledged our all to the destruction of a hideous system which conscripts the soul of the individual as a slave of the state, which pollutes the intellectual and moral springs from which it bids its young to drink and which seeks to poison the springs of our own democracy.

Fix our eyes this day not on what we vow before Thee to tear down but what, in Thy name and for the sake of all Thy children, we pledge to build up. Forgive us that it has taken the lurid glare of a global war, with its terror and horror, for us to recognize that all peoples must work out the common concerns of the world together or else go down together into the red burial of a final suicidal holocaust. O Thou strong Father of the nations, draw all Thy great family together with an increasing sense of our common blood and destiny, that peace and justice, with equal worth and freedom to all, may come at last to a cleansed earth—the home of a holy brotherhood of peoples. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1943

FATHER OF ALL MERCIES, now that our day of national thanksgiving has passed as an observance, we would put not away the garments of praise; but with thankful hearts we would take the cup of salvation and with the grace of gratitude bow in reverence before Thee, the giver of all good.

We thank Thee for all the comrades of the years who have walked and wrought by our side. Especially do we thank Thee for the life

and service of our friend and colleague* who, after so many faithful years in this Chamber, has suddenly ended his earthly labors. We remember his stalwart form which was but the fitting tabernacle for a personality which radiated kindness and courtesy and an unfaltering fidelity to public duty and to the service of the Nation. Comfort those whose hearts are stricken at his going, While we mourn that we shall see his face no more, solemnize us by the uncertainty of our own working day. The hurrying pace of these crowded years frightens and amazes us, Ere ever the day has worn to noon or we have even planned the work we meant to do, the night comes down upon us and we can work no more. We wake to mourn what we have missed, to value most what comes no more.

May we lengthen our brief life by intensity of living, filling swift hours with mighty deeds. Let us hasten to speak that which is within us, lest we be called away before the story is begun. If there is anything Thou has meant us to do in life, O spare us until we have accomplished it. If there is any kindness we can show, may we not neglect nor defer it, seeing that we pass this way but once. And when the shadows gather round us, whether that twilight shall be sooner or later, may we be very near to the eternal morning and to Thee and to those we have loved and lost awhile. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1943

O GOD, source of the light that never fails or fades, we would yield the flickering torch of our insufficiency to Thee. Apart from Thee all is darkness and death. In the midst of world conditions that baffle us, swift social currents which sweep away our strongest bulwarks, of evil forces let loose in the earth whose hideous cruelty stabs our anguished hearts, we confess that the world in which our lot is cast is too much for us; we must find a strength not our own or our feet will slip in this whelming flood.

We long for Thy life to flow through our anxious and weary hearts. Into Thy brooding presence we would lift up, in this hallowed moment, the thronging duties which haunt us day and night, the grievous problems affecting Thy children in all the world for which our human wisdom finds no answer. Anoint and cheer

*Senator W. Warren Barbour of New Jersey.

our soiled face with the abundance of Thy grace. Strengthen our faith in each other. Heal the divisions which shorten the arm of our national might in this dread hour. Guard our lips from chilling criticism which may wound some comrade plodding bravely by our side. Bring our spirits into captivity to that which is high and holy and of good report. Spurning and scorning the unworthy, may we rejoice only in the fair and fragrant virtues of an honor untarnished. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1943

O THOU FATHER OF OUR SPIRITS, who hearest prayer, to whom all flesh shall come, breathe upon us now, we beseech Thee, the benediction of Thy holy calm; lift the burdens of drab duty from our jaded hearts, changing stern statutes into glad songs; soothe the anxieties of our baffled minds so that with the shield of Thy peace and the sword of Thy truth we may face whatever tests this day may bring, free and fearless. Kindle, on the altar of our hearts, a flame of devotion to freedom's cause in all the world that shall consume in its white heat every grosser passion.

Serving here in the homeland, make us knights of the holy crusade worthy to be reckoned with those who, on land and sea and in the air, have sacrificed their mortal life to roll back the tide of violence from the souls of men and who, having fought for peace on crimson fields, for ordered government, just laws, and the sacredness of home and altar, have found the peace unshaken by time forever. We here remember them and bless Thy holy name, and pray that to us strength may be given to follow in their train. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, by Thy mercy, through sleep and darkness safely brought, in our keeping has been placed the priceless gift of another day; upon its untrodden field lies the bright dew of Thy grace, sparkling in wonder and in beauty. May the greatness of our spirits match the challenge of the morning. May golden hours be filled with quest and conquest. Create in us the splendor that dawns when hearts are kind.

Deliver us this day from marring our record as public servants, with cynicism which sears the very image of God, with disguises

which mask the face of sincerity, and with irreverence which stalks with rude tread on holy ground. In these creative days, when destiny is being molded and the glare of burning systems and the glory of the dawning world both light the sky, give us prophetic eyes which see the coming of the glory, and ears which hear the voice of that One who from a white throne of love is declaring, above the din of battle: Behold, I am making all things new. We ask it in the Name above every name. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1943

ALMIGHTY GOD OUR FATHER, before ever our yearning needs have broken into speech Thou hearest even the secret sigh of our fainting yet aspiring hearts. Every heavenly virtue we possess, every moral victory we win, every thought of holiness which shames our uncleanness is Thine alone. Forgive us that we have sought, with fame and riches and worldly power before our eyes, to build the habitation of our souls on foundations which in these testing days, when the floods have come, are revealed as sinking sand. We have seen the morn with its fair promise turn to desolation and weeping noon, as men who have lost their way have blindly destroyed the garnished treasures of the ages and have blackened the good earth upon which they might dwell as Thy royal children.

Restore unto us the years which the locusts have eaten, redeem our failures, pardon our transgressions. Make our weakness the throne of Thy power. In this anguished day grant us the vision and the strength, O Immanuel, God forever with us, to make a place for Thee to reign within our hearts, to build that city where Thou shalt dwell with men and sin and darkness, pain and sorrow, shall be no more: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, with the deep desire that all our deliberations on this high hill of the Nation's life should be begun, continued, and ended in Thee, as those set apart to the solemn ministry of public service we would enter this forum of the people's hopes through the gateway of prayer. Here may our faulty perspectives be corrected by vast horizons. Here may mistaken magnitudes be revealed in

the long sweep of Thine eternal purpose as our thoughts and hopes are lifted above the strident distresses of our immediate times.

In this hour of testing we crave Thy guidance. Lead our leaders, teach our teachers, inspire our people for all virtuous endeavor. Strengthen the arm of our might to beat down, even at staggering cost, the cruel iniquities that torture the martyrs of freedom and twist truth into a crooked cross. Give us, above all, grace and endurance to plant Thy kingdom in the world, following with fearless feet the bright star of Thy holy will. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1943

ETERNAL FATHER, we lift lame yet pleading hands before the throne of Thy grace. As we come in the fresh mercies of another morning, purge our minds, we beseech Thee, on this day of bitter national remembrance. With scarred memories that dim our eyes and strangely stir our hearts, deliver us from evil—the evil of vows of vengeance which would stain our very souls, from the evil of a festering hatred which would poison our inner life. May we rather be sobered as we see perfidy and malice revealed as the deadliest explosives in Thy universe, blasting the very kingdoms which seize them as weapons. May we search our own hearts and repent of our own sins as we read the fiery letters of Thy righteous sentence against all aggressors: Thy kingdom of blood and plunder shall be divided and given to another.

In this day of destiny when the hammers of Thy purpose are beating out new shapes on the anvil of the world, may this dear land of ours not be weighed in the balances and found wanting. Fashion in us a mind forgetful of past ill will, a heart of forgiving love for true spirits in all nations, and a ruling passion to find a way of global concord in the flaming dawn of a warless world. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, who drawest asunder the dark veil of night when purple morning breaketh and rejoiceth our eyes with the fresh wonder and gladness of life and light, we pray not for tasks suited to our strength but for strength suited to our tasks. We hear Thy call in the thunder of these tumultuous times. We sense Thy judgments

in the fierce flames which leave the garnered treasures of the ages but smoking ruins.

Save us from a dullness of soul, conscious of the thunder and of the devouring fire but which hears not the still small voice of a quiet and contrite heart. Breathe on us, breath of God, the benediction of Thy restraining and sustaining grace that, strengthened with might, we may walk with holy confidence the rough and rugged ways our feet must tread. Fit us to be the channels of Thy healing mercy to a world distraught, uncertain, groping, and in desperate need of Thy guidance. Give us this day a quick awareness to the unseen and the eternal. And may the Love which came down at Christmas be cradled in our waiting and receptive hearts. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1943

GOD OF THE LIVING AND OF THE LIVING DEAD. Thou bringest forth Thy righteousness as the light and Thy judgment as the noonday. Cause us to hear Thy loving kindness in the morning, for in Thee do we trust.

Upon our spirits as we come today there rests the sadness of farewell at the sudden passing from our side and sight of a loved figure* who for so many years bowed in reverence here at the hour of the morning prayer and in whose thoughts daily was the ministry of the petitions here offered to those whose lives they might touch across this broad land. We thank Thee for the life and service of this servant of Thine and of the Nation, who wore ever the white flower of a blameless life; whose personal bearing stamped him as one of Thy noblemen, whose gentleness made him great, whose rare qualities of heart and mind endeared him to the Members of this body and whose very countenance was as a parchment of peace. In this temple of freedom whose courts he had trod with joyful fidelity for threescore and six years, seeing and recording the moving pageant of the Nation's life, he has lingered until the light of a coming victory over the tyranny which threatened us and all the world reddens the sky. And now, as aged Simeon of old, he has fallen on sleep at his post of service with the parting benediction, "Now lettest Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen

* Daniel B. Lloyd, official reporter, associated with the Senate for 66 years.

Thy salvation." We pray that Thou wilt pour the benediction of Thy consolation upon his dear ones who sit today in the bowed circle of grief. Bring us all to the homeland of Thine eternal love and to the inheritance of the saints in light. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1943

ETERNAL GOD, spirit of light and truth, of beauty and freedom and of joy, behold us a company of seekers for the highest; for we, too, in exalted hours have seen Thy Star. Although earthborn clouds sometimes obscure its guiding beacon, yet our eager eyes are fixed on the lighted heavens even as we travel over desert sands. Lift our duty above drudgery. Let not our strength fail or the vision splendid fade in the heat and burden of the day. O God, who as an understanding Father pitieth Thy children, make us patient and thoughtful one with another in the fret and jar of these difficult days, remembering that each comrade by our side fights a hard fight and walks a lonely way.

Forgive us, O Lord, if we hurt our fellow souls. Teach us a gentler tone, a sweeter charity of words, and a more healing touch for all the smart of this wounded world. Give us courage for the day and hope for the morrow. Day unto day, may we lay hold of Thy hand and look up into Thy face, whatever befall, until our work is finished and we hear far voices out of darkness calling through an open door to another room in the Father's many-mansioned house. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1943

GOD OF OUR FATHERS, author of liberty, we thank Thee this day for the wise and brave men who brought to the cradle of our infant Nation their gifts of unselfish devotion. We give Thee thanks for the clear vision of our forefathers who, when their own crimson sacrifice had broken the hateful chains of tyranny, refused to accept the coercive reins of even a benevolent government, setting the rights of the people above the rights of governors who are but the servants of freemen. We hail with joy the safeguards they erected, guaranteeing that in the sanctity of his person and the royalty of his

convictions "man is man, and who is more?" As we boast of these deeply grounded rights, which are the bulwark of our freedom, may we not lean upon them for selfish safety but constantly strengthen them by the same self-giving to the Nation's weal which marks for our immortal gratitude those who, in dark and doubtful days, pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor to maintain the rights which are our heritage.

As soldiers of the common good, deliver us from any thought or action which is treason against the freedom wrought for us by the founding fathers. Give truth to our words, sincerity to our hearts, and courage to our deeds in these times which are testing as by fire the treasure bequeathed to us. So may we in our day make patriotism beautiful with loyalty and dedication. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1943

O THOU IMMANUEL, God with us, again by Thy grace the journeying months have brought us to the shining glory of the Holy Night—the light that shone when hope was born. In our grateful hearts we know that that heavenly beacon can never fail, because it reveals to all men the heart of God and the meaning of life, making mother and child forever sacred and softening the hurt of the world.

Amid the tumult and terror of global strife may we hear anew the tidings of the angels' song and the music that is not of earth. As gentle good will lights our eyes, we know that we are beckoned not to follow far by starlight to some distant shrine, for the Babe whose coming broke the ages in two is no longer Bethlehem's pride and Mary's joy but the whole wide world's; and the blessed gift is given to every heart that makes Him room. May an understanding sympathy that knows no boundaries of border or race find lodging in bitter hearts hardened by cynicism. May longing for purity be born in minds stained by unhallowed thoughts. May the song from the heavens lift expectant faces from the clods to the skies of hope. So, at last, may there come that peace wrought out of pain, when the Daystar from on high shall shine on those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. We ask it in the name of Bethlehem's Babe. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1943

O THOU DESIRE OF NATIONS, as again our hearts are drawn by the lure of a manger, enable our spirits to kindle with the joy of simple shepherds long ago. As every hearth is aflame with the Christmas candles of faith and hope and love we think tenderly and with pride of the flower of our Nation's youth, upon whose loneliness the silent stars look down from alien skies. Our wistful prayers for them wing their way to Thee and bind them to us with a nearness which mocks the separating miles. In distant corners of the earth they keep their constant vigil for freedom's sake.

On land and sea, through the trackless air, on palm-fringed islands of the south, on bleak and rugged shores of the north, on desert sands, or surrounded by the crumbling glories of the past, their hearts are home as they sing even in fox holes the loved and familiar carols which celebrate the coming of the Newborn King and proclaim the prophecy of a Christmas yet to be:

> "When peace shall over all the earth
> Its ancient splendors fling,
> And the whole world send back the song
> Which now the angels sing."

Our Advent petition for all the warriors of the truth of Christmas is that Thou wilt make strong their arm, courageous their hearts, and pure their spirits. Hasten the day when the mighty melody above the Little Eastern Town, 'Peace to men of good will,' shall be the divine harmony of all earth's myriad tongues. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, who in times past, across yearning centuries, spoke to the fathers through the prophets and, in the Word made flesh, hath spoken to us in that One whose name is the Prince of Peace and upon whose shoulders the government of men must ultimately rest: We thank Thee that not on one wondrous night alone did a star of hope light the heavens, but that straight down the crowding years the starlit pathway leads, reminding our earth-filled eyes that the highest truth is born in lowly places, clad in humble garb befitting the humility of God and of Godlike humanity.

As the Christmas star rains its fire on an earth plowed with spite and hate may we see in it a shining symbol that if we would find truth that is life indeed we must follow our starry ideals, no matter over what burning sands or to what lonely deserts they take our faltering feet. Save us from a festivity that knows nothing of receptivity and from decoration that forgets dedication. May the holly of this joyous season enshrine the Holy, and its crimson beads be but emblems of the myrrh of sacrifice—the gift of our contrite hearts. Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1943

OUR FATHER GOD, we thank Thee that as the time draws near the birth of Christ and bells of hope answer each other through the mist, casting aside all cynicism which the gray years may have brought, we join the radiant company of the world's dreamers whose eyes are on future days when the earth will be redeemed by men of good will. We live in a black world—black sky, blackened earth, black deeds—but at Christmas we are dreaming of a white tomorrow.

We think gratefully of those who, in spite of the stare of the wise and the world's scorn, have been true to the vision of a better day, a finer order, a cleaner and kinder world. We thank Thee for prophetic souls who painted it and preached it until the crowd has said, "Let us go and see this strange thing that has come to pass." Set our feet in that great succession. As dreamers may we never barter what is over our heads for what is under our feet. Keep our hearts brave and believing, pioneers of that coming yet distant time when men shall lay aside their weapons, when lust shall be refined into love and greed into goodness. Make us citizens of the New Jerusalem, mankind's true country, coming down out of heaven from God himself. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1944

O THOU companion of the pilgrim years, with renewed powers and with restored souls returning to the high tasks of this national chamber of deliberation, to Thee we come with a solemn sense of our own inadequacy. With the dim lamps of our own devices we cannot find a sure and clear path through the tangled maze of this stricken generation. Be Thou the guardian and guide of the unbeaten way our feet must take. Above all, give us a consuming passion not for

our own way but for Thy holy will. May Thy kingdom come to us and through us. May no cherished resentment, no camouflaged selfishness, no small loyalties, nor ingrained prejudices choke and clog the channels of our public service. Enlarge our spirits to meet the stupendous dimensions of these epic days.

Grant the consolations of Thy sustaining grace to the honored Members of this body who have been called so recently to pass through the deep waters of poignant personal grief. May their spirits be soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust. Enable with the light of Thy wisdom and the strength of Thy might those who in these fearful times have been entrusted with the stewardship of the national life. O God, to whom the future belongs, use us as pioneers of a better world for ourselves and for all peoples. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, we thank Thee for new years and for new days and for new thoughts of God and for new hopes for a redeemed humanity and a cleansed earth. That hope is brightened and that faith is strengthened only as we turn from all beside to an altar of dependence and contrition, where around our incompleteness flows the completeness of the divine resources.

We are sobered by the pressing problems of our social order, burdened with the tragic needs of the shattered earth, saddened with the anxieties and griefs of those we love. In the midst of desperate and difficult days deliver us from the evil of moral cowardice. As those set apart in perilous times to keep clean the springs of freedom and to minister to the common welfare of the Nation, which looks to us for help and healing, we pray for eyes to see, for minds to understand, and hearts that claim kinship with all Thy children everywhere. May we lift others by our faith and not darken by our doubt and discouragement. Pilgrims of the night, may we be heralds of the morning. We ask it in the Name that is above every name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, we thank Thee for the inward voice which ever and again calls us away from the clamor and dusty strife of confusing days into the cool, quiet, cloisters of the eternal, from whose revealing windows of faith our souls are strengthened by the far look. Awaiting us are solemn responsibilities of public welfare, decisions which make our wisdom or our folly affect the daily lives of untold millions. Who among us is sufficient for these things? Our needs of enlightenment are deep and inward.

Spirit of God, descend upon our hearts. Lead us this day in the paths of righteousness, for Thy name's sake. Enable us to fill swift hours with mighty deeds, to bear the fret of care, the sting of criticism, the drudgery of unapplauded toil; to think truly, to act kindly; to play manfully our part in the life of our time; to strike our blow for freedom, and, keeping to the end of our brief day the unbroken vigil of the inner light, to leave the world better for our sojourn in it. Amen.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1944

O THOU GOD OF LOVE AND HOPE, through all the length of changing years Thy goodness faileth never; grant us of Thy mercy a valiant heart for any duty which this day may be entrusted to our fidelity. In times of strain and stress lay Thy cooling hand upon our fevered pulses. May we tread the climbing path with head uplifted and witn smiling face. In a confused day save us from any panic of spirit; may we draw our inner strength from deep wells. May the highest truth illumine the nearest duty and our holiest aspirations transfigure the humblest task. May we be brave enough to bear the truth and to follow its gleam wherever it may lead us, so that by Thy grace we may not be found wanting in the hour of crisis.

Hasten the day when the black remnants of savagery which now blight our social order shall haunt the memory of a new generation but as an evil dream of a night that is past. By the fierce fires of global strife may barriers to brotherhood be burned away and mankind, whose inmost needs are one, find at last the refuge of the one fold and the one Shepherd. Amen.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1944

"God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

Not for this land alone,
But be God's mercies shown
From shore to shore;
And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er."

Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1944

FATHER OF OUR YEARNING SPIRITS, we thank Thee for every sacrament of beauty: For the rosy flush of the dawn which calls to holy dedication; for the noontide splendor which brings the heat and burden of the day; and for the quiet vesper of the evening which mirrors a realm where, beyond these voices, there is peace:

Once more in Thy great mercy the white scroll of a new day unfolds before us. We lift our hearts to Thee in the pure light of morning. We pray that this day our record may be kept unstained by any word or act unworthy of our best. As we take our place among our fellows, to face the tasks committed to our hands in these stirring and solemn times, grant that we may look all men in the face with the eyes of a brother. May no cloud of misunderstanding, no passing irritation, rob us of the joyful fellowship one with another in the partnership of the Nation to whose welfare our strength of mind and heart is dedicated. In troubled and anxious

days still our minds, hush our spirits, and may Thy calm, O God, possess our souls. Amen.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1944

ETERNAL SPIRIT, far above us and yet deep within us, we bow at the altar of prayer which our fathers set up at the Nation's birth, in this temple of freedom, so that even before we speak we may listen. In a turbulent time we would wait to put our hearts in tune with the infinite. As we come now we would be conscious of those voices that speak of high motives in a world ridden by low motives, of purity in an age blatant with uncleanness, of self-giving in a social order which in its blindness still crucifies its prophets. In such a world, where the lowest so commonly is the loudest, we need at the day's beginning a shrine of reverence to give the highest a chance at our lives. We cannot maintain the fine edge of our spiritual morale in the constant babel of the world's uproar. For our soul's sake we must find the quiet places, the still waters, the green pastures, if our jaded and frayed spirits are to be restored.

Give us, we beseech Thee, ears to hear, not the raucous shouts upon the noisy streets but the still voice heard only in the inner chamber. Amen.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, in the creative faith by which we really live we come to Thee, who art the source of all excellence, with the assurance that in Thy sight Thy children under all skies have a value and a worth independent of any earthly allegiance. The very justice and social welfare we are here as public servants to preserve, promote, and protect is rooted and grounded in Thy sovereignty. Against the debasing idolatry of the god-state which, instead of altars of prayer, rears prisons of the mind and heart, we have pledged our all. Even as we face the forces of evil with the sword of our material might we know that more vital than earthly armament, if we are to be the instruments of Thy purpose, is the putting on of the whole armor of God; for only as we put on that shining mail can we fight and pray for the peace and good will of the world-wide family of God.

In this Thy glorious day we commit our cause, our allies, our country, and ourselves into Thy hands, praying that, unworthy though we be, Thou wilt use us to defeat the defiling blasphemies which defy Thy kingdom, keeping us brave, nerving us for sacrifice, and crowning our effort at last with the triumph of the high aims for which we fight—the establishment of a brotherhood of nations where justice and truth and freedom shall be secure in all the earth. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 24, 1944

O GOD OUR FATHER, Thou hast housed us in a universe where all is love yet all is law. Morning by morning, Thou bringest Thy judgments to light and we behold both Thy goodness and Thy severity. In devastating events Thy wayward children are reaping the bitter harvest of Thy broken laws. The penalties which wreck our world are telling us that in Thy all-embracing love there are rays of wrath as well as of mercy. In a rocking and reeling earth Thou art teaching us by tragedy that every purpose and policy that is alien from love and based on selfishness is already sentenced to death, because it is resisting the supreme power.

As we see the tragic consequence of our self-will which spoils the splendor of life for others, of our complacent acquiescence of privilege which robs others of their birthright, give us honesty to see and face our sins against our own souls, against our fellowmen and Thee. Across the havoc of our selfishness may we find a path of discipline and sacrifice leading to a penitent peace that will be a Land of Beginning Again, where with chastened hearts we may build a new home for Thy children after the pattern of Thy purpose and Thy law. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1944

ETERNAL GOD, we thank Thee that Thou hast set eternity in our hearts. Our fleeting day is but a gleam of light between two walls of darkness; yet while it is called day we walk unafraid because Thou art our Father, and the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.

An empty seat in this Chamber speaks this morning of a lonely place against our national sky. The sudden passing of a highly

trusted and respected colleague and a great-souled public servant* reminds our saddened hearts that in the midst of life we are in death.

From all the illusive shows of sense we turn to the refuge of Thy overshadowing presence, Thou who art our center and our rest, our shelter in the stormy blast, and our eternal home. Inspire and guide with Thy spirit these Thy servants, the few among the many lifted to high pedestals of influence and responsibility, to the end that they may be found faithful stewards of the Nation's trust. By their sincerity, integrity, and wisdom may they be led to decisions that shall heal the wounds and bridge the gulfs of these embittered days. May all that is said and done here hasten the glad time when mercy and truth shall be blended into divine harmony, and righteousness and peace shall kiss each other in a world of brothers: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1944

O THOU SHEPHERD OF OUR SOULS, who dost neither slumber nor sleep, we are the people of Thy pasture and the sheep of Thy hand: Make our hearts to hear Thy voice and answer to our name when Thou callest, so that no lurking peril may be able to pluck us out of Thy hand.

We come not asking Thee for the vain trifles we may want with our selfish desires but, rather, seeking to put ourselves in such relationship with Thee that Thou canst do in and for and through us what Thou dost want in this desperately needy generation. Lift us, we beseech Thee, above the pettiness of group pride. Deliver us from the shibboleths and prejudices of class and party. Strengthen us to endure with unwavering trust whatever of grief or loss or pain allegiance to our just cause may bring. Even in anxieties that wring our hearts, open our eyes to Thy purposes beyond this war. Keep us from the fatal sin of failing the cause we fight to save. Knowing that we are forgiven only as we forgive, may we fight without hatred, resist without bitterness, and at the end triumph, if Thou dost so grant, without vindictiveness. We ask it in the Name above every name. Amen.

* Senator Frederick Van Nuys, of Indiana.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, we would lift our gaze from the valley of the daily round to the far horizon of our fairest dreams, from the tyranny of drab details to the shining splendor of the Heavenly Vision to which we dare not to be disobedient.

Grant us such a revealing view of our distraught world and its aching need as shall make us glad and eager sharers with Thee in its redemption from all that scatters horror and havoc on the good earth. If we fail at first to reach our goals, let not the sting of defeat chill our spirits. If we win the conqueror's palm, let not victory spoil the music of an humble heart. If any despitefully use us and even betray our trust, let not hatred for any man debase our souls. In a world where the mystic loveliness of dawns and stars is always mocking the darkness and declaring that the night is not eternal, lead us through the passing shadows to the break of a fadeless day. Amen.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1944

O GOD OF LIFE AND LIGHT, shine Thou upon our darkness that all lesser lights may be dimmed. From the baseness of our own hearts we turn to the crystal purity of Thy own holiness. From the vain deceits of the uncertain world in which we live we turn to the white candor of eternal verities. In a clamorous and convulsive day, when the very air of the world sighs and sobs with tremulous anguish, we would climb the altar stairs of a faith that will not shrink though pressed by every foe. We would bow in Thy presence in the calm confidence that Thou holdest us and our world, and all the worlds, in the clasp of a love that never faileth. Our assurance and comfort lie not in our feeble hold of Thee but in Thy mighty grasp of us.

May we march with conquering tread in the gathering armies of friendship, whose armor is the shield of Thy truth and whose sword is the might of Thy love, against which all the spears of hate cannot ultimately prevail. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1944

ETERNAL GOD, Father of our spirits, from all the busy traffic of life's way and from united actions and group decisions we turn, as alone

we face Thy searching eyes. One by one, we confess the sins which mar our service and drag us from the high levels of our best. One by one, in our bewilderment we seek Thy guidance; for our wisdom is but an unstable and fallible compass for the tangle of the dim distance. One by one, in our weakness we would recharge our puny powers from Thine infinite resource, that we may be able to stand in an evil day, with principles never compromised, with integrity never sullied.

This dedicated moment of prayer is but the confession that our greatest decisions have to be made triumphantly within before they can be made triumphantly without. At the threshold of this day, come down Thy secret stair to our deepest needs, as one by one we open our hearts to Thee. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, we thank Thee for the sweet refreshment of sleep, restoring the frayed edges of care, and for the beckoning glory and the fresh vigor of the new day. Across all its toiling hours, O Thou great Companion of our souls, keep our hearts with Thee as once more we set our faces toward vexing social problems which tax our utmost to solve.

May we take heed of all the judgments of those who share with us the responsibilities of statecraft and gather gratefully and patiently whatever truth they hold; but teach us still to test all things by our own conscience and by the words and the spirit of that One who alone is our Master. Strengthen our weakness, comfort our sorrow, steady and calm our anxious hearts, quiet our ill tempers, bring courage for cowardice and faith for cynicism, and, in the decisions here to be made in crucial days ahead, make us worthy of these demanding times that call aloud for wisdom and character. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, who hath taught us that only in the reach of our love is the richness of our life, may no love of self nor ill will for others blur the goal of our glorious destiny among the nations as the instrument of Thy providence to free the earth of tyranny. With the warning lights of history blazing upon the path before us

and playing upon the sky above us, give us the wisdom and the will to eschew all attitudes and passions and policies which lure men and nations to the ruin waiting all systems which defy the righteous laws of the God of things as they are.

Teach us the secret of dwelling in a world full of hate and yet not becoming hateful persons. Giving our best ability to the people's good, may we rise above life's bitterness by an unshakable belief in the shining splendor of humanity. So may we be the obedient servants of the Father of all, who shall not fail nor be discouraged till He hath set judgment in the earth and in the isles which wait for His law. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1944

GOD OF OUR FATHERS, bewildered by the wild confusion without, in a clamorous world we would wait in quietness that the roiled waters may become clear and our disturbed spirits tranquil pools of peace and prayer. In the black night that covers us we would keep our bearings by the upward look, where the pilgrim stars of eternal verities flash their guiding signals upon our darkened way. Put Thy hands upon our hands as the ship of state is steered through these mountainous seas.

Thou knowest our hearts. Thou seest, in spite of the worst things in us which we despise, that in our highest hours our deepest desire is to be the true servants of Thy will in this troubled time. Grant us the grace, O Lord, to cherish evermore the heritage that is ours through the might and meekness, the virtue and valor of those whose record within these Halls has helped make the greatness of our Nation; and inspire us so to follow their shining example that we may not only hold our inheritance as a sacred and precious trust but, by our love and labor, leave it with increased luster to those who shall come after us. In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1944

ETERNAL GOD, Thou knowest our frame and rememberest that we are dust; Thy patience outlasts all our dullness of apprehension and all our stupid choices. Our baffled minds cannot encompass the explanation of this vast and varied world. Today we come for light enough to walk by. Take Thou the dimness of our souls

away that above the battlefields of ancient wrongs we may see and follow the pillar of cloud and of fire which Thy guiding hand flings across the bending heavens.

Pressed by the practical problems which crowd our hours and cry for solution, we would keep clear in our vision and faith the eternal things amid the tempests of the temporal. So in our time, O Thou changeless God of the changing years, cause the wrath of man to praise Thee and his scorn and pride to yield to Thy will. Establish Thy kingdom on the ruins of the shattered empires of this world. From the blackened walls of today's holocaust may the holy city of our dreams arise in all its beauty, till in the streets which now groan with the lamentations of the oppressed there may rise the silvery laughter of little children and the glad song of the redeemed out of great tribulation: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, as we come at the zenith of noontide glory lift our eyes from the mists and shadows which shroud the valleys to the hills of strength where Thy clear light illumines the rugged peaks. Cleanse our hearts from secret faults that we may behold the spiritual splendor that only the pure in heart can see, lest our souls shrivel in small views and petty hates. In the eternal struggle of truth and error, tyranny and liberty, give us the assurance that we are not alone, we do not stand alone, we do not fight alone; but that Thy increasing purpose is bound up with all this human struggle toward the goal of man's redemption from ignorance, hunger, suffering, and chains.

Above the din of today's war to the death with forces of darkness, keep our spirits steadfast, our hearts courageous, our motives pure. Riding forth with knightly valor may we bear in our hands the commission of ancient days: "He hath sent us to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of prisons to them that are bound; to proclaim the day of justice of our God." We ask it in the Name above every name. Amen.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1944

ALMIGHTY GOD in whom alone we live, we turn in all our desperate need to Thee. the fountain of life. Without Thee all is vanity and

vexation of spirit. Ere our days pass like futile dreams away reveal to us the deceptions which rob us of durable satisfactions and the delusions which spoil the music and mar the pattern of Thy plan for our lives. Save us from mistaking shadows for substance and from spending our labor for bread that perisheth and for treasures that fade.

Forbid that professions of brotherhood and love should be on our lips while hatred and prejudice possess our hearts and poison our minds. Make us builders of the road of world concord which shall make the rough places smooth and the deep ruts level and which shall span the chasms, which separate man from man, with bridges of understanding, over which the glad and eager feet of brothers shall pass to and fro in a world of peace. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name, Amen.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1944

O GOD OUR FATHER, Thou art the shining presence at the altar of our hearts. For this hallowed moment, closing the doors of a noisy world so full of terror and alarms, we come into this place of quietness and peace to meet with Thee—Thou who hast made us for Thyself. As before Thee we search our own hearts, we are shamed by what we are and, yet, lifted up by what it is still within us to become. We confess the fickleness and folly which have disappointed us and Thee. Forgive us for smug satisfaction with ourselves and for cynical contempt of others. May the mire and misery of our moral failures prove but stepping stones to our better selves. Purge our minds of the prejudices which separate us from others. Cleanse our hearts of the uncleanness which blinds our eyes. So may we be more worthy to belong to the one great family of Thy children and to take our place at the common table of humanity where the bread of fellowship is broken and the wine of sacrifice is shared.

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1944

O THOU GOD OF OUR SALVATION whose ear is always open to the cry of contrite hearts, our voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will we direct our prayer unto Thee and will

look up. Grant to our groping hearts the grace of receptivity, of reverence and humility, and a will to take in our hands, for the redemption of human life, the red cup of suffering and of sacrifice, knowing that only thus can be found the climbing road to truth and goodness. Consecrate with Thy presence the way our feet may go, and the humblest work will shine and the roughest places be made plain.

Touch with live coals from off the altar of devotion the lips of these Thy servants who speak for so many and whose words are freighted with the power of love or of hate, of life or of death. May the healing winds of heaven blow across all the areas of their minds and hearts, cleansing their ruling passions and ambitions and desires of the dross of narrow partisanship and making them prophets of the new dawn of righteousness, which even now reddens the eastern sky, when the severed kingdoms of man's allegiance shall become the one and radiant kingdom of Thine all-embracing love. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, in the abundance of Thy mercy another day is added to the record of the lengthening years. For the morrow and its needs we do not pray. For the day which now bathes us in its returning light, set Thou a seal upon our lips. Plant an understanding of our brother's need in our hearts. Vouchsafe to us some revelation of Thy truth upon our darkened minds. As patriots make us worthy of the past and equal to the present. We cannot adequately serve this troubled day without some guidance from Thy wisdom to lift us out of our bewilderment, some power from Thine infinite resource to strengthen us in our need.

May Thy servants who have been called to administer the affairs of this Nation make daily choice of spiritual integrity amid the corruption that is in the world through the lust of power, that, being unafraid, they may contend for the right as Thou dost give them to see the right. Lift upon us the light of Thy countenance as we come grateful for the best traditions of the Nation whose servants we are, anxious for it to play its destined role in this great day, prayerful for our embattled sons now scattered over all the earth, eager to clear the way for an ordered society of nations that shall give substance and hope to man's dream of brotherhood. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1944

ETERNAL FATHER who doth neither slumber nor sleep, we are the people of Thy pastures and the sheep of Thy hand, and Thy pastures are green and Thy hand is bountiful. As each morning banishes the night and gilds the skies, Thou hast taught us to pray at the altar of the new day, "Give us this day our daily bread"; and out of the richness of the good earth Thy tender mercy provideth for man and beast his food. Thou doth feed our souls with the bread of beauty. We thank Thee for the petaled loveliness of the flowers, the far-off gleam of the stars, the music of the streams, the deep call of the sea, the far stretches of the plains, and the majesty of the mountains. Yet, housed in so royal a palace, alas, so often we go in leanness of soul.

O Thou who art the bread of life and who hast promised that if we truly hunger and thirst after righteousness we shall be filled, we confess we are starved with the husks of this earth, yet never satisfied with the bread that perisheth. With a deep longing we crave for the food of the spirit. Our hearts cry out for the Living God and pant for the crystal springs that are in Thee alone. That we may be strengthened with might for the living of these days, Bread of Heaven, feed us till we want no more; Strong Deliverer, be Thou still our strength and shield. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1944

OUR FATHERS' GOD, we thank Thee for the stirring ministry of the past, for the story of noble deeds and selfless service, the memory of valiant men who have left their image and superscription forever upon our national life and whose wisdom and sacrifice have been vital factors in making and preserving us a nation. Especially this day we thank Thee for the shining virtues, the moral wisdom, and the elevated patriotism of Thy servant, the first President of the Republic, who still stands among us in lofty reserve.

With clamorous voices demanding our ears we would listen again to his calm and reassuring voice as, being dead, he yet speaketh with unerring judgment, exhorting us to union and harmony. May these warning sentiments bequeathed for the meditation of all future generations come to us with undimmed freshness as a message

for these times. Like him whom we this day praise and honor, may we be unswayed by passion or prejudice. May our patriotism be like his, who, being tested by the pedestals of ambition, turned from the temptation with indignation and abhorrence. By patience and faith may we, like him, rise above the difficulties, discouragements, and dangers which confront us, as in this day of desperate battle his unsheathed sword inspires the fighting men of America wherever liberty is challenged by tyranny. So, as the ages roll on, may a grateful nation cherish the luster of his virtues and the greatness of his service. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1944

O THOU SEEKING SHEPHERD OF OUR SOULS, in days of darkness and doubt Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort us. Give us to understand that in the narrow fold of Thy will we are more free than in the wide plains of our own unhallowed desires; that in following Thee we find an adventure that our aimless wanderings can never know. We thank Thee that nothing in life or death, in this world or any other world, can separate us from Thy love which passeth understanding.

Hear our prayer for those, in a world cursed by war, in these fearful times living hourly in the presence of danger and death. Be Thou the comfort of the bereaved, the home of the homeless, the guardian of the widow and the fatherless. Sustain those who suffer from wounds and sickness. Be Thou the Shining Presence in every fear-shadowed area of life. Take to Thyself those who are swept away by the hurricane of battle. Hasten the glad day when righteousness and justice shall be triumphant and peace shall bless our land and every land and the prophetic vision shall be fulfilled: "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls salvation and thy gates praise." We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1944

O THOU GOD OF ALL RACES AND NATIONS, send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead us, let them bring us to Thy holy hill. As we wait in silence before Thee, may the harmonies of the eternal be gathered out of the seeming discords of the temporal.

Grant us to feel the passion of a high resolve to cherish above all else the glorious destiny unto which Thou hast called us as a nation. Strengthen our hearts in the confidence that Thou hast appointed us for the protection of the weak and hast formed this Union, set between the seas, not for ourselves alone but for a healing ministry to all the world.

"For what are sundering strains of blood
Or ancient cast and creed?
One claim unites all men in God,
To serve each human need."

Make us such faithful servants of that human need and of that common good that we will fear neither the searching judgments of our fellow men nor the final verdict of that Judge of all the earth from whom no secrets are hid. Amen.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, in united prayer we come, seeking light upon our ways and strength within our hearts. Forgive us that so often the gentle knocking of Thy love has sounded in vain upon the fast-closed doors of our lives. During these holy days of the Passion may long unswung hinges move at the impulse of Thy patient, persistent call, flooding the cluttered rooms of our being with the beauty of Thy peace and power. May we dare to pray that Thou wilt forgive us as we forgive others. If any slight or wrong rankles in our souls and mars our fellowship with comrades of the common road help us to pluck it out and be healed of Thee. Suffer us not to turn in anger on any who have wronged us, seeking their hurt, lest we increase the sorrows of the world and taint our own souls with the poisoned sweetness of revenge. Out of the rectitude of our intent and the purity of our motives may the voice of a conscience void of offense whisper the approving assurance.

"Men may misjudge thy aim,
Think they have cause for blame;
Say thou art wrong.
Hold on thy quiet way;
God is the Judge—not they,
Fear not. Be strong."

We ask it in the Name which is above every name. Amen.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, we come with the solemn consciousness that swift to its close ebbs out life's little day as once again in the passing of an honored Member of this body we bow before the mystery of death. We are grateful for thoughts of immortality which swing back the grim barred gates of death, through which the glory from an endless world shines with a splendor beyond our most radiant dreams. Give us to see that death is no more our enemy, but Thy good angel and our friend who alone can open for us the realm of beauty and bliss in the roomy spaces of a larger life.

The one, clear call has taken from us Thy faithful servant and our beloved friend,* with whom we took sweet counsel and whose tolerant outlook often turned the discords of dispute into the music of understanding. But the sorrow of our hearts pleads with us to bless Thee for the close ties which have been severed, for the sanctified wisdom and the pure humanity which made his radiant personality as the candle of the Lord. We remember with gratitude that for him party loyalty was ever but an altar of devotion in the greater temple of his undefiled patriotism. We remember today with joy his long and fruitful years as a public servant, his patient courage, his gentle courtesy, his constant consecration to his great trust. We remember gratefully now one who held his convictions firmly, yet without questioning the sincerity of others whose quest of truth led them along other paths. We think of him today as one who could differ without anger, who could debate without bitterness, who could be defeated without rancor, who could win without exultation.

So, one by one, Thou dost gather the scattered families out of the earthly light to the heavenly glory, from the distractions and strife and weariness of time to the peace of eternity. Vouchsafe unto his loved ones Thy tenderest mercies and the consolations of Thy sustaining grace. In Thy great mercy bring us all at last to the homeland of Thine eternal love: In the name of that One who hath brought life and immortality to light. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1944

ETERNAL GOD, with whom there is neither dawn nor dark yet who sendest us the alternating ministries and mercies of the day and of

*Senator Charles L. McNary, of Oregon.

the night, teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom; to lengthen our brief working day by intensity of living, to fill with mighty deeds the precious hours hurrying on in ever frightening pace. There is no light but Thine, without, within. As Thou liftest the curtain of night from our darkened homes take also the misty shadows from all our hearts; rise with Thy morning upon our souls; quicken all our toiling and our aspiring; and, though all else passes as a dream away, let the noontide of Thy grace and peace rest in benediction upon our pilgrim days that, even at evening time, it may be light. So may we walk while it is yet day in the steps of Him who with fewest hours finished the divinest work. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1944

ETERNAL GOD, whose ways are mercy and truth, in the morning let our prayer come before Thee. Dispel our darkness, for in the brightness of Thy countenance is eternal day that knows no night. Thou who dost search and cleanse the hearts of men, grant unto us, during these holy weeks over which is the shadow and splendor of the cross, to know ourselves as we truly are and to amend the ways that thwart Thy will for us. Give us to pass this day in gladness and peace without stumbling and without stain. May the stature of our spirits, heightened by vision and courage, rise to meet the trying tasks of this epic day. Keep our faith steady lest from any wavering on our part we lose what Thou dost intend for Thy children in this prophetic time. When we are separated from those we love Thou art the presence that unites us in bonds that no distance can sever nor even death can break. Grant us, above all, grace and endurance to follow without fear wherever light may lead—giving ourselves in glad dedication, if needs be even unto death.

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, to Thee, our strong tower and refuge, we come as to the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Lift us from the dust and mire of the past with all its failures that we may gird ourselves for a new day's work, as upon our strength and ability is

laid the burdened needs of the Nation and of the world. Save us from despair when evening finds the morning promise unfulfilled.

As our hopes are quickened by the faith and daring of the Kingdom of God may we be delivered from the web of outgrown precedents and from the stale ways of party cunning. Open our eyes to see the futility of greatly changing the sad pattern of life without any change of individual lives. When so great a multitude are walking the way of sorrow whose end is marked by a lonely cross, may these searching days reveal the hateful things in our hearts which make our own spirits unfit to be living stones for the fairer temple of humanity. In the vineyard of our inner lives which each man must tend may there be found the fruits of the spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance, and faith. We ask in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1944

ETERNAL SPIRIT, Thou dost gladden our eyes and thrill our beings with the glory of Thy handiwork; Thou hast written Thy law in our hearts; Thou hast wedded our finite days and ways to Thy eternity. In Thy fellowship alone we find peace for our spirits and power for our tasks. In a desperate day of disappointment, disillusionment, and despair, when so many hopes are crippled and crucified and so many loved ones are scattered far and wide, with all the world's disruption and confusion, we bow in gratitude for the mercies beyond our deserving which hallow our lot—the sacrament of friendship, the opportunities for service, the joys of a free life.

Give us the insight, the faith, and the courage in these days of destiny to escape the futile repetitions of old errors and the restoration of ancient evils. Let not ignorant or mean partisanship nor selfish greed block the way to a new order in the world, with hope of lasting peace, enlarging brotherhood, and universal justice, a world in which the lives now being offered on the altar of righteousness shall not have been given in vain. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, as morning climbs to noontide, we pause in the heat and burden of the toiling day that prayer for a sense of Thy

presence and assurance of Thy guidance may rise like incense from the altar of our hearts. Cleanse us, we beseech Thee, from secret faults which may mar our public service. We cannot be the prophets of world peace if in our own hearts are entrenched the very things which make for war. We cannot call mankind to put aside the weapons of carnage and destruction if our own lives are arsenals of hatred and of prejudice and of a selfish passion to rule. Disarm our own spirits. May Thy kingdom of love and righteousness come within us that we may contribute worthily to mankind's abiding peace.

As the battle against the massed battalions of darkness sweeps on to its fiery climax and so many of our homes are already desolate at the dread tidings that one dearer than life has gone beyond recall, may the awful price of preserving liberty bought with such a cost subdue our pride, shame our selfishness, and intensify our devotion. Deliver us from the evil of national policies whose fateful consequence will be still another war. May we clearly see and faithfully follow the things that belong to our peace. We ask it in the Name above every name. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, we turn to Thee, driven by our drained lives, with tension of the present, anxiety about the future, deep concern about ourselves, our dear ones, our Nation, and our world. As we play our part in days of destiny, with all mankind standing in the valley of decision, we seek the sanctuary of prayer. Entering its gates of peace, we bow for this dedicated moment at a shrine of the spirit, apart from the clamor of the world, from the pull of conflicting opinions, and from the rivalry of personal loyalties. In Thy loving kindness and in Thy tender mercy look upon us; empower us, sustain us, as, toiling feverishly, our strength unequal to our task, we turn again to respond to the call of the world's great need.

In the midst of the dismaying circumstances of our times, open for us the crystal fountain whence the healing waters flow. Towering o'er the wrecks of time, may our eyes behold the conquering sign of a rugged cross and our ears, attuned to the infinite, catch the clear accents of the inevitable Christ, declaring, "I will draw all men unto me." We ask it in His ever-blessed name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1944

FATHER OF OUR SPIRITS, Thou hast ordained that not in cushioned seats of safety but in danger and stern conflict shall we find our strength and our triumph. Steel our hearts to endure hardness as soldiers of the common good. As with enraptured eyes we watch once more springtime touch barren wastes to loveliness and bushes bloom in flame, may the stirrings of a spiritual springtime bring refreshment and renewal, beauty for ashes, oil of joy for sadness, faith for fear, and hope for despair. Peering into the uncertain tomorrows we see as but through a glass darkly; but where sight fails faith walks unafraid, even through the valley of the shadows, knowing that in that future goodness, justice, and truth will abide, and that in them is the wealth of our life and the spring of all existence.

In these desperate days we pray that Thou wilt meet us each where lies our deepest and most personal need. Send us forth to our work today saying of Thee, as Thy servants have said across all the changing centuries, "He restoreth my soul." We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1944

GOD OF ALL GRACE, through the lowly gateway of penitence we would enter the inner chamber of peace where the harsh noises of the clamorous world are hushed and in quietness of spirit we face ourselves and Thee.

Across these holy days grant us to follow the wounded footprints of that One who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many; who turned the world's mocking robe of derision into the crimson garments of sacrifice and the white vestments of love. In His comradeship may we know the joy that has walked with sorrow, the heavenly music which trembles on the chords of earthly pain, and the triumph which mounts to its throne on trials. In these days of heartache and yet of measureless challenge, e'en though it be a cross that lifts us to our place of power, may we fail not our best consciences, our fellows who trust us, or Thee our God. Save us at last from the remorse of a solitude where regret sits with naught but ashes in her hand and from

shame with the mark of Cain on her brow and memory with bitter tears in her eyes. We ask it in the name of that Holy One who for the joy set before Him endured the cross and despised the shame. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1944

ALMIGHTY GOD, under the all-embracing canopy of Thy goodness and mercy which have followed us all the days of our lives, we come as children in our Father's house. Beneath all diversities of gifts and of thought, we seek the common unity which binds us together with the cords of Thy brooding love which faileth never. Away from all the divisive forces of the world about us, which tear and separate and push apart, we would kneel in penitence at the altar of the one God whose love shed abroad in our hearts alone can send us out on our differing and often difficult paths, hoping all things, believing all things, enduring all things.

Steel our hearts as we go on our way, with set and steadfast face, to be stabbed by thorny crowns, to bow in Gethsemane gardens, to climb our own Calvaries, in the trust and peace and joy of that Holy One who in the shadow of His cross sang a joyful hymn of faith and praise. With obedient hearts may we listen as that One who overcame the world whispers to ears that can hear:

> "Every morning lean thine arms awhile
> Upon the window sill of heaven
> And gaze upon thy Lord;
> Then, with the vision in thine heart,
> Turn, strong to meet the day."

Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1944

FATHER OF ALL MEN, from the ravaged ground of this mad and sad earth, haunted by sorrow and drenched with the blood of man shed by his brother's hand, we lift our soiled faces to Thy pitying eyes. The centuries sob with the ceaseless horror of war and our spirits cry out to Thee in revolt against its blasphemies; and we know that our righteous anger at this ghastly harvest of hate is answered by Thy holy wrath. Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

As servants of this stricken generation may our proudest distinction be that our names shall be written among the souls who greatly dared, of whom the future will record "Blessed are the peace-

makers." Show Thy erring children at last the way from the City of Destruction to the City of Love. Fulfilling the longing of the inspired souls of all ages who saw from afar the shining City of God, help us in the courage of faith to seize what has now, in our day, come so near and, taking the whole of life, to build Thy glory there: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1944

ETERNAL FATHER, fountain of our being, light of all our seeing, for the beauty of the earth, robed in the blooming garb of spring, and for the tint of the tiniest flower, we raise our hymn of morning praise. For the blessed trinity of sunshine, wind, and rain, we lift the Te Deum of our gratitude. But, above all, we thank Thee for that knowledge of Thyself which illumines our life with eternal splendor and for that giving of Thyself which has made us partakers of the divine nature, of the divine suffering, of the divine glory.

In our deep concern for the Nation and for mankind everywhere, in our grim resolve at any cost to overwhelm the forces of darkness which threaten our heritage of freedom, in our gnawing anxieties for dear ones far from native land, facing mortal peril, at the sleepless remembrance of which countless hearts are weeping, this is our prayer without ceasing: "Cast me not away from Thy presence and take not Thy holy spirit from me." We ask it in the name of that One in whose face is the light of Thy glory, who won His throne by His cross of shame and who rose from His tomb to reign forever in the hearts of men. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1944

ALMIGHTY GOD, maker of all things, judge of all men, solemnize our hearts with reverential and penitential awe, as, these holy days over which is the shadow of a cross, we follow the wounded footsteps of man's Best Man, love's Best Love, as in lowly pomp He rides on into His Nation's crowded Capital. Teach us anew, as we look on Him in whose face Thy glory is revealed, the pretense of pride, the hollowness of ambition, the vanity of power, the deceit of riches, the disillusionment of fame. In the set and steadfast face of that Servant of all who rides on to die, may we see anew the might of love, the royalty of self-giving, the majesty of meekness.

"O Thou whose dreams enthrall the heart, Ride on! Ride on!
Ride on 'till tyranny and greed are evermore undone.
In mart and court and parliament the common good increase
'Till men at last shall ring the bells of brotherhood and peace."

In the dear Redeemer's name, who hath swallowed up death in victory. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 17, 1944

O ETERNAL SPIRIT, who art as great and blazing as the sun and yet as near and gentle as the sunshine of this new day calling out the flowering beauty of the spring, to Thy radiance help us to lift the curtains of our darkened lives. Thou hast called us to play our part in tragic yet glorious years. Midst all the tumult we seek the unshaken assurance of those whose minds are stayed on Thee. Bring us at noontide to a wayside shrine where, face to face with eternal verities, we may find a sanctuary inviolate and still—untouched by the shattering events which fling their angry fury across our world. At this altar of prayer steady us with the realization that back of all the dark tragedy there is a permanent good in which we may believe and to which we must be loyal if life is to be saved from frustration at last. In bitter and bewildering days give us the vision that appeals from the temporal to the eternal. Fit our hearts to receive the gift of citizenship in that kingdom which cannot be shaken.

As decisive days draw near, in the struggle against tyranny which demands our all, strengthen us with might for whatever the future holds, dread and danger, perhaps wounds and death for our dear ones and heartaches for us all, which Thou alone knowest. In all unknown, distant scenes, grant us Thy healing and Thy peace. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1944

ETERNAL GOD, who art behind the enshrouding mists and in them, we turn to Thee in whom there is no darkness at all. Through the mystery of earth's shadows lead our pilgrim feet as, day by day, we follow the gleam of Thy unfolding will for our lives, knowing that we cannot drift beyond the circle of Thy love and care. In patience and fidelity may we guard the flickering flame of the light within. Grant by Thy grace that in our particular sphere of service we may not be found wanting in this solemn hour of world crisis, when the bugles are sounding and the battle is set.

We pray, as increasing trials come upon us, we may not shirk the issues of these creative days, nor lose our victorious faith in the final overthrow of evil and the enthronement of righteousness and truth; but, solemnly committing ourselves and our country unto Thee, who knoweth the way we take, that we shall come forth like gold tried in the fire. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1944

O THOU RULER OF ALL NATURE, in the blue beauty of the soft spring skies and the blossoming glory of the awakened earth our hearts sing with the singing birds:

"This is my Father's world * * *
And though the wrong seems oft so strong
God is the ruler yet."

Day and night, Thou knowest our poignant thoughts are with our absent sons and daughters who, across these terror-stricken days, march and sail and fly against cruel foes. We think gratefully of the armies of youth who have inherited such a sorry world, called to contend to the death with the unleashed powers of darkness. The courage and cheerfulness of these knights of the trackless air in the face of deadly peril shames our petty complaints and our magnified discomfitures here in our homeland and theirs. Give us prophetic glimpses of the new earth we can construct if together, after this holocaust of hate is past, we harness the sacrifices, the grim resolves, the ingenuities of war to the service of all Thy children. And as, today and in the days to come, in this historic Chamber Thy servants face questions of national concern, may every decision add something to the growing vision of the far-off years as they may be if redeemed by the sons of God; that with bows of burning gold and with the sharpened arrows of desire we, too, may do battle for Thy children and ours. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 24, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, as a new day lights up a stricken and struggling world and a battle raging with ever-increasing fury, our weary souls seek the pavilion of Thy changeless love where beyond

these voices there is peace. The earth which waits to be a watered garden and the happy habitation of Thy children, whom Thou hast made of one blood, lies in darkness, anguish, and tears, rocked by explosive hatred. Man has forsaken meekness and mercy and slighted Thy word. Forgetting that ever there standeth Thine immutable law that only the meek finally inherit the good life, refusing to bend at the lowly gate of humility and sacrifice, he has lost the road to truth and goodness and reaps in this awful hour the bitter harvest of cruelty, persecution, division, and dissension.

From the valley of futility and despair we lift our eyes to the hills of eternal verities which stab the horizon like great and glorious steeples pointing to the sky; for we know our help and our hope is in Thee who made heaven and earth.

"God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy Word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord."

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1944

LORD OF ALL BEING, at noontide, which is Thy gracious dawn, we would join the undaunted pilgrims of the ages whose God is our salvation; we would be of that innumerable company who in darkness drear have found in Thee the one true light. In the dusty caravan of another day's journey over trackless sands we would pause at this altar our fathers builded, and where burns the sacred fire, that we may keep the bright torch of truth and faith aflame amid the thick gloom that shuts us in. May that truth make us free from the prejudices which blind our eyes to the things which are excellent, across the false barriers of race and creed. May that faith lead us on as a pillar of cloud and of fire to the shining city of human brotherhood, whose ways are peace, whose citizenship rests only on character and its laws on human good.

In these days of destiny, into Thy hands we commit our feeble endeavors to lead the Nation toward the beckoning towers of that city which haunts our dreams; for its luring plan is Thine, and the strength to labor while it is called day is Thine, and unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it. Under the

Master Builder make us strong to endure, that we faint not nor fear. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1944

GOD OF TRUTH AND BEAUTY, for the glory of the garden, for trees and flowers, winding lanes and fragrant meadows, and for the feathered loveliness of winged songsters: God of all nature, we give Thee thanks.

For a part and place on the side of the angels in the raging struggle against the powers of darkness and the principalities of evil: God of all truth, we give Thee thanks.

For the valiant armies of youth gaily and gladly, yet with stern resolve, offering their lives to enthrone liberty, decency, and justice; for all physicians and nurses in hospitals so near the searing battle fronts, with strain taxing human endurance, striving to meet appalling need: O Thou God of freedom, we bless Thy name.

For those in overrun countries who meet tyranny with unblinking eyes of defiance rather than bow the knee to the debasing Baal: Thou God of unconquered souls, we give Thee thanks.

For every sign, through the darkness of these dread days, of the daybreak whose welcome dawn shall yet surely bathe the strained faces of waiting millions when the glad cry will echo, Life again! Joy again! Light again! Home again! in a world saved from savagery to liberty in a bright tomorrow: We give Thee thanks, O God of our hope and our salvation. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1944

ETERNAL AND GRACIOUS FATHER, even as we hush our feverish spirits in the quiet that hallows every altar of true prayer, we are conscious of sounds on the earth and signs in the heavens that quicken all hearts with expectation. In a world where multitudes of Thy children have been plunged into the dark despair of a cruel tyranny which has enslaved peaceful nations, we bow in sorrowful pity asking that Thou wilt strengthen our spirits and steel our hands to strike the decisive blow for freedom as the supreme hour of attack draws near. We front defiant and desperate conquerors without care or conscience, whose pagan banners are stained with innocent blood and whose ruthless way is paved with broken bodies, demolished homes,

tortured captives, and desecrated treasures of culture and art. Out of the depths of the good earth which is Thine, out of the toiling sweat of patriot warriors in the factories we have builded, out of the sweet young lives from our homes and hearths, against this blatant perversion of all that is human and divine Thou hast commissioned us to forge the thunderbolts of Thy wrath and of Thy day of deliverance.

Through these tense times of preparation Thy grace has made us strong. Before the awaited signal to free a continent and to break the rod of the oppressor in all the earth, we humbly pray for Thy favoring might as we stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord whose is the kindgom and the power and the glory. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1944

O ETERNAL GOD, creator and preserver of all mankind, giver of all spiritual grace, in the golden glory of the risen earth would that the blossoms of the divine grace of meekness, gentleness, charity, and forgiveness shall make the barren wastes of our own lives to bloom as the garden of the Lord. In a blasted earth, where evil stalks in hideous forms, we thank Thee for the lovely things that are as indestructible as sunbeams; the tender ministries of human love; the holy ties of devoted homes; the lilting laughter and clinging trust of little children.

In days when to follow the stern call of duty means to live dangerously, with the wings of our destiny plumed with hazard and unspeakable loss, knowing that the moving finger of each day's record having written returns not to erase one word of it, scorning all selfish aims and ambitions and enduring hardness as good soldiers of the common cause, may we fight the good fight with all our might sustained by the radiant assurance of the joy which comes when the morning breaketh and the shadows flee. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, refresh our souls and restore our faith as in all the bewilderment of the world's fiery strife our burdened hearts seek the quiet sanctuary of Thy healing presence. By the mute

arms of white crosses stretched in alien lands, hallowed by the wordless courage of our fallen sons; by the invincible legions of the dauntless, offering their young strength and the full cup of the joyous years to be to rid their world and ours from the black plague of a pagan cult, comes Thy solemn summons to discipline, to toil, and to ceaseless prayer; for we, too, are soldiers, arrayed against the common foe. Thou only art our strong tower and sure defense amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing. Though the air be tremulous with anguish and anxiety, yet will we not fear. Though a host encamp against us, in this will we be confident: Thou makest the devices of the wicked of none effect. The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of His heart to all generations.

Keep our goals clear, our hearts pure, our spirits courageous, as we never turn our backs but march breast forward: In the name that is above every name. Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1944

O THOU GOD OF WISDOM, by whom the meek are guided in judgment, Thou hast called us to be fellow workers with Thee. We would face the responsibilities committed to our hands in the daily sense of the eternal. Our strength is unequal to our task. Our insights are not deep enough for the solving of the tangled tragedy of our ailing world. Our weakness and failure cry out for inner sustenance. Before we can help Thee change the world we know that we ourselves must be changed, lest our hostile spirits, our bitter tempers, our selfish hearts may play traitor to the commonwealth of brotherhood to which our lips pay homage.

May no shoddy or selfish workmanship of ours mar the divine mosaic of Thy will which, day by day, our hands may help to fashion. In tense times that tempt to petulance, grant us the grace of patience, remembering always that courtesy is rarer than courage and that a soft answer turneth away wrath. To a world strewn with ashes of destruction, where tears like rivers stream o'er pain-lined faces, where somber robes of grief and loss mark the passing of dismal days, make us the ministers of Thy healing, the channels of Thy grace; that to those who sit in darkness and desolation there may come beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 8, 1944

ETERNAL FATHER, Thou who art the light behind life's shadows, the love behind life's sorrows, shine in morning splendor upon these darkened lives of ours. We cannot boast of our own might; our flesh is too fragile, our hearts are too evil, our wills are too wayward. In the white light of Thy searching, we pour contempt on all our pride. Coming to this temple of our democracy to pray, we would not catalog the sins of others, we would not exult that we are not as other men. Confessing our own sins, we would pray for Thy forgiveness and Thy cleansing.

We beseech Thee to make us the kind of men, so captured and possessed by Thy vast designs for human brotherhood, that Thou canst trust Thy ageless cause to our willing and eager hands. As the pangs of our brother's pain strike deep into our souls and the problems of these tragic days overwhelm our understanding, we ask only for light enough for the next step, courage enough to face the present duty, truth enough for today's decisions, as into Thy hands we commit our ways. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1944

ALMIGHTY GOD, who art found of all those who with true faith and hearty repentence turn unto Thee, we would join our voices with Thy servant across the long years as our hearts cry: "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they that watch for the morning. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope." The clamor and confusion of an earth in ever-increasing turmoil thunders constantly in our ears. Within our own hearts there is a deep weariness and an aching unrest: There is no refuge but in Thee. While the tempest still is high we seek the peace of Thy presence and of Thy power, not that we may escape the world but that, with our weakness harnessed to Thy strength, we may face life with all its stark and stern realities, finding, as those who have become partners of Thy nature have always found, that Thy yoke is easy and Thy burden is light. So may drab duty faithfully performed lead our feet in paths of righteousness and service.

May Thy truth, as we follow its gleam, unloose the shackles of our hearts and minds, making us free and fearless. Shepherd us beyond these present plains of peril to the hills of enduring peace and to the eternal fold where we may lie down in safety and go in and out freely for evermore. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1944

O THOU eternal and triumphant Creator, whose holy purposes are beyond defeat, we come in the mystery of intercession seeking Thy righteous will and the enabling strength to do it. We confess that we have remembered and treasured the words of the Master's matchless prayer, "Thy kingdom come," but we have too often forgotten their flaming meaning. The great hope of the kingdom of love has grown dim as hatred and selfishness and man's inhumanity to man have desecrated the earth. Yet we are grateful that in darkest days prophetic souls have marched with Thee, keeping step to the distant music of Thy sure victory. Wherever hatred gives way to love, wherever prejudice is changed to understanding, wherever pain is soothed and ignorance banished, there Thy banners go and Thy truth is marching on.

In spite of mockers by our side, in spite of cunning foes without and fears within our own fickle hearts, by the shining light of Thy presence keep us steadfast on the march to that City of Light whose builder and maker is God. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, in the tender grace of a new morning fresh with the sparkling dew of Thy never-failing mercies, grateful that yet another day is added to the record of our lives, we would dedicate anew to Thee at this our daily altar of devotion our minds, our souls, our strength, as the instruments of Thy loving care for all Thy children. To this shrine of our spirits, in patriotism pure and undefiled we would bring our lips to be touched by the burning coals of Thy cleansing, that Thou mayest speak through them; our minds to be illumined with kindling thoughts that flame for Thee; our wills that they may glow with holy zeal to do Thy will; our eyes

that anointed they may see the invisible with the far look of a faith in things that shall abide beyond our earthly years.

"Direct, control, suggest this day
All we design, or do, or say,
That all our powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite." Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1944

GOD OF ALL GRACE AND GLORY, in these vernal days thrilling and throbbing with the loveliness of spring, we thank Thee for every sacrament of beauty of which our enraptured senses drink as we bend in wonder to the petaled cups held up by bushes aflame with Thee. May the glory of the earth be but a parable of the things that are excellent blooming in our risen lives.

To be saved from our savage foes without, we know, will be futile, unless Thou dost save us from ourselves. We confess our indifference and hardness of heart, our racial rancor and the bigotry which blinds us to brotherhood, the callous greed which seeks comfort or ease or gain at the cost of misery to others, our vanity of soul and pettiness of mind. Create in us clean hearts, O God, and renew a right spirit within us. Lead us out of the bondage of fear and hate into Thy new day when, in a better order of human society, pity and laughter shall return to the common ways of man and peace—even Thy peace—breathe its benediction upon our war-weary world. We pray in Thy holy name. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 15, 1944

OUR GRACIOUS FATHER, before Thy everblazing throne we ask no luster of our own; yea, the rather we bow in the dust of abject failure, asking that Thou wilt grant us the cleansing grace of penitence. Thou hast called us to play our part in a day of destiny and crisis. May we not be found wanting. Save us from being little men in a great day, endeavoring to match the expanding pattern of a new world being born in travail with the outworn conceptions of a world that is dead. Deliver us from the delusion that the peace for which we strive will lead to the past; for the past decreed that the few should live in luxury while the many were doomed to want, that the races of one color should be masters of the multitudes of another.

Through the gates that are swinging on ancient hinges we glimpse revealing new vistas of a fairer world, where humanity shall at last be free from the blood-rusted chains which have debased and degraded those who also are Thy children. Forgetting the unworthy things that are behind and stretching forth to the better things that are before, let us lay aside the weight of every prejudice and the covetous sins, that do so easily beset us, and with glad and eager feet march with the armies that go to free, not to bind, to develop and not to rule, to cooperate and not to dominate, until the knowledge of the Lord who is no respecter of persons shall cover the earth as the waters now cover the sea. Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1944

"O Lord of air and land and sea,
Guard Thou our sons who fight for
Thee;
Give them the courage to endure
And hearts whose aims are high and
pure.
O Lord of air and land and sea,
Guard Thou our sons who fight for Thee.

Should pain and anguish come their
way,
Be Thou their Comforter and Stay;
Enfold the dying to Thy breast,
And grant them Thine eternal rest.
O Lord of air and land and sea,
Guard Thou our sons who fight for
Thee.

Give us the faith that conquers pain
And counts no sacrifice as vain,
Which, late or soon, will win from Thee
Man's righteous peace through victory.
O Lord of air and land and sea,
Guard Thou our sons who fight for
Thee."

Amen.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1944

O FATHER OF MANKIND, to whom all souls are precious, turning from the cruel passions which so sadly separate Thy warring children, grant us as we look to Thee in prayer a sense of oneness with all our

fellows made in Thy image, and upon whom Thou hast also breathed the breath of life. We confess that often we make Thy love too narrow by false standards of our own. Across the foolish and futile barriers of pride and prejudice may we feel our kinship with all those who in hunger cry for daily bread, who in darkness pray for light, who in chains groan for release. In this day of turmoil and terror, when the ax is laid at the root of the tree and the judge is at the gate, casting aside all desire for any advantage for ourselves that we do not seek for others, fit us to be Thy messengers of peace and hope to those who, now prostrate in the night of distress, wait for the morning of deliverance.

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, we thank Thee for all high moments of faith when moods of doubt seem treason to that changeless world where Thou dost reign in the uninvaded realm of the excellent and the true. As another morning climbs to noon, ascending the hill of the Lord may we breathe the purer air above the dusty plains of the trivial and the temporary. Here finding an altar of pardon and peace may the memory of Thy past mercies mingle like sweet incense with a strengthening assurance of Thy present nearness which no malignity nor cruel violence of man's devising can snatch from those whose minds are stayed on Thee.

Make this ancient Chamber of our national life a place of vision, a lighthouse of hope above the raging floods of human disaster and distress. Make us the architects of a new order for peace and justice for men in all the earth. Send us forth to waiting tasks grateful for a great heritage worth living and dying for and with a deathless cause that no weapon that has been formed can defeat. In Thy might lift up our hearts and make us strong. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1944*

OUR FATHER GOD, whose handiwork the earth showeth, the centuries casting their shadows on the dial of eternity, where a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past, but record the slow yet

*Anniversary of first telegraph message.

steady attainment of Thy purpose in a universe whose heart is love: Thou hast made man so that in Thy image he may read Thy thoughts after Thee. It is Thou who hast put the golden key of invention and discovery in his searching hand with the promise which is a prophecy: "Thou shalt have dominion." At Thy bidding he has harnessed the mystic energy which, untamed, shatters and stabs with its forked sword; and, lo, as the servant of man's desire, speeding his thoughts across the mocking miles, it whispers: "What hath God wrought!" So on the wings of the lightning soundeth Thy word. Thou dost cause even the spiteful wrath of man to praise Thee. The wonders man's mind hath wrought, which, without the reign of Thy will, tear and destroy, become the messengers of brotherhood and of an understanding which encircles the earth as it spells out the accents of good will.

Bring us to a golden tomorrow when the instrumentalities that now destroy shall be the channels of health and healing, when redeemed generations living in peace and plenty shall lift up the grateful paean of praise, "What hath God wrought!" We ask it in the dear Reedmer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 29, 1944

O THOU GOD of the living and of the living dead, Thou hast set us to play our part in a struggling world where there is no gain except by loss and no life except by death. With tenderness and gratitude we think of those quiet acres, some fringed by gently waving palms, all marked by the sacred cross of sacrifice, where at home and abroad sleep the mortal forms of the crusaders of liberation who in youth's high elation marched and sailed from this free land which has solemnly pledged its all that freedom may not die. Shadows of sorrow darken our hearts with the consciousness that they will come not back, for on alien sod they gave up the years and joys to be. But we rejoice with them that their souls will go marching on in a world cleansed of the bestial abomination whose blighting breath pollutes and desecrates but whose destruction is pledged by the sword of the unenslaved, in the name of the holy God and a holy humanity.

Make us worthy of those whose graves we garnish on our Day of Remembrance,

"Who more than self their country loved
And mercy more than life."

We ask it in the name of that One whose truth makes us and all men free. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1944

OUR FATHERS' GOD, author of liberty, Thou dost behold the goodly heritage of our fair land where, amid the noisy ongoing of life's busy traffic, are guarded the sacred islands of tranquillity where rest the dust of warrior hosts. From sea to sea of the homeland this radiant morning, where the grass has been trodden by reverent feet, and in little patches of foreign soil, where is kept the bivouac of our valiant dead, on countless graves we see the cross and the flag blending in their mute testimony. May that cross interpret the flag for our steadfast yet anxious hearts in this dread hour, as the sharpened arrow of our might is pulled on the taut string of national strength. May that cross speak to the flag of strength that is increased by its spending, of life that is saved by its losing, of greatness that is measured by its serving.

Our glad hearts rejoice that by the sacrifice of which that linked cross and flag is the symbol—

O'er the mounds where sleep the slaughtered,
Fired by hopes for which they died,
Lured by dreams which arched their heavens—
Human rights so long denied;
From the jealous feuds of ages
Moves a conquering army's van;
Tis the crusade of the nations
For the brotherhood of man.

Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1944

ALMIGHTY GOD, in whose hands are the souls of men, we would make this long-awaited day of battle, which will live in the memory of the ages, a day of prayer for ourselves and for our embattled sons: O Thou who hearest prayer and to whose ear have come the sobs and sighs of coerced multitudes, "How long, O Lord, how long?" through the dedicated arms and the offered lives of our valiant warriors, vouchsafe to answer that petition today and in

the days to come. Make bare Thy mighty arm of deliverance and save Thy people.

Grant that on this D-day of liberation weapons of freedom, forged in fires of faith, may pierce the shields of pagan steel and that the cruel invaders' walls, reared in treachery and tyranny and oppression, may crumble and fall at the blast of Allied might. Through us, unworthy though we are to be the servants of Thy mercy and Thy justice, may there be loosed the fateful lightning of Thy terrible, swift sword.

Upon our dear boys in this fearful baptism of fire, of whom we think today with special tenderness, lifting them up on the wings of our intercession as knights of Thy righteous will, and upon the hosts of oppressed now at last to emerge from dark dungeons of thralldom, pour Thy enabling grace as together they strike the blow on that fair and historic land where the grapes of wrath are stored.

We pray today, this day of days, for our enemies whose calloused hearts and warped minds and poisoned conceptions have brought woe and sorrow to the world. Forgive them; they know not what they do. Bring them, too, at last, with purged spirits, into the united family of nations.

And on this day, to be remembered from generation to generation, may all the preparation of these toiling years which comes to a fiery focus in this supreme hour of human destiny bring to fulfillment the ancient prophecy to tyrants of old, "Your covenant with death shall be annulled. Your agreement with hell shall not stand. Your refuge of lies shall be swept away. When the overflowing scourge shall pass through you shall be trodden down by it. The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Amen.

The CHAPLAIN. It has been suggested that we stand in a moment of silence and then that we repeat together the Twenty-third Psalm.

After a moment of silence the Twenty-third Psalm was recited by the Chaplain and the Members of the Senate, as follows:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

(D Day—As the beaches of Normandy were being stormed. Offered with the knowledge that the Chaplain's own son-in-law was in the thick of it. He afterward, before Victory came, gave his life for the cause on his 23rd birthday.)

MONDAY, JUNE 12, 1944

ETERNAL GOD AND FATHER OF ALL MEN, who bringeth forth righteousness as the light and judgment as the noonday, our souls wait upon Thee, our expectation is from Thee. In calm confidence we come with humble hearts, in our deep need acknowledging with Thy servant of old: "In God is my salvation and my glory, the rock of my strength; and my refuge is in Him." In all the fiery tests of these critical days setting the shape of things to come, deepen the wells from which we draw our power to endure.

As we go about the immediate tasks the days demand, so drab in contrast with the danger others are facing for us, our constant thoughts are with our fighting sons. With all the havoc and horror which awaits their brave advance into the very jaws of death, as they go to smite down the shackles of slavery, hear our intercession for their strength in need, their help in danger. And grant unto us for whom they make their sacrifice such penitence for our sins and shortcomings and such determination that the fearful price they are paying to preserve the free life shall not be in vain; that through us even this flaming wrath of man shall be made to serve Thee and Thy kingdom of justice and peace. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1944

GOD OF OUR FATHERS, facing tasks that tower above our power to achieve, with a sense of our utter inadequacy we bow for the strengthening benediction of our morning prayer. We come with

hearts solemnized by the costly sacrifice which every day is being made to defend the liberty which is the very breath of our life. Hear our supplication as, out of our gratitude and our grief, our longing solicitude wings its way over dim leagues to those absent, dearer to us than life itself, joined to us in a living fellowship that no danger nor distance can sever.

The long rows of the fallen on far beaches stain the red of our flag to a new luster as, with aching hearts strangely moved, we salute the broad stripes and bright stars, singing softly in our hearts, not without sobs but with new meaning,

"O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And freedom more than life."

As soldiers marching with them in that liberating strife, in this time of tumult, in this hour of danger, in this night of anxiety, give us calmness of mind, stability of purpose, consecration to duty, and a stern determination to finish the work which Thou hast given us to do. We ask it in the Name that is above every name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1944

GOD OF ALL GRACE AND COMFORT, Thou knowest that upon us are desperate days when even our prayers are fashioned in agony and moistened with tears. Out of the depths we cry unto Thee as the thunder of battle bombards our ears and anxious yearnings grip our hearts. The things for which in more tranquil days we crave and strive grow suddenly small and pale into insignificance as, with a devoted love that has nothing left for its expression but prayer, we defy the long miles and in constant companionship are by the side of our fighting sons. Thou knowest, too, that their tired faces haunt our hours, as with the rocket's red glare and with bombs bursting in air they carry on, for the joy of victory that is set before them, the triumph of liberty and decency.

While we fervently pray that the habitations of violence may be destroyed, we pray, too, that Thou wilt cleanse us from moral pollution, from mental darkness. With the awful cost of another chance to build a fairer world ever before us, in ground plowed

by such sacrifice save us from sowing seeds today that will bring but a bitter harvest of ill will and revenge to torment our children's children. Grant, we pray Thee, that we may not in such a day seek selfishly great things for ourselves but high things for civilization and mankind. Even as with the stern determination that we wage war against evil, so may we devote ourselves to the sacrificial service of peace. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1944

O THOU WHO CHANGEST NOT in a world so rocked and shaken, so filled with lamentation and clamor, a world swept by the whirlwind and riven by the earthquake, we would find the peace of Thy presence and of the still small voice. In our dire need steal Thou upon our troubled spirits like the vesper calm of lingering twilight, like the gentle dew on parched ground; commission us as the servants of Thy righteous will and fit our spirits for that high role in this time on ages telling. Save us from the tragic mistakes of the past. Make us architects of a statelier temple of humanity where no child of Thine shall be kept back from the common altar of fellowship and where all kindreds are one before Thy searching eyes. As the fires of war are quenched give us the wisdom so to build that never again in blind folly will we choose foundations which are sinking sand and walls of tinder which will prove but rubble for the devouring flame. We pray in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 19, 1944

FATHER OF ALL, whose righteous laws condemn and at last break whatsoever bars Thy children from abundant life, we thank Thee for the legions of the uncoerced who, making tyranny tremble, in Thy name are marching to blast a way for all Thy children to escape tribulation. They march to build a highway to a realm and a reign of peace and good will, to a kingdom of human rights where mouths shall not cry for bread, where hands and feet shall not be shackled, where speech shall not be silenced, where eyes shall not be bandaged, where minds shall not be darkened, and learning shall not be distorted by lies which hide the light of truth.

Humble our spirits by the revelation of the dark pit from which mankind is being rescued at so great a cost. Saved from such a hell,

make us not content with things as they are and have been as we strive to bring in a new heaven and a new earth. We seek not the salvation which will leave us unchanged, for we have missed the mark and come short of the glory. Save us from the fatal folly of being unwilling to pay the price of better things. Destroying the worst things and dreaming of the better things in these days of agony and anguish, treading the wine press of sorrow and sacrifice, even though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, fearing no evil may Thy rod and Thy staff comfort us. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1944

O GOD, whose spirit searcheth all things and whose love beareth all things, for this hallowed moment turning from our divisive loyalties and our party cries we would bow humbly in a unity of spirit, realizing our oneness in Thee. In the sincerity and truth with which we deeply desire to open our hearts to Thee, so we would broaden our sympathies with our brothers, Thy other children.

Forgive us for praying that Thy kingdom might come and then, by our own selfish stubbornness, barring the way when it has sought to come through us. Deliver us from the hypocrisy of giving lip service to the golden goals of Thy kingdom as if we looked for it without, in others, and not in our own hearts. Grant us a fundamental fealty to the common good, expressing itself in divergent attitudes and convictions which are the glory of our national heritage, yet putting above all partisan advantage the weal and welfare of the commonwealth to which we solemnly pledge our supreme allegiance. With the wrecks of nations which have broken Thy law of love smoking in ruins before our eyes, let the purifying stream of Thy mercy cleanse our national life lest our destruction be determined and we go the way of the nations that have forgotten God. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1944

ETERNAL GOD, Father of our spirits, whose power is unsearchable, whose judgments are a great deep, we would quiet our hearts in Thy presence. In the midst of titanic events, with the crash of falling empires and systems rending our ears, with a new epoch of the ages struggling to birth, as laborers together with Thee may we

walk the grim path of the seen in the sense of the unseen and the eternal. In the midst of slaughter may we see a splendor; through the tears of bitter loss may we see the rainbow through the rain. In the midst of anxiety may we find a surety and at the cross of grief the solace of a sustaining faith. Hold firm our trust in the steadiness of the power that sits unshaken on the throne of the world. Without that vision we perish and the flaming glory of life is dimmed. Our hearts grow cold without Thee—cold like a sacred stone whereon the altar fires are dead.

Forbid that the flash and flame of exploding shells about us in this day of battle should make us regard Thy fixed stars as only phosphorescent fires of the marsh. Give us that lowly and humble heart, emptied of presumptuous pride, which is the only shrine where any altar pleasing to Thee can be raised. In these molten times waiting to be molded into the pattern of Thy purpose make plain to us Thy plan and Thy way. Make our own spirits quarries out of which stones for the new temple of humanity may be fashioned. Reveal unto us the means Thou wouldst have us use to establish justice and peace among men in all the earth. And in the dawning day which gilds the skies make our America more and more the hope of all who suffer and the dread of all who wrong. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1944

ALMIGHTY GOD, in a world so hedged about with mystery beyond the ken of our peering eyes, we thank Thee for the revelation of Thyself in the majestic order of the universe in which we live, in the emancipating truth which exploring minds discover, and, above all, in the grandeur of spiritual verities which mock our unbelief as we touch life at its highest and best in the noblest sons of men. Set our feet on lofty places. In baffling days give us the vision and the wisdom to help fashion a world worthy of the martyred dead whose lifeblood is the price of redemption from the black evil threatening all that is fair and fine upon the earth. Grant us the grace of penitence for all in our own hearts and in our own land which betrays and denies the creed of freedom we profess. In this dark night of the world's agony, in an hour of human destiny Thou hast set us to play our part on a high hill that cannot be hid. Make our

lives as lighted candles on the altar of Thy eternal purpose for all mankind.

We ask it in the name of the Prince of Peace, who is the one true light, and to whose radiant kingdom of love there is no frontier. Amen.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1944

ETERNAL SPIRIT, in whom alone is the strength of our hearts and the hope of our world, we come in our noontide fellowship of prayer not so much to seek Thee as to open our faltering lives in penitence and need to Thy waiting strength. In a world of illusions, as we turn to the noisy hours of the driven day, unfold to us the vision of the utterly real, which is Thyself, never betraying, never forgetting, a bulwark never shaken, a peace like a river, a presence like summer roses pouring their fragrance through a garden, and underneath a support like everlasting arms.

In the midst of events so colossal that as individuals on the confused world stage we seem puny and inadequate, O God, who sittest above the flood of man's insanity, lift us into the only greatness we will ever know by using us as the channels of Thy purpose and intent. Give us sagacity, strength, and spaciousness of mind and a transparent purity of heart, that in a world stricken with hatred and pride and greed we may see God and the godlike as we walk humbly the ascending path of a faith that has a better air to breathe than cynicism and denial. In these days of great peril, critical decision, and measureless opportunity, as against the powers of darkness Thou art unloosing the fateful lightning of Thy terrible swift sword, save us from all policies whose reaping will be another harvest of horror for our children's children. Give us now to know clearly and to follow faithfully the things that belong to our peace and to the peace of the whole world.

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, to Thy chastening presence we would lift our sin-stained lives at the morning call of prayer. Yet we shrink from Thy scrutiny knowing that outer dissemblings, duplicities, and sophistries, which may mask us from our fellows, hide us not from Thee from whom no secrets are hid. As we see the shame and smirch

of our sinful selves against the white splendor of Thy holiness, may we grow penitent, hating the evil impediments that our self-deception builds up against Thy coming to us and through us.

Not only for our separate lives do we pray but for the common global interests that bind us all together. For our Nation and its leaders and the whole body of our citizens in this fiery ordeal of testing and sacrifice, guide us, O Thou great Jehovah; be Thou still our strength and shield. Give us gallant courage to endure to the victorious end and the wisdom from above so to mold and fashion the victory bought with so great a price that we may not miss the way again to just and enduring peace. We ask it in the Name that is above every name. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, in time of cruel violence and dense darkness in every generation Thy word of truth and freedom has been made flesh and dwelt among men. In the living present Thou dost speak through the lives and lips of those whose hearts are moved with compassion at the want and woe of their fellows. Once more our Nation mourns the loss of a servant* of Thine and of the commonweal who, for twoscore years in this temple of democracy, was a pillar of the people's hope. We thank Thee that by faith he removed mountains, harnessed rivers, exalted valleys, and wrought reforms by the strategy of wise statesmanship, venturing valiantly on the expanding frontiers of social welfare, scorning the consistency that is forever tied to the stake of a dead past.

Teach us anew that these prophets of the rights of man are as unpredictable as the light which shone, when Hope was born, above an eastern inn where there was no room for the heavenly guest. Never do we know where to look for them till they come. Nevertheless, in Thy good grace they come, with their frank and refreshing candor, out of the deep springs of our common humanity, sun-crowned, lifted above the crowd in private living and public thinking. Such men as they serve their day and generation, and, honored, falling on sleep, speak to us in their life and in their death, reminding us still that honesty and goodness and kindness and labor are our common birthright. May these starry ideals lend their sure and high dis-

*Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska.

tinction to our little day and tie our small endeavors to the mighty majesties of time and eternity. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1944

O GOD, whose spirit searcheth all things and whose love seeketh us even through pain and loss, incline our hearts to draw near to Thee in sincerity and truth. We do not ask that Thou shouldst give heed to the poverty and pettiness of petitions that may spring out of the perversion of our warped desires. But we beseech Thee to hear and answer the deep cry of our inner need. The contradictions of our strange natures and the perplexities of these dark times drive us to Thee; for our very prayers are fashioned in the agony of times that try our faith, our patience, and our very souls. Give us to see that the one shining thing we can offer to a warring world is just a soul sensitive to goodness and beauty, rich in expanding human relationships; holding sacred the sacrament of friendship; capable of devotions, of quiet heroisms and, in high hours, of flaming sacrifices: a self at any cost to be kept true to sacred birthrights, to be perfected through suffering and disciplined in the ripening experiences of life. So may our illumined powers yield their devotion to Thy kingdom and Thy light be shed through us upon the dark places of the earth, that the habitations of violence may be destroyed and that to human misery and wrong there may come oil of joy for sadness and beauty for ashes.

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1944

ALMIGHTY GOD, we bow in Thy presence, solemnly conscious of impending events shaping the future and fixing the destiny of unnumbered hosts whose anguished longings are like the sound of many waters. As we think of our Nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the common rights of man, may we fear nothing but to fail humanity and Thee.

To the councils of our leaders, fraught with such awesome responsibility, give wisdom. In victory grant us the humility born of a vivid sense of our own failings. Upon our embattled sons with liberating sword unsheathed, storming this day the very gates of the foe, may there rest the grace of courage and of strength to strike a

blow for a free world. In an hour which calls for greatness may our public service be a sacrament, our politics purged of corroding littleness. Climbing to high places of discernment, may our eyes search the horizon and see the stars of universal brotherhood shining steadfastly above the mists of selfish strife. So may our personal devotion become a part of the highway down which the hopes and dreams of those who have seen the city of God across the hills of time go on in triumph, from victory to victory. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1944

O THOU GOD OF OUR SALVATION: Cause us to know Thy loving kindness in the morning, for in Thee do we trust; cause us to know the way wherein we should walk, for we lift up our souls unto Thee. Touch our tasks this day with some gleam of Thy glory until, blind and willful though we are, we begin living as they should live who have eternity set in their hearts. Lift us more and more into the steadying sense of our kinship with Thee.

In Thy light may we bring to the bar of judgment the hopes which have misled us, the motives which shame us, the methods which have failed us, and the values which have cheated us. Defeat us in all else save the doing of Thy will. Give us a part in making the earth's crooked ways straight, when social and industrial relations will lose their hard antagonisms and become the hallowed cooperation of comrades in human service. Toward this high purpose may we labor while our brief day lasts, in quiet confidence forever sure that Thou wilt guide our steps and keep our feet from falling. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1944

ETERNAL AND BLESSED GOD, in the midst of the toiling days when the fever and fret of perilous times have taken their toll of our spirits, we are grateful for quiet arbors where at an altar of contrition we may bow for Thy forgiveness and cleansing. With the refreshing dew of Thy strengthening grace upon us, may we go forth on our way attended by the vision splendid, as we lift up our hearts with the glad Te Deum, "He restoreth my soul."

Save us from the peril of forgetting that we are restored so that we may restore, that we are strengthened in order that we may strengthen.

History is Thy message to warn that selfish bread will choke us and the unshared cup of water will turn to salt upon our lips. Deliver us from every wrong thought we have had of Thee and from every poor or partial view of Thy children, our brothers. Through all the changing pattern of the years may there come Thy kingdom of peace with justice and good will in all the earth. We ask it in the Saviour's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1944

ETERNAL FATHER, from the anguished earth where innocent blood cries from the ground, through the voice of woe Thy voice to us is calling. We cannot be true to ourselves and to our heritage if in a crucified world we refuse the cross. In the agony of humanity, we could not hold ourselves safe and apart. Thou knowest we have no choice save to break the bread of sacrifice and spill the sweet wine of youth in that eternal sacrament forever crimsoned with the cleansing love that seeketh not its own and gives itself a ransom for many.

Grant to us a sustaining vision of life, personal life and national life, as it was made and meant to be, gladly losing itself in high and holy causes, in singing toil, in waste places transformed, in shackles broken, in hunger fed and in thirst quenched, in braver and better things. Lead us for Thy name's sake, even in the valley of the shadow of pain and loss, if the cross but lift us and our willful and wistful humanity nearer, our God, to Thee, nearer to Thee. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1944

ETERNAL GOD, in this hour of the world's desperate need we turn to Thee, mindful of our insufficiency. We are but broken reeds lashed by wild winds that mock our boasting pride uttered in days of calm; the arm of flesh is futile. Thou only art a covert from the wind, a shelter from the storm, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Thine alone, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory and the majesty and the victory; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine. Thine is the kingdom and Thou art exalted as head above all.

With that flaming vision of the Holy One high and lifted up, we come in deep humility, for the contrite heart is Thy only dwelling. We humbly pray that our hearts, emptied of dross, may burn with Thy presence; that our faith, purged of unbelief, may flame with hope undimmed; that Thy strength may be made perfect in our weakness and that the music of Thy victory may bring songs to our darkest night. We ask it in the Saviour's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1944

OUR FATHERS' GOD AND OURS, Thou art our strong arm every morning and our salvation in time of trouble. Even as we tread the wine press of anxiety and grief yet we thank Thee that the costly valor of our warrior sons is not in vain as, fronting ferocious foes, they bear in their hands the weapons of freedom, which by Thy help we have forged, and carry in their hearts the impelling vision of a great cause whose power and glory are Thine. As across crimson fields of battle our eyes see ahead the sunlit hills of victory and peace we would gratefully raise the paean of Thy people of old:

"The wicked have drawn out the sword and have bent the bow to cast down the poor and needy and to slay such as be of upright conversation, but their sword hath entered into their own heart and their bows shall be broken. Yet not by our own sword, neither by our own arm, were we saved, but by Thy right hand and Thy arm and the light of Thy countenance."

In humble hope we lift our yearning, burning desire for those dearer to us than our own lives who, at the Nation's call, are fighting on strange shores for what is just and kind and true, as above their heads waves the white plume of freemen. For those who in this fiery reign of terror must knock at the door of Death, O Lord, let it not be dark for them; let them not feel alone, as Thy rod and Thy staff comfort them. Whether, unscathed by the arrows of war or torn by wounds, our sons return to our waiting hearts and homes, or freed from the flesh in the larger life, wherever victory finds them in the vastness of Thy fatherhood, may they be glad that they served with clean hands in a just and merciful cause whose triumph will be the victory for all mankind.

"So shall Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Thee who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean
Peace to the nations and praise to the Lord."

In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1944

ALMIGHTY GOD, eternal love, Thou source of all life and light, we would yield our flickering torch to Thee. After the whirlwind of national debate and decision in the midst of the earthquake of war's dislocations, we bow in this hallowed shrine of our dear-bought liberties to listen for the still small voice. We are grateful for the Republic's inspiring witness, that her democratic processes run so deep in her very life that they are undisturbed even by a world aflame, and that our America still stands with lamp held aloft, a beacon of freedom for all the earth.

Facing now unfinished tasks calling for courage and sacrifice and wisdom, upon the President of the United States, the Vice President, the Congress, and all public servants who, sharing the heavy load of these epochal days, shape our policy and guide our destiny, pour in double measure Thy enabling grace. In the global decisions to come temper our criticisms with charity, our convictions with tolerance, our appraisals with magnanimity, our differences with fairness, and even our judgments of disapproval with appreciation for goals reached and work well done. May we attribute to others the white motives and pure patriotism which we claim for ourselves. Make our bodies Thy temple and our hearts Thine altar where the sacred fire is ever burning. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1944

O THOU THAT HEAREST PRAYER, to Thee shall all flesh come. Before ever our yearning has broken into speech Thou hearest us. Thou knowest us altogether. As far apart as noontide and midnight, glorious gleams and darkest shadows chase across our strangely divided hearts. Shunning shadows, may we follow the gleam.

Thou hearest the sobs of wounded hearts across all our embattled land. Thou knowest the bitterness of shattering loss and the

stabbing sadness of farewell, as song is ceased when just begun. By the still forms of the valiant fallen in alien lands, facing the withering fire of the foe with a courage that shames and humbles us, by the long days and longer nights when those who wait keep their anxious vigil, hanging in windows of longing the lamps of faith, by the dreaded word so final that turns wistful hopes into ashes of despair, God of pity and of love, of comfort and of healing, we solemnly swear that these dead shall not have died in vain. May the weeping pride that still holds high its head never be cheated and mocked by selfish schemes robbing tomorrow of the promise which today faintly flames in the reddening east. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1944

GRACIOUS FATHER OF OUR SPIRITS, beyond all the madness of these angry days which devastate the face of our warring earth we turn to Thee who sittest above the floods and in whose balances the nations are weighed. Lift us out of our doubt and cynicism by a great faith to live by and great causes to life for. Teach us once again the everlasting mystery that only as we lose ourselves in something higher than ourselves can we find ourselves. In this difficult and darkened era open our eyes to see, not just the dangers which menace but also the doors which challenge.

We ask today for Thy consoling grace upon those who grieve at the passing from this mortal stage of one* who, tarrying for an active decade beyond the allotted span, for a colorful generation played his part in the deliberations of this body. In these Halls of Government which knew him so long we think of one who served his State and Nation with a rugged honesty, scorning the conventional niceties of honeyed speech, which we confess is often the mask of hypocrisy. As familiar figures in the Nation's life join the great majority, solemnize us with the realization that even in the longest career the time is short. May we stand in a dark day, not among those who curse the darkness but among those who light a candle. In the Redeemer's name we ask it. Amen.

*Senator Ellison D. Smith, of South Carolina.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1944

ALL GLORY AND THANKSGIVING BE TO THEE, ALMIGHTY GOD, our Heavenly Father, for Thy tender mercy and Thy loving kindness which has followed us all the days of our life. Make us free by the truth which Thou doest reveal to us while our minds are stayed on Thee and ours souls, eased of strain and stress, are kept in perfect peace. We humble ourselves before Thee as we come confessing our part, as individuals and as a nation, in the pride and greed which has loosed this terror of cruelty and strife upon the earth. Too often, lulled by our cushioned ease, we have viewed with indifference the plight of our enslaved and exploited fellows. Give us to see, with eyes startled by revelations which these fiery days have brought to our own democracy, that there are class chasms which must be bridged, there are festering sores which must be healed, there are glaring inequalities which must be leveled, if this Nation under God is to be worthy of her brave warriors now giving their all that liberty trampled by tyrants may arise and shine with healing rays all glorious in beauty and strength. We lift our noonday prayer in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1944

GOD OF ALL MERCIES, Thou hast crowned our years with Thy goodness. We gratefully rejoice that we are the heirs of that first altar of thanksgiving set upon a strange shore by "rude men, unlovely, yes, but great, who prayed about the cradle of our state." In this later era, shadowed by horror, we would surround the same shrine whose stones have never crumbled as we, too, holding the Pilgrim faith, thank their God and ours and take courage.

Let not the spirit of thankfulness die in our hearts, thankfulness for a great heritage worth living and dying for; gratitude for abiding faith that will survive all disaster and rise triumphant above the wrecks of time. With all its sacrifices and separations, with all its loss and its death, we thank Thee for a noble cause which defends and rescues the despoiled and despairing, which lifts again to life and light those by the oppressor's lash outraged in body and soul, and whose victory will bring at last justice and freedom to all mankind.

"We thank Thee that there burns in youth
The love of liberty and truth,
That man his faith in Thee retains
Even when tortured and in chains.
For all our gallant absent men
We pray Thee for Thy peace again,
That at Thy table, peace restored,
We sit with them and Thee, O Lord."

Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1944

GOD OF ALL WISDOM, away from the confusion of tongues we seek the quiet pavilion of prayer. For these searching moments may the bewildering voices of the world about us and the clamor of wordy arguments be hushed. In Thy presence our arrogance is rebuked and our pride of opinion is mocked as we confess that we but grope in the darkness and that our sight is dim, our knowledge is partial, and our judgments fallible. We would yield ourselves to Thee as we are, with all our failure and our ignorance and our self-will, and yet with the climbing aspirations of our better nature.

Make us honest and honorable enough to bear the vision of the truth, to have done with all falsehood, to cast away all pretense, together with the pettiness of our spirits and the craven fear of our hearts. Break down the narrow boundaries of our minds that shut us out from fellowship and understanding with any of Thy children. Teach us to value beauty of heart or brain in any strand of our common humanity, that we may become workers together with Thee in binding the races of man into that perfect unity that shall belt the earth with good will when Thy radiant kingdom comes: In the name of Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, in whose sight all that concerns Thy children is precious and whose merciful eyes note even a sparrow's fall, speak to these struggling lives of ours, woven with strangely tangled threads that are sad and glad. Thou knowest all the days that go to make the total pattern as the years pass more quickly than a weaver's shuttle, days shadowed by sorrow, sparkling with mirth, bathed in tears, lifted up by gain and triumph, cast down by failure

and loss. May this mixed medley of hopes and fears find its true meaning in Thy eternal purpose for our being.

In this tortured day open our eyes to perceive Thy presence in the mighty currents of the ages and to trust Thy wise and patient power to fashion a better day out of the strife and turmoil, the grief and bitterness of this present time. In all its plans and policies keep this dear land of ours mindful of all the family of nations, global in its sympathies, elevated in its thought, clean in its motives, that its sacrifice be unsullied by the base alloy of unworthy ambition. And in the deliberations of the Congress let every mind be attentive to Thy voice in this solemn day of our visitation, that we may know the things which belong to our peace and to the peace of the world. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1944

O THOU whose love passeth understanding, we thank Thee for the unquenchable impulse toward Thee which Thou hast planted within our hearts and for winged desires that disturb our lowest moods. From the fret and fever of the vexed world's problems, from all thought of the praise or blame of men, from discordant noises and confused conceptions which beat upon our senses, at noontide we would follow the path to the quietness of Thy presence. May there fall upon us now a sense of Thy kingdom and Thy power and Thy glory.

Hear us as we lift our intercession for those who wander in bitterness of spirit, victims of ruthless coercion; for those whose homes have been destroyed, whose fields have been seized, whose liberties have been crushed. And we pray, too, for those who, as defenders of freedom far from this sweet land of liberty, think with wistful longing of dear and familiar faces and places; for those in posts of constant danger, where every breath is drawn in peril; for those in every nook and corner of our land where hearts and homes are desolate at poignant losses that are piercing souls like swords. O Thou who art everlasting mercy, make tender and understanding our hearts toward all those to whom the morning light brings less joy than the daily gifts it brings to our more privileged hands: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1944

O GOD whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom and whose dominion endureth from generation to generation, grant us a revealing glimpse of the white throne of Thy justice arched with purity and mercy, and so abase our pride and shatter our complacency. As our words for this solemn and searching moment are hushed to silence, breathe upon our thinking with Thy truth; breathe upon our understanding with Thy light; breathe upon our attitudes with Thy love. Thus may we meet Thee on the lofty peaks of the spirit, higher than our highest thought yet nearer to us than our very selves. May the pressures of the world not mold us this day, but may we be so strengthened that we may help mold the world nearer to the fashion of Thy righteous will. We ask it through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, this sacred altar at which our spirits bow in the midst of another day's demands is the witness of our weakness and the confession that in Thee alone is the answer to our need. The life of our spirits faints in the dust of our foolish pride. The cries of the crowd about us but bring us to confusion without and perplexity within. Weary of fruitless quests and futile arguments, we turn to Thee in the humility of prayer.

If Thy purposes have run counter to our own, if Thy will has bent ours, enable us to trust the wisdom of Thy perfect love and find Thy will to be our peace. Touch every privilege we enjoy with the halo of sharing, we beseech Thee; melt it into unselfishness; translate it into service; let it not be clouded by pride. Make every blessing a transparent window in the temple of service, so that Thy spirit can shine through it in glory for human good: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1944

O GOD, infinite in mercy, love, and power, we come knowing that all else is vanity, that all other cisterns are empty and broken and in Thee alone is the fountain of life. Thou knowest the stern responsibilities that confront us and the pathetic limitations of our knowl-

edge. Thou knowest, too, our deep necessities and our unutterable desires. We can bring to Thee but unfulfilled aspirations and many a failure that makes us ashamed. When we foolishly endeavor to live our lives without Thee, we deny our reason, we blot out our hope, and destroy our joy.

Forbid that our lives should be so busy with the trivial traffic of the common days that, as in the Bethlehem inn of long ago, the highest and best should be crowded out of our reckoning. As the Advent month brings a song that soars above the sobs and a flutter of wings above the woe of a warring world, lead our jaded and worldly wise spirits out to the peaceful plains where with the simple faith of shepherds we may hear the angels sing. So pour upon our Nation's leaders Thy spirit of counsel and understanding, that they may follow the star of their highest designs to a future for all humanity glorified by the light which comes from Thee: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1944

ETERNAL SPIRIT, whom we seek in vain without unless we first find Thee within, may the hush of Thy presence fall now upon our driven lives. In a time for greatness save us from inner cowardice which makes us unwilling to pay the price of better things. We confess that too often we have desired Thy coming, but not through us; we have sought for a new order that would leave our own lives still unchanged.

By the light of a guiding star, by the song of a heavenly host, by the lure of a lowly manger, by the smile of a little child, reveal to us the false pride that inflates our petty knowledge and grant us the humility that stoops to learn Thy ways. Give us a part in bringing in a world delivered from disorder and aggression, a civilization saved from collapse and catastrophe, a humanity redeemed from another and more dreadful dark age:

> "'Til rise at last to span
> Its firm foundations broad,
> The commonwealth of man,
> The city of our God."

Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1944

GOD OF OUR FAR-FLUNG BATTLE LINE, the noise of conflict thunders in our ears; we would not escape it. Make us one in truth with the valiant who in mud and fatigue, yea, in wounds and death, this very day are standing between our loved homes and the war's desolation. Forbid that comfort and safety should cushion us against a complete sharing in spirit and sacrifice of the grim test which is demanding their all.

We pray with tender yearning for America's sons everywhere as, with wistful memories amid strange and alien scenes, they sing the familiar carols which frame pictures of the lighted windows of home where dear ones wait.

With grateful hearts we greet the returning ships whose proud prows, pushing through the dim leagues, homeward bound bear the precious freight of our sons who have bravely borne the burden of battle. For the sacrament of human love which with joy unspeakable weclomes them back, we bless Thy name for whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named. May the warmth of reunion not be chilled in their hearts by any failure in this sheltered land to understand the magnitude and meaning of the epic struggle which will make the deeds of this year and next live forever in the annals of freemen. Make us all worthy to wear the white plume of the great cause. We ask it in the name of the Prince of Peace. Amen

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1944

MERCIFUL FATHER, in the sanctuary of our spirits we beseech Thee to hallow our lives with the grace of contrition and humility and prepare our hearts to receive the heavenly Guest. Be Thou unto us as the morning with light upon our darkness. Come to us in the bleak winter of despair and lead us to where fountains of living waters flow; shepherd us to the green pastures of the spirit.

If we have lost a luster from the pattern of life our days are weaving, if for us a glory has departed from the earth and the fresh wonder of childhood no longer is in our eyes, if amid the busy quest of restless days Thy rest has ceased to make our hearts the abode of peace, take Thou the dimness of our souls away. Reveal unto us the knowledge hidden from the wise and haughty and restore unto us the joy of Thy salvation.

As time draws near when good will, bending from the singing heavens, kisses the tear-stained face of a blind and blundering humanity, may the radiant prophecy of a Holy Family, when all men shall brothers be, put in our hearts and on our lips with a new and deeper longing our daily prayer the Master taught: "Thy kingdom come—as in heaven, so on earth." In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1944

ETERNAL FATHER, amid the darkness in which our sad and mad world lieth, where entrenched hatred and tyranny contend with good will and decency for the mastery, may we still believe in the purple splendor of the dawning and that the morning of a better day cometh. Tune our ears to discern, even in the clashing discords of the hour, jubilant voices above the warring world crying: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Replenish with new hope all who are discouraged about the sorry state of the world because of today's harvest of evil. Lift up our thoughts above the immediate which sickens our souls. Stretch out wide horizons for our vision and illumine for us that fairer earth of the redemption unveiled by the angels' song of peace to men of good will.

For light enough to walk by through dark days, for inner strength to carry heavy burdens, for uncompromised courage to dare policies with no partisan advantage, for eyes to see the truth and fearlessly follow it, for grace to bear bravely separation and poignant personal loss, we pray to Thee, help of the helpless. Make us more than ourselves because we have Thee for an ally and reinforcement. Breathe upon us now Thy benediction that we may march on as valiant pilgrims sustained by the confident hope that the kingdoms of this world shall yet become the kingdom of Thy radiant love. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1944

OUR FATHER GOD, in bewilderment and deep need we come, bitterly conscious that what the world prepares to celebrate with merriment and light is so largely, as yet, a memory and a hope. We confess that this birthday of the Child finds more children orphaned and homeless than ever since the Christ Child was born; that this ora-

torio of songs finds more sobs than in all the long years since the angels' chorus; that this festival of the home finds more homes broken and in blackened ruins than ever since the rude inn became the dwelling place of the Divine. Our hearts cry, "O Lord, how long, how long!" And yet we thank Thee for the faith which glorifies all children and songs and homes, and which, battling with a sword bathed in heaven, refuses to cry peace, peace, when there is no peace.

With desires no words can utter, we pray, as we bow at a manger, for our valiant sons scattered over all the earth, for our Nation's leaders that they may contribute worthily to mankind's abiding peace; and that out of today's agony there may emerge as gold refined by fire an ordered society of nations that shall give substance and hope to Bethlehem's starry dream: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1944

O THOU changeless God of the changing days, wrapped in its purple folds, Thou hast given to us the glory of a new day in which Thou hast decked Thyself with light as with a garment. We thank Thee for the darkness as well as the light, for even in the darkness we know that as sure as the gloaming and the dawning the earth rolls onward into light. As we toil in this new day with the sense of the eternal, may we live by the faith that while weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.

In this black night of the world's agony may some star of hope touch into loveliness even the simple acts of life with an unearthly light, as the shepherds in the fields so long ago found themselves and the sheepfolds they watched transfigured by a glory which shone round about, lifting them and that common night into immortality. As those called to places of high public trust, make us ever true to the light we see. Despite misunderstanding and suspicion, which, like thick clouds, frown from the skies that arch the nations, may we of this privileged land proclaim the splendor that dawns when hearts are kind. To this end make of us a righteous nation, doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly with our God: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1944

Our Father God, who stooped nigh
When love flamed in the Bethlehem sky,
With face uplifted, seeking light,
We peer with hope on Christmas night.
Above earth's gloom and hate of men,
Hang in the heavens Thy sign again.
If in the window where we kneel
A flag tells price of nation's weal,
Calm anxious hearts, if blue the star,
God bless and keep the one afar.
O Kindly Light, with love enfold
The weeping hearts whose star is gold.
In the dear Redeemer's name we ask it.

Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1944

ETERNAL GOD OUR FATHER, the waning year, the change and decay of which gaunt, stricken trees and the withered leaves are wailing in the winter wind, reminds us who are dwelling in these failing, mortal bodies that all things wax old as doth a garment; but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail. Our life is but a moment in the vastness of eternity, yet it is long enough for us to grow old and careworn and gray with cynicism. We inherit wisdom from all ages, yet we miss the way. We are worldly wise but very weary, rich in goods yet poor in soul.

As again, in spite of the base contempts which separate Thy children, mystic cords of good will draw all men to the Cradle of the Child, yielding ourselves to the gentle contagion of Thy love, lead us back to the lowliness of the manger, to Thy Holy Child Jesus who kept His heart unaged and unembittered. So, bending low through the gate of the child heart, may we find the simplicity, the freedom, and the truth that sword and tongue and pen can never give. We ask it in the Name above every name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1945

O GOD OUR FATHER, Light of all that is true, Strength of all that is good, let the cloudless noontide of Thy radiance make clear our path toward high and holy endeavor. The gateway of an old year

has noiselessly closed behind us: What we have written we have written. May mistakes and failures be left in the merciful shadows of the past. For this new year of decision and destiny give us patience and forbearing. Grant that those who by the people's choice have been called to high places of state, in this fateful day assuming responsibilities as heavy as the servants of the Commonwealth have ever borne, may be filled with Thy spirit, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of knowledge, and the fear of Thee. In an hour when such vast issues are at stake, may those who here serve, conscious of the great tradition in which they stand, rise to greatness of vision and soul as the anxious eyes of all the nations are upon this Chamber. Maintain in us the fidelity of those to whom much has been given and from whom much will be required. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1945

O GOD OUR FATHER, who art love and light and truth, we turn unfilled to Thee. In a world where the very foundations seem to be shaken and the mad fury of battle assails our senses and tears our hearts, we cherish this hushed and hallowed moment which so long ago the founding fathers set apart as an altar of prayer at the day's beginning. Here, bowing with contrite hearts, we would be sure of Thee and of spiritual resources before we go to meet the high solemnities of waiting tasks.

Enlarge our sympathies. Deepen our compassion and our pity. Save our sacred cause from the poison of misunderstandings. Forbid that fogs and shadows rising out of the fever and panic of these tense times should dim our unity. When we are tempted by petty annoyances, by despondency, by resentments, and by the angry emotions of the world, may we gaze tenderly at the gaping wounds of our Allies and remember with gratitude that in our favored land not one steeple has fallen, not one temple has been demolished, not one home is in ruins. Ennoble our spirits so that through us may be preserved for all mankind the ideals of the Republic, to the glory of the God who hath made and preserved us a nation. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1945

O THOU whose approval we seek above the hollow applause of men, we pause in the midst of thronging duties and confused issues that Thou might lift upon us the light of Thy countenance. We pray for Thy mercy and Thy cleansing pardon, that a right spirit may be renewed within us, and that we may yearn for spiritual integrity above all the tinsel of material things. Deliver us from the selfishness which shrinks the soul, from the hatred which eats like a canker, from the impurity which blinds eyes to Thee and the Godlike, and from the unbelief which dims the splendor of the glory life may hold.

Save us from the distorted vision which magnifies the mote in our neighbor's eye and ignores the beam in our own and so condemns in others that which we condone in ourselves. May the shining crown for which we strive and for which we gladly give our all be not fame nor riches nor unbridled power, but humility and compassion and unselfish love. So may we come, ascending this hill of solemn responsibility and standing in this holy place of public trust, with clean hands and pure hearts, not lifting up our soul to vanity nor swearing deceitfully. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1945

O GOD OUR FATHER, as we rejoice at the gift of another day, may its hours be made luminous by Thy presence who art the light of all our seeing. In everything we are called to do may we do and be our best, and so be worthy of our high calling.

Grant us the spirit of kindliness, of thoughtfulness, and of fair play in all our relationships. Deliver us from all malice and contempt, lest we hurt others and sour our own souls. May the tyranny of expediency never bend our conscience to low aims which betray high principles. Hear Thou our prayer, as out of the depths we cry bowing at the world's great altar stairs which slope through darkness up to Thee. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1945

LORD OF THE MORNING, who spreadest the mantle of light about us while other lands are shrouded in shadow, yet who dost brood with watchful love in both darkness and light, grant us a vivid sense of Thy presence as here we face the tangled tragedy of this sorely wounded world. As dawn has grown into fullness of noontide, so let Thy light banish all shadows of doubt and guilt from our own hearts that we may find and follow Thy purpose throughout this day. We beseech Thee, help us to use its precious hours in such manner that Thou canst hallow it with Thy blessing and glorify it with Thy presence.

May we be strong to do the things worth doing and put aside the things which are unworthy, belittling, or base. Keep our expectant eyes on the unending future toward which we strive. Give us the radiant joy which is the constant reward of those who are workers together with Thee for a redeemed earth to which Thy kingdom at last shall come. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1945

ETERNAL SPIRIT, who hast appointed our portion of labor, we pause in the midst of this day's duties to acknowledge that we are not our own; it is Thy lordship over life which we would keep vividly before our eyes, lest we be confounded by the world's confusion and become mired in the devices and desires of selfish motives. Help us to work while it is called day, knowing that the night cometh when our work is done.

O Thou who art the Compassionate Father, found of those who seek Thee in loneliness and whose sustaining grace is sufficient for the sorrowing souls of Thy children, remember in tender mercy the inner family circle and dear ones of him* who so recently stood in this Chamber with the consecrated powers of his strong manhood, so able and faithful, and who, serving the nation he loved, has now fallen on sleep in the full strength of his days. Vouchsafe to him, O Lord, light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation in the paradise of God. Unite us with Thyself and with those who have traveled by our side in the holy com-

* Senator Francis Maloney, of Connecticut.

munion of the life eternal. May we have the assurance of their continued fellowship in Thee and the realization that there is no separation in the realm of love and service. Bring us all to the homeland of Thy eternal love. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 22, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, to whom a thousand years are as but one day, our brief stay is but as a watch in the night; yet, while last its ebbing hours, make us bold and swift and brave to do Thy will. From this exalted chair of governance, bless him who goes and pour the riches of Thy grace upon him who comes. As the new President of this body takes reverently into his hand today the historic gavel into which has seemed to enter every decision since the Nation's founding, may the mantle of the great public servants whose hands have grasped it fall in double portion upon him. Give him fairness of appraisal, poise amid confusion, the kindly heart, nobility of goodness, and the simple faith in man that is more than coronets.

To the Chief Executive of the Republic, as for a new term of his high office he turns to problems more tragic and thorny than any man in history ever knew, may there be given the wisdom from above; make clear and clean his eyes; steady his hand, as on the heaving bridge of our Ship of State he with us is tossed by mountainous seas. In spite of "rock and tempest roar, in spite of false lights on the shore," bring our national barque to the desired haven of peace with victory and justice. Grant that before another Presidental oath is taken a grateful people may sing in glad yet humble jubilation:

> "Our fearful trip is done,
> The ship has weathered every rack,
> The prize we sought is won."

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, who revealest Thyself in the true, the honest, the pure, and the lovely, make even our wayward minds Thy audience chamber and our fickle hearts Thy dwelling place. In this quiet moment of prayer which stands as a hallowed altar in the

midst of the demanding day, we pause to ask Thy guidance as we tread unknown and tangled ways. We seek that sense of the invisible and the eternal that alone can bring peace and restoration to jaded bodies and spirits with their spent strength.

In this great day of Thy visitation and of our opportunity, grant us such a vision of our needy world, with all its yawning divisions and its poisoning suspicions, and yet with its dawning sense of human brotherhood, that the decisions that are here made may never have to be reversed by those who come after us. So, at last, may we be counted, by grateful generations who shall inherit a kindlier earth, among the architects of the final parliament of peace and plenty in which every kindred and tongue shall find its rightful place. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1945

ETERNAL GOD, giver of all spiritual grace, author of everlasting life, we come today with a strange yearning, for there is a lonesome place against our sky. Thou knowest that upon our spirits is the sadness of farewell as we think of a loved, familiar, stalwart form who will walk with us no more. We mourn the passing from our side and sight of one* who seemed to gather into his own noble bearing the long traditions of this shrine of the people's faith and hope. We think in tender recollection of one who literally gave his life to public service, who from early youth in the ascending roles of duty built the strength of his manhood into the vast concerns of this body. Now he has answered the one clear call. On this very afternoon, when all that is mortal is being lowered to rest in his native soil, in our hearts we would honor his cherished memory, "who more than self his country loved, and mercy more than life."

We remember that the daily petition of the sessions here was the most sacred religious altar of his own devotion. We think of him entering this Chamber at the daily call to prayer, standing here for so many years at noontide, years of peace and of war, in times of calmness and of contention, listening with reverent heart and bowed head as the divine sovereignty was recognized and divine help implored for the deliberations of this Chamber where his highest joy was centered and whose faithful servant he was.

*Col. Edwin A. Halsey, Secretary of the Senate.

Now that we shall see his face no more, in grateful remembrance we recall his genius for friendship and the qualities of mind and heart which lifted his human understanding and sympathies so far above mere partisan interests and loyalties. It stills our hearts to know that—

"He cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore."

In the name of that One who conquered death and is the resurrection and the life. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1945

GOD OF ALL GRACE, in the darkness of our limited knowledge, we turn in our deep need to Thee whose dwelling place is light, without the shadow of our earthborn clouds. To all the phantoms of brutal hate which devastate our world, worn and torn, we would close our eyes for this hallowed moment and still our soul in the calm assurance that at the heart of the universe goodness reigns. In that faith send us forth without fear or favor to do the right as Thou dost give us to see the right, firm in our conviction that these clouds are lies and that the blue sky is the truth.

In these fateful days for whose decisions the future will judge us, by Thine enabling might may we maintain our integrity unsullied by animosities, prejudices, or personal ambitions, regarding always public office as a sacred trust. As our frail hands have a part in the shaping of the world that is to be, give to us the vision, the wisdom, the courage that will make for both justice and lasting peace. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, as in reverence we hallow Thy name, so may we hallow our own as we keep our honor bright, our hearts pure, our ideals untarnished, and our devotion to the Nation's weal high and true. In a day of threat and tragedy, as we hurl the might of physical force against entrenched paganism with all its callous cruelty and glaring injustice, save us from the disguises and pretenses of our own hearts which make us unworthy to wear the

vesture of the gallant knighthood of Thy eternal purpose for human brotherhood. Turn upon our ruling passions the light of Thy holiness, that we may not deceive ourselves, and, in a day of stupendous world needs, seek our own petty ends in spite of noble profession.

In the midst of losses and dread and longing for loved ones in danger, and far away, we would close the door for this quiet moment upon the wild world without and find Thee anew within, until thought grows reverent again, the waiting tasks are glorified, and a faith in the ultimate decency of the world, because of the God behind the shadows, transfigures all common things into shining sacraments of love. We ask it through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1945

O THOU GOD above all, yet in all, our way is veiled in night; with Thee alone is day. Out of the dense darkness and above the raging storm we lift our prayer. In spite of our selfish schemes which have been too often blind to the welfare of the common man at home and abroad, Thou hast entrusted to our hands and to those who march with us in freedom's cause the keys of the future. As the unworthy agents of Thy resistless will, our eyes are seeing written Thy righteous sentence against the tyranny which blasphemes Thy holy name and the fulfillment of the ancient word: "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall in it; and he that rolleth a stone it will return upon him." In this grand yet awful time, we are solemnly conscious that the light of each new day is bringing decisions of destiny which will mold the future, determining the shape of things to come for myriads of the sons of men and of generations unborn.

"O Christ of God! O Son of Man!
Awake us from our dreams
Of ancient good and partial truth
To trust tomorrow's gleams."

Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1945

O GOD OF HOPE, through dust of conflict and through battle flame we turn to Thy ever-waiting presence, where beyond these voices of tumult there is peace. The havoc which has wrecked the earth

reveals to us the ghastly outcome when man forsakes Thy light of truth and defies Thy law of love. We thank Thee for a vision of a new earth, the glory of whose coming has been heralded by the prophets of old, who saw the sun-touched mountain peaks and declared that the peoples who sit in darkness shall see a great light and be bathed in its effulgence. We rejoice in the reborn hopes with which the awakening world is thrilling, for the rainbows that this day are seen through the tears as the devices of the wicked are broken and his arrogant might ground into the dust of defeat.

Grant that our dear land may play its full part in the fulfillment for all men of the radiant hues of that bow of promise now arching the stricken earth. Grant to our generation the wisdom to plan and the power to achieve an order which shall protect all nations from fear and want, in a leagued commonwealth in which Thy good gifts shall be more fairly shared; where no more shall nation lift up sword against nation; where each people shall enrich the world with the gifts of its excellence. Stir us with the creative faith that no desire or design of ours can be too great and too good for Thee to fulfill. Wilt Thou answer our petitions according to thy will: In Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1945

OUR FATHERS' GOD and ours, we pray today for the Nation that the fathers founded. We lift to Thee grateful hearts for the heritage that has come down to us, bought by other toils and other tears than our own. For great character that has been woven into our national fabric, blessed be Thy name. Help us this day with vivid vision to see them of old who feared Thy name and handed on to us the torch of the Nation's righteousness. Especially do we give Thee thanks for the unselfish service and the stainless record of that calm and courageous leader whose crystal spirit and whose calm sword were Thy instruments in laying the foundation of our state. As we cherish his deeds and recall his farewell warning words, O God of hosts, lest we forget, repeat in us the faith which shone on his anxious countenance lifted in an agony of prayer from crimsoned ground where patriots bled. As in these tragic hours Washington's spiritual sons are dying for his creed on Europe's frozen fields and on the South Sea's barren rocks, hold us fast to our high trust; drive us to

our knees for the inner strength that steadied him whose name we reverence this day. There may we, too, find the calming assurance—

"Conquer we must,
For our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,
'In God is our trust.'"

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1945

ETERNAL SPIRIT, amid the tensions of these terrific days, we seek in Thy presence a saving experience of inner quiet and certainty. We are tossed and agitated in a troubled world; our ears are filled with the world's din, and our spirits grow weary in a violent generation. We need Thee as a strong foundation that storms cannot shake, as a deep well that droughts cannot exhaust, as an inner citadel that no foe can seize.

We come with intercession, not from lips alone but from spirits, in deep anxiety concerning the world our children will inherit from our hands. For our Nation, its leaders in these dread times, its multitudes of youth who serve its cause upon the sea and in the air and on battlefields around the world, we lift our hearts.

For all who are responsible partners in shaping the policies and in directing the designs of a powerful nation whose leadership can make or break hopes of a better world, we pray. May we be ministers of abiding peace, true servants of the common good, and forerunners of Thy kingdom's coming. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1945

FATHER OF ALL MANKIND, with minds burdened for the Nation and for the world, with haunting fears of a war won and a peace lost, in this baffling hour we turn to Thee knowing that low lies our best till lifted up to heaven. Unworthy though we are, Thou hast made us keepers of the holy flame of freedom the fathers kindled with their lives. We would share that sacred fire until, tyranny everywhere having been consumed, all the nations of the earth shall be blessed.

As this day the President of the Republic, returning from world-embracing councils, stands before the Congress in an historic hour to lift up the hopes and dreams for world accord and cooperation, we would bow with grateful hearts that by the victorious sword of the United Nations this hour has arrived on Thy calendar of salvation. Steel our wills and steady our hands with power and wisdom that with eager joy we may dedicate the Nation's strength to throw open the gates of a new life for all mankind. We ask it in that Name that is above every name. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD, in the midst of this world of sight and sound, with all its squalor and splendor, make sensitive our spirits to the realities and glories of the world unseen and eternal which encircles us. Feeling the pulsing of that other world closer to us than breathing, may there be vouchsafed to us, even in the waiting tasks of a common day, an escape into eternity, bright shoots of everlastingness edging with crimson and gold the work given us to do.

Unto our keeping Thou hast committed a national heritage luminous with freedom's glorious light. For all the glory which is America we bless Thy name—for borders without guns, for frontiers which are swinging gates, for unity in diversity, for peace which spans a continent, and for equality which beckons all to the summits.

Strengthen in us the steadfast faith that these healing trees of human good, grown in this land of the free, may blossom under all skies in all the earth. Facing decisions of destiny, unite our hearts and minds, we beseech Thee, in a mighty purpose that we fail not man nor Thee. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1945

O LORD, MASTER OF ALL, at noonday and in the morning we praise Thee, we thank Thee, we glorify Thee. Thou who hast folded back the dark mantle of night to clothe us in the golden glory of this day, drive, we beseech Thee, from our hearts all gloomy thoughts, all hurtful ideas; make us glad with the brightness of hope, and lead our willful and wandering minds up to the pavilion of Thy presence. Thou who art the giver of all wisdom, enlighten our understanding with knowledge of the right; purge

our hearts from the sins of pride and prejudice which do so easily beset us, that no deceit may mislead us, no temptation corrupt us.

In these days of great tribulations, and yet of great expectations, give us ears to hear the sounds of Thy chariot wheels, give us eyes to thrill at the reddening dawn which lights with deathless hope even a weary world in flames. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD AND FATHER of all mankind, whose paths are mercy and truth, before the white splendor of whose purity every vileness must shrink away, lift us above the immediate and set our lives in the wide horizons of abiding verities. Take the mistakes of all our yesterdays, even the sins whose memory shames us, and by the mystery of Thy forgiveness transfigure even our failures to love Thee and our fellow man with all our mind and heart into the jeweled mosaic of Thy redeeming grace.

With high resolves and selfless endeavors, that take counsel not of our fears but of our hopes, may we match these epic days with daring deeds that will clear a highway across all the nations for the feet of God. By all the pain and loss of these evil years, bind all peoples in a fellowship of suffering. In a world-wide fraternity of contrition, lead us all to hearty repentance for the sins which have brought this blighting conflict. As servants of the common good, turn our feet diligently to seek the paths of righteousness which alone are the paths of peace. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 12, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, in a troubled time we turn to Thee with hearts that are heavy with anxiety and grief, with minds that are clouded with perplexity and doubt, with spirits that are dismayed and discouraged by the world's catastrophe. Even as we fight on and believe on with the thick mists about us, we seek in Thy presence, in whom is no shadow, the assurance that these clouds are lies and that the blue sky is the truth. May Thy completeness flow round our incompleteness, Thy strength be made manifest in our weakness, Thy forgiving mercy in our guilt, Thy reinforcement in our disappointed hopes and fruitless efforts. Send us forth, against

unnumbered foes, with the whole armor of faith and righteousness, pledging our loyalty to Thy kingdom of love, never letting our confidence in it nor our devotion to it fail because of the fury of the wicked when they boast themselves in the day of their pride.

As Thy servants and the people's in this temple of democracy, save us from the perversion of power that has not Thee in awe. Upon the altar of our freedom may there ever be lifted the offering of an humble and a contrite heart. And in this day of destiny for us and for the world may we be worthy of our vocation as keepers of the sacred flame. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1945

O THOU before whom the prayers of Thy children go up as incense, speak to our burdened and longing hearts as we lift our lives to Thy searching gaze. In these holy days of the Passion we would test our thoughts and deeds and words, not against the faulty background of our fellows but with our eyes upon the transparent glory of the Crystal Christ. In these hard bestead and dangerous days, we would find peace in the midst of the storm and cleansing for the baseness of our own hearts. Sober us with a solemn sense of personal responsibility, with the realization that Thy call to every man is to contribute to the world's good his own life, strong, clean, honest, trustworthy, and serviceable. In the light of this challenge we pray for ourselves, that we may not fail our own generation and Thee, that the paganism that afflicts the world may be redeemed into decency, justice, and mercy and into the brotherhood of that One who went to the cross that He might be the servant of all. We ask it in His name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, bowing for a hallowed moment at this shrine of Thy grace, we acknowledge before Thee that our lives are restless pools; we are disturbed by the social turmoil of our times, burdened by many anxieties, tempted to cynicism by human cruelty and perversity, often disheartened by human folly which seems to profit so little by bitter reaping. We would lay our problems and tasks before Thee, not to escape them but praying for

Thy empowering so that with strength and courage we may carry them with a new gallantry.

May our attitudes and hopes widen every area of good will within the reach of our influence. In a divided and violent world may we be among those whom the generations to come shall call blessed, because our records shall write our names among today's peacemakers. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1945

FROM ALL THE TRADITIONS which separate us and write our names in different camps of thought and conviction, we pause for the upward look which makes us one in solemn yet glad communion with Thee, Thou God and Father of us all. When together we face the things that matter most and a revealing sense of Thy eternity seizes us, we pour contempt on our pride of opinion and accomplishment, we abandon our lonely and selfish walk, we lay aside our haughty self-sufficiency, and humbly pray that we may keep step with Thy will for us and for all Thy children. In this night of human tragedy, amid the darkness which envelops us because willful man has turned from Thy light of brotherhood, rise with Thy morning upon our souls, quicken every noble impulse, sanctify our best endeavors, and, no matter of what else the ebbing years may rob us, let the noontide of Thy grace and peace abide. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1945

GOD OF ALL MERCY, these searching days our eyes are fixed upon a Strange Man on a cruel cross, who, when malice and hatred had done their worst, asked forgiveness for those who nailed Him there. Our gaze shows us how far we stand from Him, yet shames us by a tenderness that even physical torture could not embitter. We fain would utter the prayer He taught us: Forgive us as we forgive others. Forgive us our pettiness of spirit, the craven fears of our hearts, the uncleanness of our souls. Forgive us the careless word that went forth to wound, to poison, to defame. Forgive us the unheeded fading of bright ideals. Forgive us the things others can never forgive, the unfair judgments, the careless criticism, the rankling wrong. So cleanse our hearts and renew a right spirit within us that without sealing our own condemnation we may

truly pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." We ask it in the name of the Master who reveals the power and the glory of the forgiving spirit. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD, who hath set thoughts of Thyself in our yearning hearts, it is past noontide and for some of us the twilight gathers as swiftly ebbs out our little day; not yielding to the weights of dismal failures but casting aside the ashes of past regrets, we would redeem the hours of labor that remain for us ere the night falls. As we spend our years like a tale that is told, may we so number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Teach us so to live and so to toil and so to play our part in this age on ages telling that we may face with clear conscience the gaze of our contemporaries and the judgment of posterity. And, when we have finished our course, grant that we may look without fear upon the flaming of eternal dawn. We ask it in the Name that is above every name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1945

GOD OF ALL GRACE AND BEAUTY, we thank Thee for eyes to see and for hearts to thrill at every sacrament of loveliness, as again earth clothes itself in the blooming garb of spring. We thank Thee for the purity of dawn which calls to holy dedication, for the zenith splendor of midday which summons us to challenging tasks, and for the peace of the evening which speaks of life everlasting. From dawn to dark give us courage in the midst of fear, faith amid the mists of doubt, love even in the strife of hatred, and hope like a beacon amid the encircling gloom of despair. Build Thou our inner strength. Grant that we may be among those who stand in the evil day, and having done all still stand. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, beyond the circle of whose all-embracing love we cannot drift, unworthy we come to stand in Thy presence; yet with contrite hearts we pray that by Thy grace we may cast away the works of darkness and put upon us the armor of light in

these testing days of Thy judgment in the earth, when men are reaping the awful harvest they have sown. As Thy revealing light falls upon our lives and shows in them the shadows of shame that keep us from our best, save us from mean excuses and evasions. For our trifling with candor, for loving darkness better than light, for contentment with low living, for bitter tempers, for selfish pride, for unbridled tongues, for hardened hearts, chasten us with sincere repentance. Grant us forgiveness and the determination to worthily serve Thee and our fellows in newness of life: Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1945

O GOD ABOVE ALL, yet in all, e'en though it be a cross that raiseth us, we seek the light of Thy face. On this holy week of the Passion, with its lonely, rugged cross against the sky lighting the ages with eternal splendor, we fain would rekindle the candles of devotion and sacrifice upon the inner altar of our heart.

Even amid the pressure of duty in these terrific days, wilt Thou restore our souls by the hush of solemn thoughts, by moments of insight when the veil on the face of mere things falls away; in hours of high resolve when life shall be quickened within and when, in the mastery of spiritual realities, earth and sense forgotten, eternal verities hold our silent spirits raptured and aflame. Make us the willing servants of the radiant dream for humanity that even a cross could not destroy: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1945

O GOD OF PITY AND MERCY, we cry to Thee from an earth where mothers are weeping for their sons treading the dusty way to death, where fathers blinded by tears sift the rubble, once their homes, to find the broken bodies of their children. Out of tragedy which sickens and saddens we see man's inhumanity to man at its worst, in heartless cruelty that sweeps the world with fire and destruction. But in this hallowed moment we know that when man has done his worst he must still reckon with Thee. We remember that once hate did its worst with hammer and nails and spears, and that from two beams of wood the gentle Victim reached out His pierced hands

for a scepter of might and majesty. Open Thou the eyes of our understanding to that sign by which alone we can conquer. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1945

GOD OUR FATHER, as the quiet splendor of another day illuminates our path, we wait for the shining glory of the Light that never fails nor fades. At noontide we would step aside from the crowded highway to seek the garden of the soul where Thou keepest tryst for us at the beginning of the day's counsel together. Some of us have grown weary with the heat and burden of these tragic days. For Thy name's sake and for our souls' sake, lead us where still waters flow. If we have closed and barred the door of our heart against unwelcome truth, may it steal back by some secret stair, bringing within the sweet peace of penitence and pardon: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1945

DEAR LORD AND FATHER OF US ALL,

"We stand atremble and afraid
On the small world that we have made—
Afraid lest all our poor control
Shall turn and rend us to the soul;
Afraid lest we shall be denied
The price we hold our ragged pride;
But in the end we pass all by
For a lone cross against the sky."

Turning from the self-willed pride of our blind ways, give us the grace to sit with meekness and repentance before a wooden cross at darkened noontide—a cross holding up to heaven earth's greatest Loser of Battles—and its one Conqueror: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1945

ALMIGHTY AND MERCIFUL FATHER, we would begin the day with Thee conscious of our helplessness and of Thy supreme and sovereign power. As Thou hast given us life, so, we implore Thee, sustain it and make us ready and willing for whatever service Thou wouldst have us do.

We thank Thee for the sacrament of April beauty, for the glory of common things and the light of heaven upon our daily path.

Help us so to live that we may find eternity in the midst of time and that, walking the lighted way with pure intent to serve Thy kingdom of love, we may hasten the universal reign of the Risen Redeemer upon the earth. We ask it in the name of Christ our Lord. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1945

OUR FATHER, again through sleep and darkness safely brought, restored to life and power and thought, we face a new day. Wilt Thou lift our duty above drudgery. Even in the heat and burden of noonday's task, let not our strength fail nor our vision fade. Make us patient and considerate one with another, in the fret and jar of human contacts, remembering that even in the glare of public gaze each fights a hard battle and walks a lonely way. Give us, O Lord, a reverence for truth, a deep desire to think and speak truly, and a passion to hasten the day when the rule of justice and love shall engirdle the earth.

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1945

OUR FATHER God, in this moment of quietness, hushing all discordant noises that we may hear Thy voice, we would ponder the pattern our lives are weaving, as we bow in Thy searching presence, unto whom all hearts are open and from whom no desires are hid. When in the light of Thy righteousness and truth we examine ourselves, our recreant hearts are filled with regret and discontent; for we confess that we have missed the shining mark and come short of the glory. Yet, even in our failure to attain, we are lured by the haunting creed that life is a capacity for the highest. Help us to make it a pursuit of the best and, casting aside all counsels of despair, press on with buoyant feet, firm in the faith that for ourselves, our Nation, and for our world the best is yet to be. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1945

THOU GREAT COMPANION OF THE SONS OF MEN, daily Thou dost invite us to seek Thee, and every day Thou offerest Thyself to be found of us. We thank Thee that Thou hast so framed our hearts

that our deepest instincts anchor us to Thee; that Thou hast so created everything that he who loves the truth can never miss Thee at the last.

Grant to us to dream great dreams and not to disobey the heavenly vision. And though the hope betimes seems forlorn may we be found ready to lead it. Without stumbling and without stain may we follow the gleam until the day is ended and our work is done: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1945

GOD OUR FATHER, whom we seek in all our need and through all the mystery and perplexity of life, without whom we cannot live bravely or well, show us Thy will in all the maze of paths our uncertain feet may take. As we draw near to Thee now in prayer do Thou graciously draw near unto us, until we become more sure of Thee than of midday light: Come to us in the common life that entangles us; meet us in the thorny questions which confront us; make Thy highways through the avenues of sense; clothe Thy glory in our failing flesh; breathe through the things that are seen the peace of the unseen and eternal. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1945

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

O GOD OF BIRTH AND OF DEATH, God of the living and of the living dead, in whose hands are the souls of the righteous, in merciful pity Thou seest the startled, saddened faces of Thy children of every kindred and clime lifted to Thee in sobbing sorrow. We cry unto Thee from an earth which seems strangely poorer since it gently opened to receive the discarded mortal garment of Thy servant, Franklin Delano.

O Thou help of the helpless and of those who walk in the valley of the shadow of death, we give Thee thanks for the work and worth of this greatest captain of his time, when revolutions have shaken the earth and ancient social landmarks have been swept away with the flood and fury of human discontent. For his clear vision of the nature and purpose of satanic forces which threatened to engulf the world, for his fine scorn of the snobbery of class and color, for his

heroic triumph over bodily affliction and disability—a precious gift to our shattered sons who return from battle to face the same test—for his steadfast faith in the processes of democracy as the hope of today and the wave of the future; for his brave rebuke to all who would drag Americanism to the level of differing backgrounds rather than to lift it to the dream of common goals, we praise Thee, Thou master of all good workmen.

Upon his dearest in the bowed circle of grief pour the consolation of Thy love and the assurance that he has but entered another and larger room in the Father's many-mansioned house.

Earnestly we pray for the anointing of Thy grace and the undergirding of Thy strength and the spirit of wisdom and understanding upon his successor in the high office, who steps from this Chamber and emerges from the loins of the common people to lead in the most awesome hour of history. Facing burdens and tasks too heavy for any man, use him as the channel of Thy purpose as in every crisis Thou hast used men of humble and contrite heart.

With him as the symbol of our national dedication and with our allies in this fight to make men free, we here highly resolve that the peace that is to be and the world united for peace and progress and an ampler life for all mankind shall be the high white monument leaping to the skies in memory of our lost leader: In the name of the blessed Lord whom he adored. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1945

OUT OF THE DEPTHS have we cried unto Thee, O God of our salvation. But even in the darkened valley of unutterable loss our anxious eyes are fixed on the hills of Thy help and healing, our lonely hearts are stilled and strengthened by the sustaining certainty that no loss can include the loss of Thee.

In this numbing and bewildering hour may there come to us, Thy children, the awed vision which for Thy ancient prophet changed dirges of despair into paeans of victory:

> "In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord high and lifted up."

May the searching splendor of that great white throne which is not empty lift up our drooping hearts, rebuke our foolish pride, restore our fearful spirits, and endue us with power for the unfinished

task of rebuilding the shattered world after the pattern shown us in the Mount: In the dear Redeemer's name: Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, in times when life is somber with bitter loss and the nights are peopled with wistful longings for those who come not back, when sickening sights are held before our shocked eyes, of untold thousands of our fellow beings done to death by lustful cruelty without pity or conscience, when the tempo of epochal days is swift and frantic with unpredictable events tumbling upon us without warning in a world already wildly chaotic, O Thou God of the changing years, in a still moment like this, may a holy hush within our spirits whisper courage and fortitude and fidelity.

So purge our penitent hearts that Thy work in the world, which is ours to share for lofty ends, may be worthily done: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1945

GOD OUR FATHER, we would make our hearts, cleansed by Thy forgiving grace, a temple of Thy presence, knowing that only to the pure dost Thou grant the vision of Thy face. We come asking, not that Thou wouldst give heed to the faltering petitions our lips frame but that Thou wilt bend Thine ear to the crying of our deep need. We bring to the altar of prayer our inmost selves, cluttered and confused, where good and evil, the petty and the great, are so entwined. May the eternal immensities shame our little thoughts and ways. May the vision of what we might be convict us of what we are. In this great day of Thy visitation, may we miss not the things belonging to our peace and to the peace of the world. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1945

GOD OF THE NATIONS, Thou art from everlasting, and we, Thy creatures, have but a little span in this mortal sphere. Yet Thou hast set our lives upon an earth changed and different from what our fathers knew; vast, stretching seas and plains and towering mountains are but stepping stones to a neighbor's door, though it be half a world away.

In a world of blazing cities and slaughtered victims and starving multitudes, we see clearly now that we must love our neighbor as ourselves, as Thy law decrees, or the very stars in their courses fight against us and the works of our hands are turned to ruins. Falling upon our eager ears there are sounds upon the earth and signs in the heavens that quicken all hearts with expectation. In these fateful days, as the nations plan for peaceful tomorrows, we listen with radiant hope for the sound of Thy chariot wheels; we lift our mournful heads to see if it is Thy dawn that streaks the sky.

"Break, day of God, O break;
The earth with strife is worn;
The hills with thunder shake;
Hearts of the people mourn.
Break, day of God, sweet day of peace,
And bid the shouts of warriors cease."

In the name of the Prince of Peace we ask it. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1945

FATHER OF ALL MANKIND, whose heart is wide to harbor all our race yet knoweth each as a shepherd knows his sheep, in all our aimless wanderings we turn unfilled to Thee, the Good Shepherd, for it is Thy rod and Thy staff that comfort us. May Thy goodness and mercy follow those who from this Chamber have sped to the east to witness the ghastly exhibit of human perversity at its worst and those who have journeyed to the west to vow with freemen, whose faith and arms have brought arrogant tyranny to the dust, that under God there shall be a new birth of freedom and enduring peace in all the earth. May this convening congress of freemen by the side of the vast sea herald the fulfillment at last of every prophet's dream of a golden day for all the sundered sons of the one Father—

"When the war drums throb no longer
And the battle flags are furled
In the parliament of man—
The federation of the world."

In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, with earth's strident voices stilled, may the hush of Thy presence bow our spirits in reverence and contrition. Open our eyes to see Thee, not only in mystic moments of calm but in Thy brooding purposes in the history of these days on ages telling.

We are solemnly conscious this day of a cloud of invisible witnesses, the vast army of the valiant who, pouring out the sweet wine of youth through days of conflict and battle flame, have passed in splendor to their eternal glory that this very day might dawn. Our prayers at this noontide of hope and expectation join the intercessions of uncounted myriads who yearn for lasting peace, that the gathering of the nations at the Golden Gate may find a gateway into a new world of mutual understanding, trust, cooperation, and power dedicated to progress and freedom for all peoples.

Especially we beseech Thy enabling grace upon those who in this momentous hour stand and speak for our dear land. In union with those of other lands who love freedom more than life, may there be laid the foundation of a new home for all humanity, a refuge from hate and strife for all nations whose walls are brotherhood and whose radiant promise is peace on earth to men of good will. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1945

O THOU GOD OF GRACE AND GLORY, in hours of confusion and commotion we are sure of no light but Thine, no refuge but in Thee. Solemnize our hearts as we contemplate the ghastly cost poured out that the congress of free peoples may meet on our shores. Lift up our hearts with exultant joy that the United Council now convened is the inspiring vindication of the precious things that the powers of darkness sought to destroy—the free interchange of uncoerced and unregimented minds.

In this day of golden promise, when the molten earth can be poured into new molds, when the life of nations can be shaped into new patterns, so guide the servants of the people that they will gladly pay any price for peace on earth short of sacrificing vital conviction, truth, and integrity on the altar of compromise and

expediency. With character that is more than charters and trust that is stronger than treaties, enable those who act and speak for waiting humanity to rise to greatness in this day of destiny. In the Name that is above every name, we ask it. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1945

O GOD OUR FATHER, in Thy great mercy forgive our willful, blind, sorely wounded humanity for the havoc and desolation it has brought upon itself. We confess that we have a part in the tangled tragedy which blights the earth. Forbid that we should condemn the world and then stand unashamed and with false pride in the temple of prayer, thanking Thee that we are not as other men. We have offended against Thy holy laws; by our selfishness we have hindered the coronation of Thy purposes for all mankind; we have sought a solution for human wrongs which would leave ourselves unchanged. We have been unwilling to pay the cost of better things.

Forgive what we have been; help us to amend what we are; and by Thy spirit direct what we shall be, that Thou mayest come into the full glory of Thy creation in us and in all men: Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 7, 1945

O THOU GOD OF MERCY AND OF JUSTICE, in these glad days for which our anxious souls have waited in an agony of hope deferred, we are humbly grateful that Thou art using our imperfect hands to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, to break every yoke of oppression. We thank Thee that in this hour the embattled souls of those whose bodies sleep where white crosses keep their vigil are marching under banners of triumph their valor hath brought to pass.

For the clean air of freedom that at last is blowing through the putrid prisons of satanic cruelty, we bless Thy holy name; who by human swords bathed in heaven hast thundered Thy righteous sentence, "Let my people go."

We thank Thee that Thou hast allowed our grateful eyes to see truth, crushed to earth by cruel might, rising in splendor again; while error and falsehood, wounded and writhing in deserved pain,

dies among its worshipers. Amid the wrecks of ancient systems in this confused day, make us worthy in our motives and desires to help lead toward the promised land of a loftier life for our children and a cleaner and fairer world for all the peoples of the earth. In the Redeemer's name, we ask it. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1945

O GOD OUR HELP AND OUR HOPE, Thou who hast brought us to this shining hour, still through the wilderness our Shepherd be. Knowing the darkness of evil that shadows our own lives, conscious of our own failures in love and brotherhood, hating the rancor and the unreasoned prejudice that widen chasms which bridges of understanding must span if man is to be saved from himself, O Thou Kindly Light, lead us on, o'er moor and fen and crag and torrent, 'til the night is gone.

May this week of the ages, when a monstrous system lies prone in the dust of defeat—the victory Thou hast given to truth and justice—be the golden door into a future where none shall oppress and where all mankind shall be great through gentleness—

> "That we may tell our sons, who see the light
> High in the heavens, their heritage to take,
> I saw the powers of darkness put to flight,
> I saw the morning break."

Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 14, 1945

DEAR LORD AND FATHER OF MANKIND, at noontide's feverish hour, we fain would turn aside to the wells of penitence and peace. Here we would humbly pray that Thou wouldst save us from the perils and temptations of victory: the proud and boasting spirit; a heart distilling from the cruelty of fiendish men the poison of hate; a consecration demanding the utmost in selfless devotion to a cause bigger than our own life turned into sordid scheming for self-advantage.

As the dark clouds of loss and daily dread roll away in the splendor of triumph, our grateful hearts tremble at the narrowness of our escape. Steel our wills at any cost to finish the work we are in, to dedicate the strength that one victory has fashioned to the utter

destruction of the still blatant blasphemy which desecrates the good earth.

In the unknown days of peril and of challenge which loom ahead, give us spirits that are calm and confident, wise and just, in the protecting shadow of Thy unfailing love: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD, grant to our anxious, groping hearts the assurance that behind the shadows and in them standeth One who slumbers not nor sleeps. We are beset by perplexity; our needs are many, but our greatest need is of Thee; unless we find Thee and art found of Thee the laws of Thy physical universe break our mortal life and the laws of Thy moral order make mockery of our futile rebellion.

Breathe now Thy peace on hearts that pray—the peace that comes only when our jarring discords are tuned to the music of Thy will; then, as heralds of Thy love, send us forth across all barriers of race and creed, bearing to yearning hearts, as a holy sacrament, the bread of human kindness and the red wine of willing sacrifice: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD, to whom vengenance belongeth, our shuddering souls have peered into pits of human horror which but reveal the awful depths to which man falls when he turns utterly from Thee. The abominations which have polluted the good earth, our brothers' blood crying from the ground warns us of dark forces waiting to lay waste our own lives. Without Thee, Thy life, Thy light, Thy love, our own hearts are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.

Lead us not into temptation; deliver us from evil. Cast us not away from Thy presence. Take not Thy Holy Spirit from us, O Thou God of our salvation who only redeemeth our life from destruction: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1945

O GOD, who art sifting out the souls of men before Thy judgment seat, before whom the long travail of the centuries is wrought out,

who hast ushered us into this strange world where no good thing comes save as we fulfill the conditions of its coming, strengthen us for the high enterprise of building here a more decent world, where Thy children may dwell in plenty and fraternity and liberty.

Though the road to peace in our time and for our children's children be tedious and toilsome, still lead us on, following the gleam of Thy guidance, with clean hands and pure hearts, worthy of the trust the Nation has committed to our hands: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1945

ETERNAL GOD, who art our refuge and strength, we commit our Nation and ourselves to Thee.

From quiet, grassy acres where sleep our warrior dead, inspired and challenged by the sacrifice of remembered yesterdays, we dedicate afresh all that we have and are to the unfinished tasks before us. We are grateful that around the ugliness and unhappiness of the present we have walked amidst great memories and glorious hopes.

So fashion our desires and deeds in accordance with Thy will that, rising to the full measure of our duty and our opportunity, we may yet build the new world, for which good men have bravely died, wherein the nations may live together in trust and fellowship: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, hushing our thoughts to stillness, we would school our spirits in sincerity and truth as we wait before Thee, who knowest the secrets of our hearts.

We pause at this wayside altar, not just to bow our spirits in a passing gesture of devotion and then go on our busy way with lives empty of Thee; rather, we come to ask Thy presence and Thy guidance as this day we face the stress of decisions, the strain of toil, the weight of burdens, and the call of duty. Despite the brutalities of man, keep love's banners floating o'er us as we march breast forward in the ranks of those who do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1945

O THOU WHOSE THRONE IS TRUTH, frail creatures of dust, serving out our brief day on the world's vast stage, we would set our little lives in the midst of Thine eternity and feel Thy greatness and Thy peace. Though other helpers fail and comforts flee and bitter loss darkens our path, let the noontide of Thy grace and love remain, for—

> "We fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
> Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness."

And now, seeing in the fair and firm fabric of the Nation's life that we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses to the reality and glory of God, steady our hands as to us is handed on the torch of righteousness with a new commission in this Thy glorious day, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee:" In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1945

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER, we adore Thee whose name is love, whose nature is compassion, whose presence is joy, whose word is truth, whose spirit is goodness, whose holiness is beauty, whose will is peace, whose service is perfect freedom, and in the knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life.

Thy life is within our souls, but our selfishness has hindered Thee. We have not lived by faith. We have resisted Thy spirit. We have neglected Thine inspirations. Forgive what we have been; help us to amend what we are; and, in Thy spirit, direct what we shall be, that Thou mayest come into the full glory of Thy creation in us and in all men: Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 11, 1945

LORD OF ALL BEING, whose glory flames from sun and star and on the earth, with a freshened world washed by Thy cleansing rain, we bring to Thee our parched souls that they may be restored by the riches of Thy grace.

O Thou from whom in vain we try to flee, grant us now in a violent world a saving experience of inner quiet and serenity. The futile years with their bitter lessons have taught us that the things for

which we have greedily grasped—the bauble of fame, the glitter of gold, the allurements of sense, the bread of pleasure—are but vanity and vexation of spirit. And now, this morning hour, with the unsatisfied desires of our seeking hearts, we turn in contrition to Thee. Like flowers in June gardens uplifted to the sun, like still waters that mirror the eternal stars, so we would lift our yearning souls to Thee, our light and our life, our help and our hope: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1945

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER, unto the hills of Thy grace and glory we lift the expectant eyes of our faith, for from Thee cometh our help. Even as with bending backs we toil in the valley, we are grateful that the light of heaven falls upon our daily path and that, in the beauty of common things, we may partake of the holy sacrament of Thy presence.

In these days when searing hate has done its worst on the earth, we thank Thee for men and women of good will under all skies, the saving salt of a tortured world, upon whose integrity of character and whose understanding sympathy with other nations and races the hopes of tomorrow's world rest. Keep strong everywhere all souls who strive to maintain the insights of human brotherhood. In this Capital City set upon a hill, may we be ministers of an abiding peace, true servants of the common good, and forerunners of Thy kingdom's coming. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD AND MERCIFUL FATHER, as around the world the battlements of tyranny tremble and we see fulfilled before our eyes, Thy righteous sentence, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," deliver us from the supreme folly of trusting in the same foul forces we fight. Keep us from the delusion that external might can ever take the place of inner integrity. Open our eyes to the evils within ourselves which shut Thee out. Cleanse us from inner defilement which blinds our eyes to the divine. Save us, as individuals and as a nation, from the smug pride which misses the humble path of meekness, the one road to Thee: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, beset by the perplexities of these calamitous days with all their fury and terror, let not our strength fail nor the vision fade. As in the heat and burden of this epochal day we are called to serve, lead us, for Thy name's sake, to the abiding springs of fresh hope and confidence for a better tomorrow, a new faith in Thy goodness and in the unrealized possibilities of Thy erring children, in spite of the stupid folly by which they have devastated the good earth Thou hast given and marred the costly works of their own hands.

May our own lives, freed of pettiness and prejudice and radiant with good will which leaps all barriers, be channels through which Thy saving grace may flow for the healing of the nations. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD, from whom all thoughts of truth and peace proceed, kindle, we pray Thee, in the hearts of all men the true love of concord, and guide with Thy pure and peaceable wisdom all those who at this time are taking counsel for the nations of this war-shattered globe, that in tranquillity Thy kingdom of justice and righteousness may stretch forth its frontiers until the mantle of Thy love shall cover a redeemed earth.

Where our deeds can help to make this a better world, where our words can keep despondent men on their feet, where our prayers can hasten the coming of a social order in which Thy will shall be done among men, there let us act and speak and pray: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 18, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD, we give Thee thanks that, in spite of the blindness and blundering of Thy wayward children, in every crisis Thou dost raise up leaders to match hours of destiny. Our exultant hearts acclaim the great captain of the hosts of freedom who* this day comes in humble triumph to receive the plaudits of the land which gave him to the common cause. We raise our jubilate that by Thy

* GENERAL EISENHOWER

favor the valorous legions, which his harmonizing genius helped weld into one irresistible phalanx, have battered down the fortress of evil designs and of loathsome brutalities, and that he returns today in glorious victory, leaving behind a refuge of lies in dust and ashes and the arrow of freemen piercing the dragon's heart. It is Thy divine might which has made the glory of humanity's foe to cease and cast his throne down to the ground. May we learn the lesson that our sons and brothers who will never come back fain would teach us, lest we win the fight in the field and lose the peace in the forum: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1945

GOD OUR FATHER, we thank Thee for the unquenchable impulse toward Thee Thou hast planted within us. Open our eyes to see Thee, not out on the rim of the universe, in some distant star, but in human love which hallows our own lives, which at its best bears witness to Thee and alone can heal the hurt of the world.

Conscious of Thy overshadowing presence, we pray for fidelity not to shirk the issues of these momentous days. Committing our souls unto Thee, who knowest the way we take, bring us forth as gold tried in the fire: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1945

GOD OF ALL MERCY, who art acquainted with our frailties and forgivest even our craven denials of Thyself, Thou knowest that, as we pause in penitential devotion at this daily arbor of quiet, we hate the sins that make Thee mourn and that draw us from Thy will and the glory of our better selves. While wild winds of hate and fury sweep across seething nations in a desperate day, may we be strengthened for the highest public duty, even as peacemakers for a torn and tortured world, ever keeping inviolate, apart from all the traffic of life's ways,

"A little place of mystic grace,
Of self and sin swept bare,
Where we may look upon Thy face
And talk with Thee in prayer."

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1945

GOD OF OUR FATHERS, above all the commotion and confusion of the busy present with its bewildering demands, we would now turn aside to seek the quietness of Thy presence. Following the example of the Nation's founders, we pause at midday to lift our thoughts above all pressing cares and public concerns into the contemplation of Thy infinite calm. In the secret of Thy pavilion we take refuge from the strife of tongues. By tasks too difficult for us, we are driven unto Thee for strength to endure and wisdom to rightly interpret the signs of trying times.

In these hallowed Halls may we serve with fidelity the cause of our country and of our common humanity and, so, help to build the city of God on the ruined wastes of this disturbed and disordered world. We ask it through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1945

GOD OF ALL RACES AND NATIONS, our best contrivings, our wisest plans will stand out as mute monuments of futility in a valley of dry bones unless upon them all Thou shalt breathe the breath of life. If, chastened by Thy immutable laws, a shattered world is to leave behind mutual slaughter, exploitation, suspicions and hatred, and march together, no matter how long the way, toward a fairer earth in which nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall learn war any more, then only Thy pillar of cloud and of fire can lead to that golden era.

In this high hour, with the eyes of the world upon a new charter of hope, we lift our fervent prayer: Send out Thy light and truth, let them lead us; from the city of destruction, let them bring us to Thy holy hill of life and peace. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1945

FATHER OF ALL, Thou hast not forsaken us, though we pass through the fires of suffering and dwell in the valley of sorrow. As Thou hast strengthened our arm to strike with righteous force those who plot war to achieve their evil purposes, so now, we pray Thee, steel the will of united peoples to seek peace and to renounce all aggressions by the sword. To all nations whose faces now turn toward a new

world linked in fellowship, grant faith which removes mountains, hope which rises above frustration, patience which will bear the strain of waiting, good will which cannot be discouraged, and forgiveness for those who repent, as we ourselves ask to be forgiven: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1945

ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD, our Heavenly Father, at the white altar of peace where all divisive boundaries are forgotten, we bow in reverence and humility praying for the enthronement of brotherhood in all the earth. May the institutions of justice, mutual understanding and cooperative endeavor, devised in these anxious yet hopeful days, be but the instrument of Thy providence bringing to fulfillment at last the prophet's dream: "Violence shall be no more heard in thy lands, wasting nor destruction within thy borders."

Through the lips that speak in this forum of freedom may there be heard by a listening world the solemn summons to men of good will, of all colors and all nations, to a new commonwealth of all peoples in which power shall be administered as a sacred trust dedicated to the common good. In the Redeemer's name we ask it. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1945

O GOD, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, as the torch of a new day lights afresh the path of duty, we bow before Thee in humility and hope. We thank Thee for public servants who, in the darkened valleys of these tragic times, have failed not to lift unto the hills of help the eyes of this stricken generation, messengers of good will who from mountaintops of vision are now heralding a dawning day.

So guide by Thy wisdom the deliberations of this body, entrusted with vast power that awes and solemnizes our hearts, that here, in the fires of a great passion for healing peace, the sacrifices for freedom may be sanctified. Dedicate us anew to the yet unfinished task that we may win the peace for which brave men have died: And Thine shall be the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1945

MOST HIGH GOD, who givest unto every people its heritage to enrich the commonwealth of mankind, at the day's beginning we would bow in humble penitence for our part in the fiery terror of the world's tangled tragedy fed by greed and pride and lust for power. Make pure our motives, ridding us as a nation of all base desire for self-advantage which does not include the weal of all lands. Be Thou the companioning Presence of our daily lives, going with us where we go, sustaining, guiding, correcting, empowering, until our day's work is over and sunset comes to find us undishonored, undefeated, and unashamed: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 2, 1945

ETERNAL GOD, before whose eyes the ages pass, apart from Thee all the schemes of our devising are as futile as a painted ship upon a painted ocean. The waste of waters, through whose mountainous billows we fain would find our way to the desired haven of peace, will swallow us up unless Thy winds fill the sails our hands have fashioned. Breathe on us, breath of God; show us Thy way; sober us by Thy chastisements; help us to put off the works of darkness and to put on the armor of light. Through the new unity of nations forged in fires of shared conflict, lead us to a durable peace, just to all mankind and hopeful for all men.

For our Nation we pray, trusted with power to work weal or woe on the earth. Upon our President, all who counsel with him, upon the Congress, and upon all who represent our strength and administer our responsibilities, we crave Thy divine grace. O God, the goal of swords changed to plowshares is still far away; but may our faces, lighted by a new hope, be turned toward the reddening east. In this day of destiny, when, with all upon the earth, we stand in the valley of decision, may we fail not man nor Thee. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1945

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER, as Thou hast bound together the peoples of the earth, with all their differing traditions and cultures, in a costly struggle for liberty, hold them in one resolve as they solemnly accept measures devised to maintain order and to prevent war.

Hasten, we beseech Thee, through us the day of an ampler life for all, when every man shall dwell in safety among his neighbors, free from gnawing want, free from torturing fears, free to speak his thoughts, and free to choose his altar of worship. Above all other acclaim or reward, we crave the assurance of Thy approving voice: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." In the name of the Prince of Peace. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1945

GOD OF ALL MERCY, bowing at this noontide altar, may we be vividly conscious that we need turn not back to bygone centuries to hear Thy voice, as if Thou dost speak no longer to us now. Give us ears to hear Thy imperial imperatives above the noise of crashing systems, yea, in and through the change and confusion of our day. May we not imagine that the judgment which shall search the secrets of our hearts is postponed to some far-off future assize, when in this day, by our response to the want and woe of Thy world and of Thy children, our brothers, Thy thrones are set: Thou art searching out the souls of men before Thy judgment seat.

So hearing and heeding the voice divine, may our compassion help to heal the open sores of the world as we serve the present age, our calling to fulfill: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 9, 1945

DEAR GOD AND FATHER OF US ALL, in the miracle of another dawning, our grateful hearts rejoice that, fairer than morning, lovelier than daybreak, steals upon us the sustaining consciouness that we are with Thee. Go Thou with us into this strange new day.

We thank Thee for the stirrings of discontent within us with things as they are; for visions of a glory still to transfigure the earth, for the hope of brotherhood and justice and abiding peace. Keep us true to our highest and to Thy unceasing challenge to our best.

> "Direct, control, suggest, this day,
> All we design or hope or say;
> That all our powers, with all their might
> In Thy sole glory may unite."

In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1945

GOD OF ALL MANKIND, our Father, amid the bewilderments of these days of confusion and chaos upon the earth so full of lamentation, mourning, and woe, uncertain and troubled about so many things, we must be sure of Thee else we are lost and undone. The circumstances of our times are so appalling and dismaying that the resources of our souls are utterly inadequate unless Thou replenish them, Thou Shepherd of our pilgrim days, in whose peace our restless spirits are quieted and by whose love our discouraged hearts are reassured.

In this creative hour of human destiny, save us from surrendering to cynicism because of human evil and of being made men of little faith by human folly. Even as we peer upward with soiled face, open our eyes to see a glory in our common life, with all its sordid failures, and, in the heart of the whole cosmic scheme, to feel the pull of a resistless power that makes for love and righteousness more constant than the stars. In that faith we come, with the crystallized hopes of the nations turning in terror from a future without good will, offering our Nation, not as a chalice of privilege and of pride, but as a channel of mercy and help and healing, that all the ends of the earth may be blessed: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD, OUR FATHER, Thy love alone is the flame by which we kindle the altar fires of our conquering hopes. Make us ever mindful that upon the free soil of this continent our fathers with holy toil reared a house of faith hallowed by Thy name. Make us so to believe in America that we shall covet for the whole earth its emancipating truth and light. Launching a great spiritual venture, may our faith master our fears as we join men of good will in creating new instruments of global order. Forbid that we should succeed in putting the foes of our common humanity in chains and yet fail to confess and to curb the besetting sins which lay waste our own lives.

In this solemn hour, as the despairing and sorely wounded world waits for the voice of this land of our hope and prayer—

"O God of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die.

The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide;
Take not Thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride."

In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1945

GOD OF THE FREE, the glad cry of our grateful hearts is as the chiming of Te Deums to the Father God who hath given us the victory; for the Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God. For not by our own might and strength has this hour of triumph lifted up our hearts: Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory.

Over a world dyed dark with suffering breathes the deep, sweet sigh of peace, and countless hearts break forth in praise and unutterable thanksgiving to Thee, who wast our shield and our shelter when the earth did tremble, which now is still. May the sacrifice of young lives spent and sorrow endured commend us to Thee, our help and hope, who sustained a righteous cause, that Thou mayest order the beginning, direct the progress, and perfect the achievement of the work which peace makes paramount in this creative day; and in Thy great mercy fold the whole earth in peace under Thy wing: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, in the peaceful stillness of this Chamber of freedom where fateful decisions have molded the life of the Nation, we lift the cup of our grateful joy that o'er all the earth the cannon are muzzled, the planes are nested, the navies anchored, and the silence breaks to a bird's song, a child's laughter, and a mother's low cry.

As the assembly line turns from the products of death to the simple wares of peace, and the bayonet is put away and the plowshare is

lifted again, our hearts are singing: "This is the day which the Lord hath made"; this is the peace; this is the liberty; this is the freedom we have bought with tears and sweat and blood; this is the tomorrow of our anxious yesterdays; this is the good future now begun. By Thy kindly light lead us in the paths of personal and national righteousness: For Thy name's sake. Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, we thank Thee for the glory of this shining hour as the mute gates of torture and tyranny are battered down and, leading captivity captive, men of valor return in honor from pagan lands of living death. Our glad hearts rejoice that each new day the speaking air records the reign of ruthless invaders ended, ancient liberties restored, and prostrate peoples standing once again on their feet.

In this hour of triumph and proud sorrow, with victory stained yet glorified by the blood of our dearest, we seek Thy guidance as, facing the peril as well as the privilege of peace, we resolve as a people under God to do nothing unworthy of those who have died for us, and to make the world such a world as they would have desired and of which they dreamed for their children and ours. In the Redeemer's name we ask it. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1945

LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT, only Thou art the hope of our distracted world in the disaster the wrath of men hath brought upon it. Though the people imagine a vain thing, Thou still art God; Thy mercy endureth through all human denials and betrayals. As we see Thy righteous sentence swiftly overcoming the ungodly, we know that for us and for all who sin against the light of truth Thy judgment is not postponed to some far-off future day. Give us to know that upon the slopes of the Sinai of Thy immutable law our feet stand, that even now the books are open and the thrones set. Make plain to our understanding that our legislative enactments and our economic adjustments in themselves cannot bring social salvation except as they clear the way for that spiritual strength without which we labor in vain, without which all else is as futile props

against a decaying house that the Lord hath not made: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, who art in heaven and in all Thy works, we pause in the midst of thronging duties and confused issues to commune with Thee, unseen source of goodness, beauty, and truth, that the light which is the Light of the world may shine upon us and illumine our path of action. May we know no glory but the supreme satisfaction of rendering to the Nation and to the world our utmost service unsullied by base motives of self-interest as, again, with the golden gift of a new day we pledge, at this white altar of devotion, integrity of character, purity of heart, and cleanness of hands and unswerving firmness of purpose in the fulfillment of this high and holy calling as servants of the Republic: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, in the quiet of this moment of prayer, we would make our souls the sanctuary of Thy spirit. Be Thou our chart and compass in all the complex problems of state. Endue with understanding and sympathy, as well as with a sense of stern justice, those who as Thy ministers in great capitals of the world are planning peace and plenty for lands torn and uprooted by the ghastly horrors of war.

Grant us brotherhood, not of words but of acts, not bounded by barriers of tongue—a brotherhood that sees that freedom must be nurtured or it dies, that if our brethren anywhere are oppressed we are oppressed, that if they hunger we hunger. As workers together with Thee, teach our hearts and our hands to build, in these our days, that city where Thou shalt dwell with man, where darkness and sorrow and pain and want shall be no more: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1945

MOST LOVING FATHER, grant unto us quiet hearts, freed from fear and feverish anxiety, as we stay our minds on Thee. In the midst of problems that perplex, in a world so full of shouting and

tumult, may we keep clear a path to the inner temple where, bowing our spirits in humility and reverence, we guard in unceasing vigil the sacred flame of hope and faith and love on the altar of the unseen and eternal.

In these days wherein the souls of men are sorely tried, when so much is demanded of those who would serve the present age, grant us the divine strength and grace that we may prove worthy of every trust the Nation commits to our hands, as on the anvil of vast issues there slowly takes shape the new and better world that is to be: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1945

O THOU WHO ART THE LIGHT OF MAN'S MIND, with eyes of wonder we have greeted again the eternal miracle as dawn has conquered the darkness; so rise with the morning upon our souls. Let the effulgent noontide of Thy enlightening grace make clear our paths. Lead us along these treacherous and tortuous ways by Thy unfailing love into more abundant life for all the world until it shall be daylight everywhere: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1945

O GOD, who commandest the morning, into whose merciful and guiding hand we commit our wills and our work in confidence and calm, open our ears, we beseech Thee, to hear the call of far horizons and the stirring trumpets of challenge sounding the advance to a new era for mankind. Make us alive and alert to the spiritual values which underlie all the struggle of these epic days. With a sense of empty futility, we confess our utter inability to save our souls and our world by our own lifting.

In these exhausting days, replenish the secret springs of our parched hearts with the water of life, expand our understanding and our sympathy until the whole earth is our fatherland and all humanity our care: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD, fountain of all life, from whom cometh all serenity and certainty, flow into us as a deep and healing stream this day and let little things be submerged in great things and the fretful

anxieties of time be seen in the quiet horizons of the abiding. Deliver us from the sin of self-distrust and from the greater sin of forgetting Thee, to trust ourselves.

We tremble at the possibilities for evil which lurk in our own hearts. Grant unto Thy erring and willful children moral control and a ruling passion for world brotherhood, lest the awful instruments of death and destruction now held in frail human hands scourge the planet and melt into brittle glass the fruitful earth.

Open our eyes to the futility of changing maps without changing men. To this end may selfishness and all uncleanness be burned from our hearts, error purged from our minds, and our will be lost in Thine: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1945

ETERNAL SPIRIT, by whose word man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening: Through the terror and tumult of this tragic day, may we discern the shining path which is leading upward to the City of God. Set our feet with steadfast purpose, day by day, upon the glowing pathways of righteous duty and selfless service. In spite of suspicions, animosities, disappointments, and disillusionments which plague the councils of men, gird our hearts to seek peace and pursue it, that the sadly sundered family of mankind may at last be bound by golden cords of understanding fellowship around the feet of the one God: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1945

O THOU WHO ART THE LIGHT BEHIND LIFE'S SHADOWS AND THE LOVE BEHIND LIFE'S SORROWS, stooping to our low estate, give to us, we beseech Thee, sufficient of Thy light for us in the dark to rise by. Thus in the constant radiance of Thy presence may we walk life's common way in fortitude and singleness of heart. Our fathers trusted in Thee and were not confounded as, in Thy name, they laid the deep foundations of this free land. In dark days Thou didst lead them along a toilsome and tedious road. So may our hearts be sensitive to Thy guidance and our daily service worthy of the trust which the Nation has committed to our hands.

We ask it in that Name which is above every name. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1945

ETERNAL GOD, our need is the altar of our prayer; the panoply of Thy love is the sanctuary of our devotion. Thou hast called us, whose lives pass swiftly as a watch in the night, to labor with Thee in the unfolding purpose of the ages. Since it is of Thy mercy that this another day is added to our lives, sanctify our work; let no unhallowed words pollute the tongues which Thou hast made to praise and bless Thee, no evil action defile the bodies which Thou hast taught us are the temples of Thy presence: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1945

ETERNAL FATHER, we come to Thee at the noontide hour when, from the Nation's beginning, our fathers have turned aside to seek Thy face. Commissioned to be peacemakers for a war-torn world, we first need a peace within our own hearts far deeper than the world can give. For never does a new day find us fit for the highest service until we have cleansed ourselves by communion with Thee.

We come with confession and contrition. There haunt us memories of duties unperformed, noble promptings disobeyed, deeds of kindness and of pity that we have left too late; words untrue, acts unkind, thoughts impure—the stain of these is on us all. Make us brave enough to bear the truth, even about ourselves, and clean and sincere enough to rise with our dead selves as stepping stones to higher things—our climbing feet upon the path of the just and our faces bathed with the shining light that groweth more and more unto the perfect day: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1945

O GOD OF LAW AS WELL AS OF MERCY, groping for light in this era shadowed by horror and for life in this dread day darkened by death, we but reap the harvest our hands have sown. Open our ears as the long centuries speak of systems that have had their day and ceased to be.

O Thou before whose face nations wax and wane, Thou who wilt not be mocked, for tomorrow's weal make us to know and obey Thy will, that it may be done on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1945

MOST MERCIFUL GOD, who art the fountain of all grace, the source of all wisdom and goodness, we would lift our eyes to the infinite blue of Thy love, which arches each new day, and rest our souls on the assurance that, transfiguring even the darkest cloud, there is the radiant bow of Thy promise. Near the forum, with its din and clash of human interests, may we keep an altar where a constant sense of the eternal may save us from spiritual decay, from moral cowardice, and from any betrayal of the highest public good: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD, in whose keeping are the destinies of men and nations, endue with Thy wisdom our fallible minds. In the midst of decisions that concern fearful forces of nature which, if not harnessed by mutual good will, may destroy us utterly, give us greatness of soul that the keys of new power may be used to open doors, not of peril but of plenty, for the whole earth. In disturbing days, strengthen us with the assurance that in the supreme tests only the soul is decisive and that only the spirit can save the flesh.

So distill upon us the dews of quietness and calm that in simple trust and deeper reverence we may be found steadfast and abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that in Him and for Him and with Him our labor is not in vain. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1945

O GOD HIGH OVER ALL, pilgrims of the night, we would reach for Thy hand in the darkness. Even as the busy tribes of flesh and blood with all their cares and fears are carried swiftly onward by the flood of this tempestuous day, lead us who seek Thy face to still waters and green pastures, where, in some quiet shrine of the spirit, we may be reassured of those values which are excellent and permanent and which assert their sovereignty in all life's changing scenes

Write deep in our hearts the suffering and pain of shepherdless multitudes so wearied by the burden and the stress of life. Grant us such a vision of our needy world, in this great day of our opportunity, as shall make us instant and eager sharers with Thee in its

redemption. Redeem our failures, pardon our transgressions, transform every task into a throne of service, and crown this day of labor with the benediction of Thy peace. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1945

O GOD, from whom all holy desires and all good counsels do proceed, rise mercifully with the morning upon our darkened hearts. In this tragic and tangled world we are conscious of our woeful inadequacy to sit in the seats of judgment, to balance the scales of justice, and to respond with equity to the myriad calls of human need. Wilt Thou crown our deliberations with Thy wisdom and with spacious thinking. Wilt Thou light our eyes with Thy sympathy for all mankind.

As we face the questions which confront us and almost confound us, quicken in us, we beseech Thee, every noble impulse and sanctify for Thy glory and for human good our best endeavors: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1945

OUR GOD AND FATHER, out of the darkness with its starry beacons of twinkling light has come from Thy hand a bright new day, enshrining in its purple folds the splendor of another dawn. Amidst its busy hours we would bow in reverence, dedicating anew our souls' desires and our minds' powers to the holy service of God and country and to the healing of a sorely wounded world.

Enrich our attitudes and actions with that love for our fellows without whose golden gleam all we say, though we speak with the tongues of men and angels, is but as tinkling cymbals. Mastered by that love which seeketh not its own but the coming of Thy universal kingdom, may the words of our mouths and the meditation of our hearts be this day and always acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer. Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1945

GOD OF ALL THAT IS FAIR AND FREE, we are gratefully glad that the thunder of guns is silenced and that the speeding forts of the air no longer rain destruction on defenseless cities, that multitudes are

being brought back by Christlike pity from the gates of death, and that united nations are taking their first fumbling and faltering steps in cooperation. Yet we are solemnly conscious that the battle for the peace of the world is not won. Not content with the victories of war, may we commit our highest powers anew to those ideals that must win in all our strife if the world is to be remade. So may we ever march in the proud company of our own self-respect, with the banners of freedom and justice going on before: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1945

O GOD, Thou source of light that never fades, make sensitive our spirits lest the high and holy knock at our heart's door in vain; open our eyes to see Thy exceeding glory mirrored in the flower that blooms for a brief day, in stricken leaves that whirl about mournful autumn paths, in the glory of trees that lift their leafy arms to pray. In the dimness of our souls, may we not miss the splendor of Thine infinite love incarnated in lowly human lives, smiling in the face of a little child, inspiring in the unforgettable devotion of a mother's brooding love and a father's selfless care.

Grant, above all, that we may see our tasks glorified in the radiance of that One whose revelation of life abundant is the sun of all our seeing and in whose face flames the light of the glory of God. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1945

MOST MERCIFUL GOD, who knowest our necessities before we ask and our ignorance in asking, have compassion, we beseech Thee, upon our infirmities; strengthen us in all noble impulses and daily increase in us the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and knowledge and true godliness. Dowered with privileges as no other nation, may our high estate be to us Thy call to protect the weak and exploited, that through the potent ministry of our dear land all peoples of the earth may be blessed: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, who givest the day for work and the night for repose, grant to us a deep sense of Thy presence in the return of this

hour when duty, that stern echo of Thy voice, calls us again to counsel for the Nation's weal. Despite earthborn clouds of misunderstanding and suspicion, keep us from the cynicism that corrodes and from the blight of disillusionment. Make us ever loyal to that high adventure which seeks the larger, nobler way for our struggling race to live together according to Thy will for the good of all: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1945

SPIRIT OF THE ETERNAL, we thank Thee that Thou art not far off, out on the vast rim of the universe, but nearer to us than breathing; warm, sweet, tender, a present help, waiting to live in us; our daily sustenance, the fountain of a courage that will not fail and of a power that can use our frail weakness as its healing and illuminating channel.

In this confused day, with its noisy voices and contending claims, grant unto these Thy servants that they may be faithful to every trust committed by the people to their hands, giving utterance only to their highest, noblest thought, and that upon their shoulders there may rest unsullied the white mantle of the Nation's honor: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1945

O THOU WHOSE DWELLING IS THE LIGHT OF SETTING SUNS AND THE OCEAN AND THE LIVING AIR AND THE BLUE SKY AND IN THE MIND OF MAN, we would make our reverent spirits a temple for Thy habitation; for Thou dost deign to dwell also in humble and contrite hearts. In the blackness of the night and in the brightness of the noon, Thou art not far from any one of us.

Break down the barriers that keep our inner lives from Thee, for we confess the evils within ourselves that shut Thee out. Through the clear windows of cleansed souls, may we see the beauty of the world that lies about us, the flaming glory of every task committed to our hands, the divinity of every service that stoops to another's need, and the splendor of integrity that values an approving conscience more than the empty applause of men. In the Redeemer's name, we ask it. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1945

ALMIGHTY AND EVER-LIVING GOD, as we bow in this quiet moment dedicated to the unseen and eternal, confirm our abiding faith, we beseech Thee, in those deep and holy foundations which the fathers laid, lest in foolish futility we attempt to build on sand instead of rock. In a day of violence and of swift and shifting change, when the angry passions of men are bursting anew into devouring flame, enable Thy servants in the discharge of grave responsibilities of public trust to be calm and confident, wise and just, their hope in Thee as an anchor sure and steadfast, their faith unshaken that out of the ruin and wreck of today Thou art making all things new. We ask it in the Name that is above every name. Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD AND FATHER OF MANKIND, by whom the meek are guided in judgment, to Thy forgiving mercy and cleansing grace we would bring our jaded lives, stained with the defilements of the world and covered with the dust of the road. In the heat of the day, mid all the traffic of the busy ways, we are tempted to reflect in our own attitudes the angry passions of the pressing throng of which we are a part. But, turning to this wayside cross of devotion from the pageantry of passing things, we are ashamed of thoughts that poison the very springs of our being, of actions far beneath our beckoning best, of opinions that are colored by prejudice and of bitter words that sting the sensitive spirits of others. In the shamed contrition which the splendor of Thy presence brings, may every vileness shrink away from our own souls; and as we stay our minds on Thee help us to help the Nation and to serve the world: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1945

FATHER, LOVER OF OUR SOULS, for this moment of the far look we lift our eyes from the swiftly moving scenes about us to the eternal verities by which we live. Give us, we beseech Thee, strength for our burdens, wisdom for our problems, and insight for our troubled times. As by Thy hand in mournful autumn winds Nature shakes off her stricken vesture only to be clothed upon with a new splendor

now on the way, so by Thy spirit, even in bitter blasts of adversity, strip us of all that thwarts Thy will in us and through us and clothe us with the garments of love and service. Planted by the springs of hidden rivers, may we be as trees which bringeth forth fruit in their season and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, help of the ages past, hope for the years to come, in the secret place of the Most High, in the hush of this moment, closing the door of prayer upon the outer world with its tumultuous and unpredictable events, in the white light of Thy holiness, we know ourselves for what we are, petty and proud creatures who seek their own wills and whims, in spite of the polished courtesies and noble professions with which we come to Thee. Cleanse the inner fountains of our hearts from all defiling foulness and from the secret sin of pretense. Touch our lips with live coals from Thy altar of devotion. Fit us to faithfully protect the Republic from outward aggression and from inner selfishness. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, as we come with a new day to the altar of prayer, we thank Thee for all that is highest and best in the life of the nations with whom we joined hearts and hands in the desperate struggle against evil, now by Thy sustaining might ended in triumph for Thy eternal truth. Especially do we think with gratitude of that gallant land *nearest our own shores, across the sea, once a barrier, now but a bridge. From barbarous tongues hast Thou molded our common speech until it rings like iron and shines like cloth of gold, giving a glorious setting to Thine ancient word and preserving Thy written revelation in simplicity and grace. For the world's sake, strengthen the cords which bind us, not only by a common speech but also because we drink at common springs of culture and literature and Christian idealism and share a common loyalty to institutions which foster freedom of person and of speech and the royal

*On the visit of British Prime Minister Attlee.

dignity of the human spirit. We ask it through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD, our thoughts are sobered by the vastness of our commission as we are here called to engage in an enterprise which reaches to the ends of time and affects all men and all lands. Create in us, we beseech Thee, the strength and splendor of loyalties which cannot be shaken and of those integrities of the soul which shall be our support in any confusion and our light in any darkness.

Grant Thy consoling grace to the bereaved family of that one * who in this Chamber for so long served faithfully and well his State, his Nation, and his fellow men. We think tenderly of him this day and cherish his memory as the mortal habitation of his choice spirit is being carried across his native land to the soil of the State he honored. Thanks be to God that such have been, though they are here no more! Leaving an enduring record of public devotion and the benediction of a noble character, now that for him the busy world is hushed, vouchsafe to him, O Lord, light and peace and joy as he mounts from glory to glory in the life everlasting. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1945

ALMIGHTY GOD, our Heavenly Father, from whom we dare not turn lest we fall, and in whom, if we abide, we stand fast forever, grant us, we beseech Thee, this day Thy help in all our duties, Thy guidance in all our perplexities, Thy mercy and forgiveness for all our shortcomings. Suffer not any one of us to cloud the sky or to bruise the rightful self-respect of any fellow pilgrim on life's dusty way by malice or contempt or failure to lift the cup of encouragement, by withholding the full meed of praise for another's work or worth.

Endue with the spirit of wisdom the few among the many to whom in Thy name we entrust the authority and stewardship of government, that there may be justice and peace at home and that through obedience to Thy law and will we may show forth Thy praise among

* Senator John Thomas of Idaho.

all the nations of the earth. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1945

O GOD, FATHER ALMIGHTY, whose love will not let us go, outlasting all our stolid indifference, the resistless working of Thy eternal purpose beats ever against the stubborn self-willed barriers which we have set up. For this still moment may we hush all other sounds save the divine knocking and the entreating voice which says: "If any man will open the door, I will come in." We know, O Spirit of Love and Purity, that when our heart's door swings on its hesitant hinges and Thou dost enter, those things which are unlovely and unclean cannot stay to embitter and pollute.

Come to us, we pray Thee, as refining fire to purge our inner lives from envy, hatred, prejudice, and malice. Suffer us not to let the sun go down upon our wrath. In a mad and violent day, may we walk and work in the peace that the world giveth not, in the charity that thinketh no evil, in the good will that bridges all chasms; and when the sunset comes, may we face its summons with an approving conscience void of offense toward Thee and our fellow man. We ask in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1945

O THOU GOD OF OUR SALVATION, to Thee we lift our hearts in prayer, bringing nothing but our need and the adoration of our contrite spirits. From Thy hands we have received the gift of life, the blessings of home and of friendship, and the sacrament of beauty; in the fullness of Thy mercy Thou hast given us work to do and the strength wherewith to do it.

Make Thou our consecration a channel for the healing stream of Thy grace, so that having been sustained by Thy patience we may be patient, having freely received Thy bounty we may be bountiful, and having been blessed by Thy love without measure we may obey Thy behest, in an earth which is now one neighborhood, to love our neighbor as ourself: Through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, from all the draining duties in the valley of toil, we would take now the climbing morning path to this shrine of our spirits, here to be made aware of eternal realities and lifted out of our littleness by abiding values greater than ourselves, to which we would give ourselves with new singleness of purpose.

In this dismaying era with all its darkness, we are deeply thankful for the things that cannot be shaken and for guiding lights that no winds of violence can ever blow out—for the leaping flame of truth and goodness and beauty and integrity and love, the perpetual light fed by the encompassing presence of the Eternal God of our salvation.

Cleanse our hearts that Thou mayest work in us and through us for the coming of Thy kingdom. In the vast difficulties confronting the makers of peace, restore and strengthen and sustain our souls and lead us in the paths of righteousness: For Thy name's sake. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, as noontide marks the hurrying day and our words are hushed to silence, we would bathe our hearts and minds in the glorious thought that, amidst all life's changing scenes, we are with Thee.

Purge us of low desire; lift us to high resolve. So speak to us that we may hear Thee and, hearing, go forth with obedient hearts to this anguished generation as living echoes of Thy voice. In this great hour of human destiny, deepen in us the sense of surpassing opportunity and of glorious mission to do our full part in averting a global catastrophe as our willful world is given this one last chance. May it be in Thy providence that our America, desiring nothing but peace for herself and for all the world, may come to the kingdom for such a time as this. In the Redeemer's name, we ask it. Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, we thank Thee for the love that our indifference cannot discourage, for the patience that our folly cannot exhaust. As we turn again unfilled to Thee in the heat and burden of the day, wilt Thou restore our souls. If any of us are faltering under

the load of these demanding times, be Thou our reinforcement and comfort as we open our yearning hearts to Thee. Lead us where the quiet waters flow, that our souls may be refreshed ere we enter upon the duties of yet another day. Grant us the enabling grace to follow closely the wounded footprints of that One who wore our flesh as a regal robe and who walked our earthly ways like a conqueror in triumph. In His name we ask it. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1945

OUR FATHER, who revealest Thyself in all that is true and pure and lovely, we beseech Thee to help us make our minds the fitting audience chambers for Thy presence. O Thou who art Light, and in whom there is no darkness at all, help us to open wide the windows of our lives that we may be filled with Thy light.

We pause to acknowledge our human frailty and to lean our weakness against the pillars of Thy almightiness. Grant us wisdom, courage, and understanding adequate to meet the demands of each recurring day. Make us worthy ministers of Him whose love alone can conquer hate. Heal our sorely wounded world, and break down the barriers to human brotherhood. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, in a world filled with sights that sadden and problems that perplex, may our hearts be strengthened by the realization that ours is also a time of splendor, bright with promise as we stand at the portals of tomorrow. May the crashing of outworn things that are falling to earth not hide from our eyes the glory of a new era struggling to birth.

We give thanks with humble yet kindling hearts that we are summoned to live and give in such a time. If this weary flesh of ours, hemmed by foes, should fear or falter, keep us firm and steadfast as we put on the whole armor of faith and hope and love. May we play our part as Thy faithful servants in history's crowning hour. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1945

O LORD OF OUR PILGRIM YEARS, the day returns and brings us the round of its concerns and duties. As in Thy sight we serve in posts of high public office, make us solemnly conscious that our thoughts, our attitudes, our words, and our acts are not our own but go out from this Chamber, set as a light on a hill, to influence and to mold the whole structure of human relationships around the world. Help us in all things to be masters of ourselves that we may be the servants of others.

In these times of tension and strain, preserve us from minding and magnifying little slights and stings, or giving them. Keep us calm in temper, clear in mind, sound of heart, in spite of ingratitude, meanness, or even treachery. In these crucial and creative days, enable us, we pray Thee, to perform faithfully and well what Thou dost require, even to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Thee, our God: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, who amidst all the traffic of our busy ways leadest our steps to this noontide sanctuary of the spirit, take Thou the dimness of our souls away; open our hearts that, facing our tasks with Thee, we may be of a quiet mind. A quenchless desire cries out within us that only Thyself canst satisfy. Without Thee we can find no light, nor rest, nor strength. Like men who turn from dusty toil to crystal streams, like those who raise their eyes from foul and narrow city streets to the snow-clad whiteness of mountain peaks and to the steadfast calm of the friendly stars, so do we lift our gaze to the infinite sky of Thy mercy and to the beckoning hills of Thy help, as we link our hopes for all humankind to Thee, who seest our little troubled hour as one to whom a thousand years are but as one day.

We ask it through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1945

MOST GRACIOUS GOD, OUR FATHER, we give Thee thanks for the exceeding great inheritance by which the life of our generation has been enriched; yet we bewail with shuddering shame that the mas-

tered and harnessed powers of nature which could lift mankind to the serene heights of the good life have been used to debase and destroy. We pray that with changed hearts those of the present, to whose hands the keys of the future have been entrusted, with a wisdom whose beginning is penitence, may use the knowledge now vouchsafed to the race as a sacred stewardship for all mankind. In a violent day, when a molten earth is being poured into new moulds, enable those who think and speak and act here as chosen servants of the Nation to continue steadily in the undaunted company of those who, having tasted of the power of a saner and fairer earth, can never be satisfied with the world as it is, but who are patiently and steadfastly devoted to the world which is to be.

In the Redeemer's name, we ask it. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, in a world where all without is change and decay, and within fear of failure and of the unknown future haunts our hearts, at the springs of Thy abiding presence, we keep alive our faith in values that are permanent and in the kindly light behind all the shadows. Whether joy or pain be our lot, fulfillment or disappointment, even though the waters roar and though the mountains are shaken into the seas, still may we be upheld by an encompassing strength which is of Thee and, by that sustaining power, enabled to face the light of any day or the terror of any night: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1945

O THOU HOLY ONE, whose sanctuary is the spirit of man, only from strands of penitence and purity and forgiveness can a garment of righteousness be woven for our selfish and willful hearts. We are grateful for the great glad tidings of the Advent month, that Thou hast worn our robe of human flesh, and that once again the one irresistible power in the universe smiles at us from a baby's face, while angels from the shining heavens sing of the eternal secret of peace through good will.

As we toil in the midst of epochal days, we humbly invoke Thy spirit's guidance as, with a sense of awesome responsibility, we face the thorny problems of our saddened and shadowed world. These

are the gifts we ask of Thee, Spirit Serene: Strength for the daily task, courage to face the road.

"These are the sins we fain would have Thee take away—
Malice and cold disdain; hot anger, sullen hate;
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of a common day."

Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1945

LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee. Help us Thy name to sing, help us to praise! Help us to toil in these fields of time in the sense of the eternal.

Only when our vision is cleansed and corrected by far horizons can we see the transient in the light of the everlasting. Like tillers of the soil who stand reverently with bowed heads listening to the music of holy bells, as swings the sun his noonday sword, we pause to become spiritually aware of silvery notes from a pealing belfry no mortal eye can see nor ear hear. Send us forth with serenity and calm to meet an agitated world with an unruffled kindness that is strength and an inner candor which is the courage of the soul: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, for a hallowed moment we step aside from the crowded highway to seek the garden of the soul where Thou keepest tryst for us at the cool of the morning hour. Often when we think Thee far away Thou art by our side unrecognized.

In the overwhelming sense of Thy goodness, O God, may all our selfish desires and all our petty egotisms vanish away. Humble us and forgive us, that we may enter into unity with Thee and may become in some measure the instruments of Thy peace. Into Thy hands we commit our spirits in life and in death, which Thou hast told us is but the swinging gateway to a richer realm of vaster service: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1945

OUR FATHER GOD, we thank Thee that in the fullness of the times the lamps of prophecy were dimmed by dawn when the Star of the

Morning arose, as Thou didst gather Thy light into life and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. Once more a weary and war-worn world lifts agonized eyes to the Star of Hope and hails the birth that broke the ages in two. We commemorate His holy nativity, His lowly toil, His lonely way, the gracious words of His lips, the deep compassion of His heart, His friendship for the fallen, His love for the outcast, His care for the sick, the hungry, and the naked.

We thank Thee that He, who came to a crib of straw and could not be stopped by a cruel cross, is our Great Contemporary, and that, when from our plenty we feed and warm and clothe even our enemies, we, too, bow at the manger and keep Christmas in our hearts as the Christ of the Holy Night whispers, "Ye do it unto Me:" In His dear name. Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1945

GOD OF GRACE AND GLORY, as, with an unnumbered host crowding the Bethlehem way under all skies, we come again to the feast of the Child, may we in very truth be drawn into companionship with Him who giveth all. May the delicate tints of flowers, the sweet symbolism of holly, mistletoe and fir, the memory of deep woods, of peaceful hills, and of the mantling snow which guards the sleep of all God's creatures, be but the grateful frame for those gifts which are beyond price, outlast time, and bridge all space—pure joy, a merry heart, a clear conscience; and love which thinks no evil, is not easily provoked and seeks not its own. So may the little Christ hands beckon us to come within the circle of His faith and love where are bright angels of good will and everyday saints and all goodness, truth, and beauty: In His dear name. Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1945

MOST GRACIOUS FATHER, we lift up our hearts as again o'er the earth's dark shadows the angels' song is heard. We rejoice with adoring wonder that the skies are aflame with shining glory and vocal with ecstatic anthems of the winged heralds of peace; for, over an earth grown old with its burden of care, again the voice of the Christ Child rings out with its cheer that we all are the children of God.

With the coming of Christmas everywhere as the only alternative to chaos, grant us such courage that our efforts may never falter; such love that every barrier to brotherhood and equality may be beaten down; such wisdom that every problem of boundary and trade, of language and culture, may be solved; such faith that when the way is long and hard we may yet persevere to the end, in the knowledge that Thy sovereign will reigneth, as revealed in the redeeming Word made flesh. We ask it through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1945

GOD OUR FATHER, in the midst of the caroling joy of this happy season, when universal good will bathes even frigid zones with the warm breezes of the heavenly tropics, may we see with new eyes, as again the Christ Child comes to a world where ill will has wrought such horror, that He is set for the falling and rising of nations—that He does not stay in the manger—He walks in our world of pretense and greed and self-seeking—and that where He goes the judgment of God goes with him. Who shall stand when He appeareth? For he is like a refiner's fire. As He is truth, so His presence floodlights our falseness; as He is wisdom, so His presence uncovers our selfish follies; as He is love, so His presence bares the smoldering hate that we try to hide from one another.

O Thou whose eternal love is refining fire, Christmas tells us that we men and all our works are in the furnace. Cleanse our hearts to abide this day of Thy coming: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1945

"O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!"

Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, who in the toils and troubles of time hast set vistas of eternity in our hearts, as a new year and a new session summon us to face the creative endeavor which Thou dost require of Thy servants who are workers together with Thee in the fashioning of a new order for Thy children, before we talk to one another and to a listening world, we would talk to Thee, without whose strength and wisdom our feeble hands will fail. Save us from the supreme hypocrisy of making this holy moment of communion with the unseen and eternal but a conventional gesture of unfelt piety. At this high altar of the national life, preserve us from praying with our lips only and not with our hearts and minds.

As we come in a high hour of human destiny solemnized by the tangled tragedy in which all human life is caught, help us in these trying days, rising above all that is base and small, to work together in glad and eager harmony for the honor, safety, and welfare of our Nation and of all the peoples of this stricken earth who unite in mutual good will, determined to open the gates of a new life for all mankind. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1946

FATHER OF ALL MERCIES, in a dark and desperate hour, we turn to Thee with deep needs that only Thou canst meet. Everywhere in a violent world we hear voices that challenge all that men have counted fixed, final, and sure. In this day of crashing systems, save us from being prophets of gloom and of doom. Through the fiery destruction of the old, may there be vouchsafed to us vistas of a richer and fairer earth to be. Forbid that we should be so blind today that tomorrow all we now labor for prove like stubble to a devouring flame—the foundations we now choose be revealed as but sinking sand. Scorning the cheap cant of secular panaceas, give us to see that we cannot house our spirits even in ornate barns—that really to live we must build more stately mansions for our souls. We ask it through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1946

ETERNAL GOD, in this still moment, make us vividly aware of Thy divine invasion through all the areas of our yearning lives; give us the grace of hospitality to the highest. As citizens of a world that carries on its bent shoulders a burden of suffering greater than humanity has ever borne, make us inwardly adequate to be Thy ministers of reconciliation.

May the poisoning evils which blight the earth not devastate our inner lives, subduing us to its low standards, confusing us by its chaos, or crushing our faith under its tragedy. Clothed in the undefiled garments of love's pure vestment, may we walk with Thee in white as, in the spirit of the Master, we face the infinite pathos of the troubled world we fain would serve before we fall on sleep: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1946

O THOU KINDLY LIGHT, lead Thou us on. We grope forward with uncertain step in a tense time, dark and filled with fears, as men in mad fury contend for the prizes they fain would grasp and the goals they blindly seek. The encircling gloom is about us. Help us to trust the faithful stars above us and the glow on the far horizon where the gates of dawn await the day of brotherhood. May the Day Star from on high arise within us, dispelling our inner darkness and so making us children of the light.

Grant us honesty in dealing with our besetting sins, humility in confessing them, and resolution in overcoming them. At this high altar in the temple of public service, maintain in us the fidelity of those to whom much has been given and from whom much will be required: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1946

ALMIGHTY GOD, who sustainest man's spirit by an undying hope, our faint and feeble petitions mock any poor attempts to voice the desperate cry of our lives for Thee. We acknowledge the supreme need that our character and our caliber be greatened to match the demands of this time for spacious thinking. Help us to know that all gracious service in life's brief span is based on the gentleness

which makes for greatness; on patience which endureth to the end; on truth which alone makes us free; and on toil which takes all, yet gives all. We pray not to be saved from the earthly ills to which flesh is heir, but we ask that above all there may be given us the enabling grace that we may never betray for expediency's sake the high solemnities of duty which are the very breath of our integrity: In the name of the Redeemer who endured the cross, despising the shame. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1946

O GOD, WHOSE WILL IS PEACE, to the searching light of Thy effulgence we would open the shuttered rooms of our darkened minds. We come confessing the evils that shut Thee out, the narrow circles of self-sufficiency and self-centeredness which are the imprisoning bars of our spirits, keeping us from the glorious liberty of more abundant life whose bounds are as broad as the mystic oneness of humanity which, under all skies, stretches lame hands of prayer to the one God high over all. Having delivered us from fierce foes who plotted to put out the very light of our liberty, save us now from quenching that same precious flame by the angry breath of our own divisive contentions. In the overwhelming sense of Thy goodness, in humble gratitude to the God who has made and preserved us a nation, may we enter into unity with Thy purpose and become in some measure the instruments of Thy healing peace: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1946

O THOU CREATOR OF THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, with whom is no distinction of race or habitation, but all are one in Thee, break down, we beseech Thee, the barriers which divide us; bridge the unhappy divisions of Thy contending children, that we may work together with one accord with each other and with Thee, that all the kingdoms of the world may become the one and radiant kingdom of Thy redeeming love.

As we spend our years like a tale that is told, may it be, to the last page, a tale of service well done, of duty faced without flinching, of honor unsullied, and of horizons stretched out, as daily we fare forth toward journey's end; then of Thy great mercy grant us a safe

lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last: Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1946

GOD OF ALL MERCIES, in a world swept by violent forces with which unaided we cannot cope, Thou only art our help and our hope. Through all the mystery of life Thy strong arm alone can lead us to its mastery. Thou hast made of our very restlessness a sign that without Thee we cannot be satisfied.

Fronting the claimant duties of this new week, steady our spirits with a realization of untapped power available to servants of Thy will, if only they go quietly and confidently about their appointed tasks. Forgive us the distrust of ourselves, of life, and of Thee, and for the doubts which besiege us when the heights above are full of the chariots of God. Amen.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1946

ETERNAL GOD, whose glory the heavens and the earth declare and whose garments vast and white we touch in all truth, all beauty, all goodness, we are grateful that Thou dost bend so close to our frail mortality that, at the altar of prayer, spirit with spirit may meet. Though our faces are shadowed by earth's tragedy, we lift them in faith to the Light that no darkness can put out. Praying for grace to make us worthy of so momentous a time, our intercession rises for our Nation, its President, the Congress, and all who influence its policies, and for the whole body of the people, that the fearful sacrifices of our costly war may not end in disillusionment of mankind's hopes and the despair of our children after us. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, who art the Love that never forgets and the Light that never fails, Thou hast taught us that when we lend a hand to Thy earthly children in their striving for life and light we hallow Thy name. Grant us, we beseech Thee, courage, patience, wisdom, and vision for the living of these days on ages telling. Enrich us with the durable satisfactions of life, so that the multiplying years may not find us bankrupt in those things that matter most,

the golden currency of faith and hope and love. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1946

LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, who amidst the shifting sands of time standest sure, like men who turn from dusty toil to crystal streams, so we lift our soiled faces to Thee from the perplexities and the imperfections which crowd the common days. As we pause in reverent silence, let this high place, so great a factor in tomorrow's pattern for all men, become the audience chamber of Thy presence. Because there is no solution of the world's ills save as it springs from the hearts of men, we pray for ourselves: Cleanse Thou our hearts by Thy grace, feed our minds with Thy truth, guide our feet in Thy paths: For Thy name's sake. Amen.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1946

O THOU SHEPHERD OF SOULS, who dost neither slumber nor sleep, we seek the completeness which is only in Thee, because Thou hast first sought us. In conscience, in quiet hours when above earth's strident voices the still small voice speaks to our inmost self, in thoughts that will not stay on the ground, in deep needs that drive us to Thee, in the sacrament of human love, the beauty of nature, the spiritual heritage of our race, in seers and prophets and in Christ over all, Thou dost stand at the door and knock. May we open the door and, admitting the Divine Guest, be ourselves fit channels of that love which at last will break down every wall of partition and fulfill the desires of all nations. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, author of liberty, who hath made and preserved us a nation, may there be forever cherished in this shrine of freedom, and therefore be found in us who are here called to serve the Republic, those spiritual values which alone can bring order out of chaos and peace out of strife. May the shield of our own unyielding integrity be always lifted against the arrows of all that shuns the light and against all betrayal of justice and righteousness, in a time when the world's hopes depend on character. In Thy

providence for all the world may this "sweet land of liberty," with all its privilege and power, be the quarry where shall be fashioned the white stones of a new order whose "alabaster cities shall gleam undimmed by human tears." We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1946

MOST MERCIFUL GOD, whose throne standest steadfast and sure, even as on this our spinning habitation in the vastness men's hearts fail for fear, into Thy hands of love we commit ourselves and our troubled world. In this great day of our opportunity, Thou hast set us tasks which test all our courage, trust, and fidelity. May we be strong to do the things which need to be done and to put aside the things which are unworthy or belittling or base. Grant us vision to follow in faith Thy ways of love and truth until our lives become Thy revelation and Thy spirit touches into the beauty of holiness our thoughts and deeds. We ask it through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1946

ALMIGHTY GOD, with whom there is no shadow that is caused by turning, conscious that in the rough and rushing world there is upon us constantly the hot breath of malice and envy, of evil tempers and thoughts, in this quiet moment of devotion breathe on us, breath of God, fanning to flame our smoldering faith that the dross which weights the wings of our spirits may be consumed.

As those into whose unworthy hands has been placed the crying needs of stricken humanity, may the thoughts of our minds and the sympathies of our hearts, the words of our lips, and the decisions of our deliberations be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer. Amen.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1946

MOST HOLY AND MERCIFUL GOD, the strength of our weakness, the refuge of our weariness, the Good Shepherd of our waywardness, in the searching light of Thy presence, we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness which we from time to time most grievously have committed, by thought, word, and deed, against

Thy righteous law of love. In an hour of dire human need, Thou hast opened before us a potent ministry to all the earth. Save us from the pride of self-will, from enfeebling faults of judgment, from the blindness of prejudice, from vagueness of purpose, and from discouragement in temporary failure. Lift up our hearts in glad expectation because, with a new era of world cooperation at the door, redemption draweth nigh; enable us to trim our lamps and at the midnight cry go forth to meet the Bridegroom: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1946

O THOU who dost lift up our hearts to visions of a larger good:

"The world is weary of its pain
Of selfish greed and fruitless gain,
Of tarnished honor, falsely strong,
And all its ancient deeds of wrong.

Almighty Father, who dost give
The gift of life to all who live,
Look down on all earth's sin and strife
And lift us to a nobler life."

In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, to the white altar of Thy grace in the brightness of this new morning, we come, bowing in our ignorance and weakness, praying for strength and wisdom to face with courage the somber specters that stalk the darkened earth. Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah, in these chaotic days as we seem to wander between two worlds, one dead, the world of force and ruthless competition; the other, a world of understanding and cooperation, powerless to be born until ancient feuds and fears are melted in the refining fires of a common concern and destiny for all mankind. That we may be the servants of Thy redemption, wilt Thou put Thy law in our inward parts and write it in our hearts, so turning statutes into songs: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1946

O THOU GOD OF OUR SALVATION, again as earth rolls onward into light and the dawn leads on another day, our voice shalt Thou hear

in the morning; O Lord, in the morning will we direct our prayer unto Thee and will look up.

May the hush of Thy presence move us in this hallowed moment to adoration, and may all voices be stilled that Thine may be heard. Come to us now through the silence and, ere duty lead us back to a noisy, crowded way, speak to our waiting hearts words of forgiveness, of empowering, and of cleansing; that, as servants of Thine and of the people, we may the more worthily serve this great day when the hearts of men are stirring with the throb of deep desire: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1946

O LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH, we, the children of time, turn in gratitude to Thee who, from everlasting to everlasting, art God. As we pause at the footstool of Thy grace, our hearts are both bowed with awe and lifted up with hope. To a world where evil seems so rampant, may our contribution be a life purged of self, of all impurity and hatred, moved by compassion and by concern for all mankind. Amid pollution, may our own motives be a part of the salt of the earth, in the darkness our spirits be as the candle of the Lord. May the great causes that will mold the future into the pattern of Thy desire and design, that will heal the world and rebuild it, that will create good will and usher in abiding peace, challenge the best that is in us, as we serve our brief day, and gain the supreme allegiance of our love and labor. We ask it in the name of the Master of all good workmen. Amen.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, who in every hour of destiny dost use human talents to accomplish Thy tasks and human lips to blow the trumpets of Thy freedom, in reverent and grateful remembrance of him whose birth we this day celebrate, help us not simply to glorify his name but to emulate his virtues. Meeting in this Capitol, whose foundation stones his hands helped to lay, listening once more to his wise words as he left the public stage of action, may Thy servants, who now before their fellows and the world represent the Nation upon whose struggling beginnings his name and sign is forever affixed, like him, achieve calmness in turmoil, courage in danger,

hope in despair, patience in perplexity, faith in eternal verities, and a conscience higher than fame and the praise of man; then at the end may we, too, like one drawing the draperies of his couch about him, lie down to dreamless sleep in sure confidence of the larger life, leaving behind the white monument of a character unsullied and a record blameless, without stain or shame: Through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1946

ETERNAL FATHER, most real when most invisible, ere our wistful yearnings break into faltering words, Thou seest our deepest needs; past sobs and sighs and stammering tongues, Thou knowest that as the hart panteth after the water brook so thirst our souls after Thee.

Save us from presumptive pride that feigns an understanding that it does not possess. Open our inner eyes that, with all our seeing, we may not miss the beauty and strength of a spiritual world more real even than the driven dust beneath our feet or the feathered songsters that wing their trackless way above our heads. Make us fit vessels to receive the glory and the good Thou desirest to give to us, and through us to all the waste places of this stricken earth: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1946

O GOD, whose love for Thy children reacheth to the ends of the earth, in the golden glory of a new dawn as the curtain of darkness is folded back, Thou grantest us the high privilege of faring forth to be laborers together with Thee in the coronation of goodness, as Thy kingdom comes. We wait for Thy benediction that we may face whatever the day brings in the gladness of Thy guidance, in the glory of Thy service, and in the solemn realization that we are, indeed, our brother's keeper.

As leaders of the Nation in these tempestuous days, give us kind hearts, clear thought, and quiet faith; and among ourselves and in our dealing with all the peoples of the world, in nations great and small, may we be so transparently just and fair that falsehood and every evil that shuns the light may be banished by the truth which makes men free. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1946

"Shed Thou, O Lord, Thy light
On this strong land.
Firm in the ways of right,
Strong may she stand.

Make her to all earth kin,
Teach her to share,
Cleanse her of inward sin;
Lord, hear our prayer.

Here let all men be free
Under Thy sun;
Bound in fraternity
All peoples one.

Here let Thy truth be power,
All deeds be just.
Save, Lord, in this grave hour;
In Thee we trust."

Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1946

ALMIGHTY AND ETERNAL GOD, Thou art the center and soul of every spinning sphere in the vastnesses of space that mocks our imagination, yet Thou art to each trusting heart how near. We are but the frail children of time and, from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Yet even as we tread the earth the sky stoops to meet us; so Thy completeness meets our incompleteness as our fainting hearts cry out in the midst of every weakness and every need:

"All this God is all for me,
A Father all my own."

We come conscious that the regal fact of Thy fatherhood ties us to every son and daughter of Thine under the spreading canopy of Thy universal love. May the great causes that concern Thy human family, the selfless ministries that heal the world and rebuild it, the attitudes that create good will and make abiding peace possible at last, gain the utter allegiance of our labor and our love: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1946

O GOD OUR FATHER, light of all that is true, strength of all that is good, glory of all that is lovely, we lift our anxious eyes from the

swiftly changing scenes of earth, which so perplex us and dismay us, that we may see again in Thee the wisdom, the serenity, the power, and the love sufficient for our needs.

As toils and turmoils testing our jaded spirits wait with each day's duty, so, blessed be Thy name, at noontide stand these gates of peace that open to a holy shrine of prayer. Here we bow utterly alone, bringing each a life stained by sin yet strengthened by trial, sobered by failure yet rejoicing in hope, and enriched by friendships. Possess us with Thy passion for purity and peace; purge us by Thy cleansing fire, that for this troubled day we may be the faithful servants of Thy redeeming will: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1946

ETERNAL SPIRIT, Thou dost so fill all things with Thy glory that earth and sky and sea but thinly veil Thy presence. In the beauty of the world we find Thy footprints leading on to hilltops of vision. In the goodness of human hearts, like fragrant lilies 'midst the miasmic swamps of evil, Thy holiness breathes upon us. In truth, though crushed for an hour, rising triumphant over falsehood and pretense Thou dost put into our hands the keys for every prison house of the spirit; everywhere is the hem of Thy garment; everything is the minister of Thy saving grace—sickness and health, weakness and strength, success and failure, joy and pain, sunshine and storm, life and death.

Make us great enough for these great days. Cast down our pride—national, racial, personal; join us to those who labor to bring sense and system to this disordered globe, and grant that our eyes may yet look upon a world that has found a pathway leading on toward the plains of universal peace—

> "When all men's good be each man's rule
> Through all the circle of the golden years."

In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, for these blue days and fair and for eyes to see and for hearts to feel, we lift our morning hymn of praise. As winter graves change to springtime gardens, all nature speaks to us

of stirring life and of the earth reborn to haunting loveliness. Bushes afire with Thee seem to whisper secrets that our dull souls are too dense to comprehend. Deep within us replenish our spirits with new life. Breathe upon our deadness, O breath of God; fill us with fresh faith, a surer sense of Thy presence, a triumphant confidence in Thy final victory over the hearts of men. May we face these baffling days with the glad assurance that no weapon that has been formed can prevail against Thy eternal purpose. From the schemes of selfish and stubborn men we turn sure and content to a resistless force that will at last burn away every barrier to brotherhood, and to Thee, our God, who will not fail nor be discouraged until, on a cross deep-rooted in Thine own heart, Thou dost lift a lost world to the radiance of Thy love and light. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 2, 1946

FATHER OF LIGHTS, in a world that lieth in darkness, swept by fitful winds of despair and doubt, we pause at this sheltered sanctuary of Thy grace to make sure that the light within is not dimmed. We lift our soiled and shadowed faces to the one true light, knowing that if we keep our hearts with Thee there is no darkness from without which can quench the light that is within.

In this desperate hour, when the world's hope of a bright tomorrow is committed to our frail hands, join us to the great company of unconquered spirits who in evil times have stood their ground, preserving the heritage of man's best, and whose flaming faith has made their lives as lighted windows amid the encircling gloom. We ask it in the ever-blessed name of that One who is the Light of the World. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1946

FATHER OF ALL MANKIND, together we pause at this appointed time to behold in the still clear waters of the morning the steadying vision of Thy eternal goodness. In a day when all we value most seems so often to be at the mercy of all we value least, so direct Thy servants who here serve the Republic, that the best which is expected of them and of which their dedicated faculties are capable may be brought to bear, without fear or favor, upon the confused issues of this critical day. Grant us such resolution in striving for

a peace built on justice and decency and on the respect and the rights of nations, great and small, and such courage and patience in defending these high principles, despite any disheartenment, that the children of coming generations shall rise up and call us blessed: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1946

O GOD, at whose word man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening, keep within the grasp of Thy firm hand the threads of this day's words and deeds that we may not mar the fair design of what Thou wouldst do for us and through us. In times of turmoil, may we find Thy peace; and, for testing tasks set before us, grant Thy empowering. So for these demanding days may the strength of each be as the strength of ten, because our hearts are pure. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1946

O GOD, our spirits are restless until they find the rest of Thy presence; our hearts are empty and our lives barren until Thou dost possess our very souls. Apart from Thee, these feverish days are but tangled tragedy, sound and fury signifying nothing, devoid of meaning, dignity, and beauty. In Thy radiance trivial rounds become sacraments; common days are glorified; bitterness, disappointment, and failure are transfigured and redeemed.

This day consecrate with Thy presence the way our feet may go and the humblest work will shine and the rough places be made plain. Suffer not any one of us to bruise the rightful self-respect of any child of Thine, our brother, by malice or contempt. So help us to walk while it is yet day, following the wounded footprints of Him who with the fewest hours finished the divinest work. We ask it in His blessed name. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1946

ALMIGHTY GOD, from whom all thoughts of truth and peace proceed, kindle, we pray Thee, in the hearts of all men the true love of peace; and guide with Thy pure wisdom those who here take counsel for the Nation and for the nations of the earth, that in tranquillity Thy kingdom may go forward till the earth is filled with the

transforming knowledge of Thy love: Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 8, 1946

O GOD OF PEACE, who hast taught us that in returning and rest we shall be saved, in quietness and confidence shall be our strength. By the might of Thy spirit lift us, we pray Thee, to Thy presence where we may be still and know that Thou art God. By the grief and sorrow under every sky, by the privation and hunger of mothers and children, by blighted lands strewn with poverty, shame, and suffering, by the crimson tide of sacrifice in which the treasures of manhood have been poured out, redeem us, O God, as a people unto Thy holy ways. Save us in this great hour from the madness of man's mistaken plans. In paths beyond our human eye to discover, lead us to that concord which is the fruit of righteousness. Grant us reason and insight to apply our hearts unto wisdom and to bring every thought and effort into captivity to the high endeavor of peace on earth: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1946

GOD OF ALL GRACE AND LOVE, who coverest the earth with a tapestry of beauty, who art the source of our being and the goal of our striving, hallowed be Thy name. In the midst of the high concerns of public service in this demanding and confusing day of global change, we are grateful for quiet cloisters of the spirit where, in moments of reverential calm, Thou dost restore our souls. In a violent world we seek Thy rest and the refuge of Thy sheltering wing; yet we desire not the rest of those whose hands are folded and whose swords are sheathed. Weary and heavy laden, grant us inward rest, the peace and poise of the Master Workman who steadfastly faced hate's worst, and who says to all who follow in His train, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." In His name we pray. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1946

O GOD OUR FATHER, Thou searcher of men's hearts, help us in this opening moment of a new day's council to draw near to Thee in tranquillity, in humility, in sincerity. Thou hast so fashioned us that when no low ceiling shuts us from the bending sky our hearts

turn to Thee as gladly and naturally as summer flowers turn to the sun.

We thank Thee for friendships that enrich our lives and for duties that challenge our powers, for rainbows of radiant hope and for rosaries of precious memories, for joys that cheer us and for trials that teach us to put our trust utterly in Thee. With Thy benediction, may we face the toil of this day with honest dealing and clear thinking, with hatred of all hypocrisy, deceit, and sham, and in the knowledge that all great and noble service in this world is based on gentleness and patience and truth: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1946

ALMIGHTY GOD, who desirest truth in the inward parts, we would come to Thee in that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom. Keep us, we beseech Thee, from the folly of attempting to deceive Thee, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known. As those whose powers are dedicated to the Nation's weal, make us ever faithful to each challenging duty, loyal to every high claim, responsive to the human needs of this suffering earth. Setting a seal upon our lips so that no thoughtless words of ours shall sting or harm another, valiantly may we meet this day's waiting tasks with laughter and kindness and cheerful good will: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1946

GOD OF THE LIVING AND OF THE LIVING DEAD, by the passing to the great beyond to another room of service in the Father's many-mansioned house of those who here stood in posts of honor and power and helped to mold their day and generation, by the dedication as shrines of grateful remembrance of the grassy mounds where worn and tired bodies rest as the souls of the valiant go marching on in the great causes to which they gave their all, we are reminded of our own mortality and how brief the hours of labor as, swift to its close, ebbs out life's little day. While daylight lasts may our toil merit the

Master's "well done" when darkness falls. As one age has passed the torch to another—

"Thy love hath led us in the past;
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way."

Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, in a crude cross, planted in the earth, that blossomed into victory, give us to glimpse anew the invincible symbol that Thy purposes are beyond defeat. Upon our spent spirits drop the still dews of Thy quietness and upon our feverish hearts the cool and gentle showers of Thy restoring grace; that, in simple trust and deeper reverence, we may be found steadfast in an unstable day, always abounding in the work Thou givest us to do, knowing that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.

Forbid that in cushioned ease we should greedily grasp a full chalice of plenty while multitudes of our fellows hold in enfeebled hands a cup of anguish. Suffer us not to complacently satisfy the pangs of our hunger, oblivious to multitudes whose prayer for daily bread Thou canst answer only through our response. May we gladly accept even the Calvary of sacrifice that, through our self-denial, redemption may come to those whose very life is our trust. We ask it in the name of that One who despised the shame and endured the cross. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, to turn to Thee is rest, to know Thee is eternal life; to serve Thee is perfect freedom. Thy mercies are new every morning and at nightfall Thy presence illumines every shadow.

In the mirror of prayer we see our boasted righteousness but as dust and ashes, and our vaunted strength as but a broken reed. Save us from error, pride, or prejudice as issues of great moment for the whole world claim the calm judgment of these decisive days. Of Thy mercy vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, so to direct, sanctify and govern all that we do and say, and all the decisions that emerge from the deliberations of this body, that there may be in our day's work nothing of which when the evening come we shall have cause

to be ashamed; at the last, make us more than conquerors as even a dark and hostile cross proves but a key to unlock the portals of life everlasting. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1946

GOD, OUR FATHER, in the valley of the shadow with death tracking us and ours, we come in the afterglow of Easter in the glorious certainty that life is ever lord of death; that we share the victory of that One who wrestled with death in a garden where tyranny had sealed a tomb, and who came forth from the struggle with the keys of hell and death swinging from His girdle. Thou hast placed us in a world whose face is as ugly as sin and as lovely as a sunset, as cruel as a stormy sea and as tender as a mother's love, a world of violets and vipers, of slime and stars, of laughter and tears; but a world where the horror of a malefactor's cross has been made to flame with the glory of an empty tomb. Sharing the risen life, may our words and deeds proclaim our creed: That life is stronger than death, that love is stronger than hate, that truth is stronger than error, and that always behind death's husks tremble the seeds of birth. In all the contradictions and confusions of these days, help us to hold that faith, and to hold it fast, in the sure confidence that the third day comes: In the name of the risen Redeemer. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, fountain of all life, source of all blessing whose infinite mind dwells behind the shadows and in the shadows, and whose heart of love pulses beyond the stars, at this noontide altar of a nation's faith we seek Thy guidance and a sense of Thy nearness. As we face the cares of today and the burdens of tomorrow, we are bewildered by the perplexity and the confusion of the world. When appalling human needs make this a time for greatness, save us from the devices and the duplicity of cowardly compromise, as evil enticements lie in wait to silence our consciences. Deliver us from the sophistries of the cynical and the inclinations of our own hearts to self-deceit.

As our starry banner flutters nearer to the earth in grief for the translation of a great public servant,* reminding us that in the midst

* Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone.

of life we are in death, like him whose earthly labor is ended, may we do our work to the last in sincerity, tranquillity, and self-effacement: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, we beseech Thee that Thou wilt make this moment of devotion a pavilion of Thy peace as, trusting only in Thy mercy, we bring our soiled souls to Thy cleansing grace. We come with burdens on our minds and hearts for our Nation and the world; with haunting fears of a war won and a peace lost; with deep anxiety concerning the future our children will inherit from our hands. Yet we live in the faith that Thy truth is marching on even in the perplexities of these terrific days. We thank Thee for every word of truth which has been spoken the wide world through, for all of right which the human conscience has perceived and woven into the social fabric. Make us ministers of that love which will not halt its growing sway till it joins all nations and kindreds and tongues and peoples into one great fraternity: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1946

ETERNAL SPIRIT, closer to us than we are to ourselves, in this quiet moment make our hearts and minds sensitive to Thy presence. We, who through another week have urged on all our mental and physical powers with strain and stress, would now grow still and responsive before the highest we know. Refresh our faith that the tensions of life may not break our spirits. Remind us that beyond the appraisals of man there falls upon our lives the searching light of Thy judgments. Widen our sympathies, expand our understanding, override our prejudice, until the whole earth be our fatherland and starving, stricken humanity under all skies our care. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 6, 1946

ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD—

"The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward with the flood
And lost in following years;"

but Thy eternity outlasts all worlds; before Thee the nations are as the dust of the balance. Yet, swiftly passing as is our brief stay here Thou deignest to use us with all our blots and blemishes as the channels for Thy surging purpose for a redeemed earth, freed from the blight of hate, fit for the habitation of all Thy children.

As servants of the people, may we be the agents of Thy will and Thy kingdom, that Thy will may be done and Thy kingdom come, as it is in heaven so on the earth: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, Thou hast ordained that in the leadership of the nations the care of the many must ever rest upon the shoulders of the few. We beseech Thee, give understanding, humility, and charity to them who, in Thy name and for the Nation's sake, are entrusted here in this Chamber with the power of governance. In this troubled and uncertain day when the seamless robe of a common humanity is rent by inner strife and outward fears, teach us to be anxious for nothing but to do our best. And when, day by day, we have done faithfully the work Thou givest us to do, in quietness and in confidence may we leave the result to Thy unerring judgment: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1946

LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT, who art above all nations, and yet who dost dwell with those of an humble and a contrite heart, by Thine indwelling presence cleanse us now from the soil and defilement of the clamoring calls of these hectic days; flow through us like clean waters, and carry from our hearts the tensions, the resentments, the irritations, and the corroding fears which spoil the music of our lives. Open our eyes to the faults and evils which mar our democracy, and which we so readily condemn in other nations. Forgive us for our arrogant contempt of other races; give us to see that the best and the beautiful anywhere belongs to Thy children everywhere, and so is not to be stored, but poured, and that the high and holy things of every nation are from God and for all. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 13, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, as another week claims our strength and our days, grant us such courage for the right and such confidence in the triumph of the good that our efforts for a just solution of the tangled problems of humanity may never falter. May our own spirits be so dominated and motivated by good will that our supreme gift to a troubled world shall be to buttress those forces which must at last beat down every barrier to brotherhood and to equality of opportunity. Endue us with such understanding wisdom of the total pattern of human needs that every vexed question of boundary and trade, of production and distribution, of language and culture may be changed into bridges across all the chasms that separate man from man. Give us such faith that when the climbing way is hard and steep we may still follow the gleam, nor turning back, march breast forward to the city which hath the foundations of God: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1946

O GOD, infinite in mercy, love, and power, to whom all flesh shall come, we turn unfilled to Thee. For the beauty which fills the earth, for the love which hallows our homes, for the joy which springs from work well done, we thank Thee, the source of all gladness.

At this altar of Thy grace we pause with tasks waiting, lest with the light shining clear upon us we choose the dark. If in our frantic seeking for satisfactions and solutions we find all except Thee, we have nothing but vanity and our spirits remain still famished and athirst. For all life's quests illumine the darkness of our minds. And to those who, by their counsels, lead the peoples of the earth grant a right judgment in all things, O God, who in our private conduct and for the commonwealth maketh us both to will and to do those things that are good and acceptable in Thy sight: Through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1946

ETERNAL GOD, to whom there is no far or near, no great or small, Thy goodness and mercy hath followed us all the days of these pilgrim years, through sunny hours and through gloomy shades.

Often we had fainted unless we had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living and the signs of Thy final mastery shaping human events even through the wrath and mistakes of willful men. Strong Deliverer, be Thou still our strength and shield in these turbulent days, when victorious powers face the symptoms of their own weakness and the wrecks of nations which, by tyranny and aggression, have seared their own brows with the mark of Cain. In such a day, as stewards of the world's future, give us, O Lord, a lively faith, a firm hope, a fervent charity, and a will to labor valiantly for the things for which we pray: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1946

MOST GRACIOUS LORD, whose mercy is over all Thy works, ere we go on to meet the draining duties of this another day, we would first fix our eyes upon One whose crystal purity shames and challenges us, and who, out of the depths, even in torture's grim grasp, whispered with faith undimmed: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." With reverent tread we would pause at this wayside cross our fathers reared; then, following in the steps of that most holy life, we, too, would entrust our all to Thy mighty hand.

May we fill our niche in the growing temple of humanity solemnized by the fateful truth Thou hast revealed, that only righteousness exalteth a nation; that there is no righteousness which does not engirdle the globe, and that the span and the strength of a nation's life is measured by its moral stamina. Grant us the pity which stoops to serve and the abiding peace which passes understanding. Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1946

ETERNAL SPIRIT, without whose guidance our wisdom is but folly, keep us this day in serene sincerity of purpose with the seal of understanding charity upon our lips. Save us from being embittered by ingratitude, pettiness, or meanness, and from turning coward in the day of battle. May we be satisfied with nothing less than our best, however difficult and testing the duty before us. May the voice of the past warn us of paths which lead to national disaster; may the voice of the present call us to be prophets of good will in today's crisis, and may the voice of the future challenge us to a golden day

when earth's dismal deserts shall blossom into gladsome gardens: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1946

ALMIGHTY GOD, who has bidden the light of the day to shine out of the darkness of the night, we would still our hearts for this hallowed moment as we bow for the benediction of Thy loving kindness in the morning; for

"New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray."

Grant us this day the grace to live on the altitudes of our aspirations. As servants of Thine and of the peoples of this shattered earth, stricken, bleeding, starving, save us from false choices and guide our hands and minds to heal and bind and build and bless. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1946

O GOD, OUR FATHER, as in this pavilion of prayer we fling open the shuttered windows of our darkened lives to the effulgent light of Thy presence, enable us in our daily work to reflect some broken beams of Thy glory. Teach us by the adventure of faith how to be victors over life, not victims of it; and that to live worthily we must have a faith fit to live by, a self fit to live with, a cause fit to live for. Enlarge the sensitive area of our sympathy and then, out of Thine own heartbreak for Thy erring children of earth, write deep upon our hearts the suffering and pain of the shepherdless multitudes so broken by the burdens and stress of these cruel years. Grant us such a vision of our world and its appalling need as to make us sharers with Thee in saving it, from the worst that is in man, to the best that is in Thy will and plan when Thy kingdom comes: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1946

GOD OF ALL MERCIES, who didst guide our fathers as they fashioned this Republic, who hast entrusted to our hands a sacred heritage crimsoned by sacrifice and the strength of chastening trials, in this high hour of decisions freighted with destiny, grant that those who here speak for the Nation may be so true to their high calling, as

servants of the common good, that radiant joy may transfigure duty and that on this new day appointed tasks may be met with purity of purpose, without moral compromise or craven fear. Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1946

O MERCIFUL GOD, whose law is truth and whose statutes stand forever, we beseech Thee to grant unto us, who in the morning seek Thy face, fervently to desire wisely, to trace and obediently to fulfill all that is pleasing unto Thee. Unite our hearts and minds to bear the burdens that are laid upon us. Grant unto us all that, laying aside any partisan divisions, we may be given tallness of stature to see above the walls of our prideful opinions the good of the largest number. And in these perplexing times that try our souls and test our character may Thy strength sustain us, may Thy grace preserve us, may Thy wisdom instruct us, may Thy might protect us, may Thy hand direct us, this day and evermore. Amen.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1946

O GOD, who art the hope of all the ends of the earth, as in former times Thy spirit didst breathe over the chaos, confusions, and divisions of struggling States and weld them into one Nation and didst lead forth our fathers unto a wealthy place, so in these latter days, having girded us to conquer tyranny without, wilt Thou heal the tensions within which threaten to tear the fair robe of democracy. Save us from violence, discord, confusion, and from all pride and arrogance. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those who in Thy name are trusted with the authority of governance, to the end that there may be peace within our borders. Forbid that the precious oil of our unity be spilled upon the ground to ignite selfish fires; may it still feed the flame of liberty's torch as it enlightens the whole darkened earth. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 27, 1946

ETERNAL GOD, who turnest not Thy face away from those who work Thy will, as in the morning we take anew the cup of our freedom crimsoned with great cost, may we be mindful of its sacred meaning and reverent in its use. Make more worthy in faith and uprightness the hands of those who hold it high in trust for all, that its healing

balm may be denied to none beneath the spangled flag of this favored land. Grant that, even when the rights of all are mocked and betrayed for power or gain, we may still labor on with valor for the enthronement on earth of Thy reign of law and love, of equity and righteousness, nor ever doubt the final triumph of Thy great purposes for all men: Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1946

THOU GREAT COMPANION OF THE SONS OF MEN, amid the change and decay decreed by the passing years, as the corroding hand of time touches the world in which we toil and these mortal tenements in which we live, make us rich in that realm where moth and rust doth not corrupt; keep us faithful when others falter; keep us still pursuing when others give up the quest; keep us hopeful when our fairest dreams seem as but mocking mirages of the desert; keep our integrity unsullied when siren songs assail our ears. And when sooner or later on our brief day's span there falls the twilight, and leaning walls of mortality are exchanged for a building of God not made with hands, may we find, even as Thy servant* who, full of years and honor, having with mind and heart served well his Nation in the long ministry of public life and now fallen on sleep, has found:

"Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
Thy river of Thy peace."

In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1946

O GOD, who only art our refuge and our strength, to the altar of Thy forgiving mercy we come with starved souls, hungering after Thee. As leap the spires of Thy glory, how low fly the thoughts of our desires, their wings too often brushing the very ground. In the sanctuary of Thy riches how foolish and futile seem the things for which we strive with panting breath; we are of the earth earthy. Lead us now, we beseech Thee, beyond the wonder of the morning to the gates which lead to peace and power. We ask it in the name

*Senator Carter Glass of Virginia.

of that strong and stainless One who, without shame and in triumph, wore the garment of our afflictions and limitations and who looks at us and through us in these troubled days with eyes majestic yet with a smile that bids us hope. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, in whose peace our restless spirits are quieted, the fierce storms sweeping across our world have left us weary with watching; these testing times have found out our every weakness. While the tempest still is high, we turn to the infinite calm of Thy changeless love that we may find inner sustenance, wells of living water springing up, courage in battling for truth and serenity under strain. Give us a readiness for the austere disciplines of self-control, so that our minds and bodies may be the channels for kindling thoughts and soaring ideals, and power to match great needs with great deeds. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1946

ETERNAL GOD OUR FATHER, in the stillness of prayer, as the loud poundings of the builders cease, always we are conscious of a persistent knocking at our heart's door and of a tender, pleading Voice which steals into the emptiness of our self-content, calling: "If any man will open the door, I will come in." Solemnize us with the knowledge that only our hand can open the door that keeps Thee out of our lives which, without Thee, are but vanity and vexation of spirit. If Thou comest dressed drably as duty, may we earn at the last Thy "well done." If Thou comest in the white garments of truth, may we not fail to follow the road though rough and steep. As we fare forth in Thy fear, prosper us this day in our work; so may we fulfill our daily tasks with honor and integrity, walking ever in the ways of Thy commandments: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, we thank Thee for the new day bathed in the glory of June, for the dawn orchestra of birds' song, for the fragrance and tint of the tiniest flower, for the mystic beauty of lights and shadows weaving patterns of splendor across the verdant fields and

templed hills. Through it all, and in the laughter and tears of our fellow pilgrims and in our own souls, tune our hearts to hear Thy voice, that we may know we are not alone. Deliver us from the folly of coming to Thee with empty words burdened with no agony of desire. So gird our lives that here, in the ministry of public affairs, we may make decisions greatly, walk on the high levels of noble purposes, and, with kindling sympathies as wide as human need, in all things quit us like men: In the Redeemer's blessed name. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1946

GOD OF THE PURE IN HEART, in the hush of this moment, reveal, we beseech Thee, the sacramental gifts of life that belong to our peace. Grant us vistas of the strength that waits to be added to our weakness for the great enterprise of world brotherhood committed to our hands. If the flaming ideals which lighted our way, when first with a conquering zeal we faced the tangle of public problems, have become dull and tarnished by disillusionment and cynicism, burnish them again that they may shine with allurement and, with their charm and hope, lead us to a fairer earth. In this high and solemn place of debate and decision, with the gaze of all the world upon us, may we walk steadfast in the simplicity of sincerity and in the humility of spirit without which no man can see God or the godlike in man: Through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1946

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thou only art eternal and changeless. Like infants with no language but a cry, we are but pilgrims of the night; beneath our uncertain feet is sinking sand, around us constant change and in all things, including our mortal life, the seeds of decay sprout death. Our brief days are running out with hurrying pace as the terror of the shade closes in upon us; but at the altar of prayer faith flings open an escape into eternity, life, which without Thee is mockery, is flooded with meaning, our tasks are sanctified and glorified. The encircling gloom is not our home; therefore, will we not fear though the earth do change and though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas; though the nations rage and the kingdoms be

moved: The God of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1946

OUR GRACIOUS FATHER, as our thoughts are hushed to silence, may we find Thee moving upon our minds, higher than our highest thought, yet nearer to us than our very selves. Before the toil of a new day opens before us, we lay before Thee the meditations of our hearts. May they be acceptable in Thy sight. Bring all our desires and powers, we beseech Thee, into conformity to Thy will.

As we pray for Thy kingdom's coming to our own hearts and to the world, awake in us a holy awe of this law-abiding universe which is our home and which so inexorably moves from cause to consequence. Bend our pride to Thy control. Prepare us for the role committed to our fallible hands in this appalling day, with its vast issues that concern not only our own dear land but all the continents and the islands of the sea. May our loins be girt and our lamps burning and ourselves as men who watch for their Lord's coming. In the Redeemer's name we ask it. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1946

GOD OVER ALL, blessed forevermore, amid the seething strife which has marred the earth and still sadly separates the sundered peoples of the world, this white altar reared at the gates of the morning speaks to us ever, whate'er vexatious problems we face, of our final reliance on those supreme spiritual forces, faith and hope and love, which alone abide and on which our salvation in the end depends. On these strong strings trembles the music on the harp of life. O Divine Musician, the strand of Thy hope has not snapped; Thy fingers still sweep over the chords of destiny. Only Thou canst make our days a melody of redemption and our lives a hymn of praise. So tune our hearts this day to the infinite that all perplexed meanings may be linked into one perfect peace. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, with soiled face and hands unclean with the dust of earthy toil, we come to the crystal waters of Thy restoring grace. As those set aside to prescribe for the ills of an ailing social order, first cleanse our own souls from moral pollution and mental

darkness. In a world where the worst wars constantly against the best, open our eyes to invisible allies which fight by the side of those who keep step with Thy will—invincible forces which at last will bend and break the spears of evil. When plagued with perplexity we have sought truth till our minds are wearied, when faint with the struggle our strength has departed, when the sadness of the world creeps into our own eyes, stand, Thou, in splendor before us like the light, like love all lovely, like the morning and the noontide which slays the shadows. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1946

ETERNAL GOD, in hours of exhausting strain which drain away our strength, we give Thee thanks for the daily pause at this wayside well of peace and prayer.

Again in this storied Chamber an empty desk so long filled with probity and honor is reminding us that to each day must come the end, when the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl and the pitcher are broken at the fountain and the mourners are in the streets, as a man goeth to his everlasting home. In the sadness of farewell, we give Thee thanks for one* who was the embodiment of the gentle chivalry of the Southland, but whose understanding sympathy encompassed the Nation with all its varied needs. It is with grateful remembrance this day we recall his long career as he followed in public service the footprints of a worthy sire. In an age of blatant Babel towers, Thou didst give him discerning eyes to see that the eternal springs of renewal gush from the good earth, whose broad fields hold the sacrament of seedtime and harvest.

"Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last;
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1946

O THOU MASTER OF ALL GOOD WORKMEN, again, as sounds the call to the labor of yet another day, we wait for Thy benediction, that in

*Senator John H. Bankhead II, of Alabama.

this secluded garden of devotion our souls may be refreshed and restored as the morning dew of prayerful reverence glistens on our parched and feverish lives. Grant that our hearts may be shrines of prayer, our homes nurseries of virtue, our personalities centers of contagious good will, and our Nation still a bulwark for the oppressed and a flaming beacon of hope whose beams shall battle the darkness in all the world. We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1946

OUR FATHER, who hast ordained that in trial we shall find our triumph, the day is Thine when shines the sun in radiance on our path; still it is Thine when clouds and darkness shadow the earth and we bend our heads to meet the driving storm. The earth is Thine and the fullness thereof; its goodness is Thy gift to all Thy children. Denying that heritage and forsaking Thy ways, man has blasted it with bombs, drenched it with blood, scorched it with fire: Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! Prosper, we beseech Thee, in councils whose decision will shape the tomorrow, all sincere efforts of those who speak for the nations, that there may be found a more excellent way when, in sharing all, Thy sundered children may gain all: And Thine shall be the kingdom and the power and the glory. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1946

O GOD, our life, our hope, our strength, like clanging bells on a lonely ocean tolled by the restless sea, so in our unquiet souls tolls the longing for Thee that will not be stilled. Out of the night that covers us we come, groping up the altar stairs, to the light that never fails. For our day, with all its sinister renewal of injustice, misery, and of ruthless regimentation that robs men of their freedom, make us children of the light, harbingers of the day. Thou seest us plunged, almost unaware of its dire portent, into the most fateful struggle of human history. As those called to steer the Ship of State in mountainous seas, reveal to us the things that belong to our peace and our salvation. With the rapture of high resolve, being done with lesser things, gird us with might to clear across the ravished earth a highway for the feet of our God whose kingdom has no frontiers: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1946

ETERNAL GOD, who committest to us the solemn trust of life, so swiftly pass the hours of our sojourn in this narrow space of time that our day mounts to noon and the signs of evening tinting the western sky warn that the night cometh ere our work is planned. Forgive us for squandering on trivial concerns the fabulous riches of golden hours. Because so much of our span is gone and so little left, may we redeem the residue by intensity of living, realizing in this new day's toil the presence of eternity. May the sun of Thy glory break through clouds that hide our earth-filled eyes from Thee. So "at noonday, in the bustle of man's work time," we would "greet the unseen with a cheer:" In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1946

O GOD, who ordainest each day as a fresh beginning, as wait the watchers for the dawn, so with confidence even under the distant stars wait we for the signs of Thy appearing, in the quenchless hope which sees always a new morning beyond the darkest night. Turning from the dizzy world where truth so often eludes us along tangled paths, we would seek at this altar of faith the truth about ourselves, knowing that Thou canst not use us to change the crooked things that blight the earth unless our own hearts are homes of sincerity, integrity, and purity. Create in us clean hearts, O God, and renew a right spirit within us. Fit us to be forerunners for the conquering might of that One who alone can redeem the waste places, as in His name we cry aloud—

> "Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
> And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors,
> And the King of Glory shall come in."

Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1946

O LORD OUR GOD, who renewest our sight with the fresh gladness of the morning, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! Through the changing pageant of nature, with form and color which thrill the senses, Thou makest Thyself known to us; for beauty is but Thy handwriting. Through shining lives of men and women that rise in moral splendor, even as lowly vines climb to blossoming glory, we

glimpse the heights of Thy holiness. We give Thee thanks for all interpreters of Thy mind who, with brush or pen or uttered word, bring even one more syllable of reality, one more gleam of the truth which makes men free.

In this our Father's world, while striving in the day's heat valiantly as men, may we keep our faith simple and our hearts happy as children: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, like the morning dew on parched ground, like the mystic quiet of summer twilight, steal upon us now with a sense of the eternal as we bring our fainting spirits to the holiness that shames our uncleanness, to the love that forgives our iniquities, to the truth that defies all our falseness, to the patience that outlasts our fickleness. In the brooding silence of this still moment, may open windows of faith flood our darkness with light, that in Thy sunshine's blaze our day may brighter, fairer be. Clothe our failing flesh with Thy renewing grace as we bring our incompleteness to Thy completeness. Give us inner greatness of spirit and clearness of vision to meet and match the large designs of this glorious yet demanding day, that we may keep step with the drumbeat of Thy truth which is marching on: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1946

O GOD, high and holy above all our thought, the path of prayer but leads us to an appalling sense of our own need and to a sickening realization of how far we have fallen short of the glory of Thy plan for us and for mankind. Yet apart from Thee our outlook for the future is clouded by apprehensions that haunt us and murder sleep; our minds are plagued with questions that we cannot answer as to how humanity, with the dread secret of nature in its fumbling hands, can live on this planet in peace and security. Our hopes of a united world, for which costly blood has been poured upon the anguished ground, seem ever to move into thin air from our eager grasp, like mirages of the desert. O God, the answers for which we gropingly seek in the darkness of our own devices are hidden in Thy heart.

Make us such men that Thou mayest speak to us and that to this bewildered generation we may be the broadcasters of Thy voice. So shall the world that ever surely climbs to Thy desire grow swifter toward Thy purpose and intent: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1946

ETERNAL GOD, in whose peace our restless spirits are quieted, from the flickering torches of our own understanding, we would lift the difficult decisions of the public service unto Thy holy light. In these anxious days when the destinies of nations hang in the balance, the tensions of human relationships are like waters tossed and troubled. Through estranging seas, be Thou our chart and compass:

"Great God of all the earth,
Lead us to know the worth
Of sympathy.
May fellowship increase,
May all contentions cease,
And nations dwell in peace
And unity."

In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1946

ETERNAL SPIRIT, whom to find is like exchanging a windowless cell for the blue depths of the sky, for the stretch of the infinite sea, for a serene garden with its sacrament of fragrance and color, escaping from the narrow prejudices and inflamed passions of this embittered day, enable us to think with justice, truth, and reverence concerning the common interests of this troubled world. Teach us the saving secret of being anxious for nothing; and when we have honestly given our best to the solution of problems that now vex the earth, plowed with the tragic furrows of war, may we leave the result to Thy wisdom with no fear in our hearts, save only that of failing Thee and, at the last, of being found unworthy of Thy "Well done:" In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1946

MOST MERCIFUL GOD, the fountain of all wisdom and goodness, we thank Thee for the gift of sleep when the tangled web of weary thought emerges clarified and straightened by the touch of the new day. Like a bird that flashes from the darkness through the light back to darkness again, so our day of light is but a moment—a sudden call, and we are gone. Since we know not what a day may bring forth, but only that the hour for serving Thee is always present, may we wake to the instant claims of Thy holy will; not waiting for tomorrow, but yielding ourselves today. So may the service of our brief hour contribute to the beauty and glory of our America as in a darkened world she looks forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, in the splendor of Him who is the Light of the World. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1946

O FATHER OF MANKIND, to whom all souls are dear and whose tender mercies are over all Thy works, as we come our grateful hearts are singing; "This is the day the Lord has made; therefore we will rejoice and be glad in it." Turning to this morning garden of silence from a world so full of tumult and passion, setting our faces toward waiting tasks, we pray for guidance and for strength. Save us, we beseech Thee, from all error, pride, and prejudice. Grant us that candor which is the high courage of the soul. Help us to find in each problem and perplexity but the prelude to those larger understandings which, in a desert of denials and betrayals of truth and freedom, shall be as trees planted for the healing of the nations: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 1, 1946

JOINT SESSION OF THE HOUSE AND SENATE—MEMORIAL FOR FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

GOD OF THE LIVING AND OF THE LIVING DEAD, in a realm where beyond these voices and party cries there is peace and a pure plane of appraisal, where the motives and deeds of men are weighed in juster scales than ours, and where the souls of the righteous are in Thy hands and belong to the undivided nation forever:

We thank Thee for the life of this servant of Thine and of humanity who led the Republic in the days of its most crucial test and that, for the world's fairest hopes, he was a word made flesh in a torn and tormented generation. We give Thee thanks that while others slept Thou didst give him to see clearly that the vital issue was a slave world or a free world, and that Thou didst anoint him to make our America the arsenal of democracy's weapons for imperiled freedom everywhere.

Now that that foul tyranny is in dust and ashes we come to acknowledge in this Chamber, where with failing physical strength and faltering voice he gave a last account of his stewardship, that among the shining memories of the Nation he served will abide always the heritage of his personal courage, his utter faith in democracy, and his passion to uplift the underprivileged and the exploited everywhere.

We think tenderly today of his heroic triumph over bodily affliction and disability, a precious gift he has bequeathed to all who with maimed bodies have returned from the carnage to face the test he surmounted in the art of living. This memorial hour we would listen to his parting words, his marching orders as Commander in Chief, as, being dead, he yet speaketh:

> Let us move forward with a strong and active faith, remembering that the only limit to our realization of tomorrow is our doubts of today.

We are grateful that, in Thy providence, before he ceased at once to live and to work he knew that triumph was perching on Allied banners, and that every white cross on far-stretching God's acres under alien skies was a belfry for the chimes of victory.

And now, under the spell of his example, with the elixir of his winged words still ours, we pray that, when for us all the voices that praise or blame grow faint and drift away, Thou wilt give us to know that Thy everlasting arms are still there beneath us. At the last, when the fever of life here is over, bring us all to the homeland of Thy eternal love: In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1946

O GOD, the might of them that put their trust in Thee, amid all the subtle dangers that beset us, save us from the fatal folly of attempting to rely upon our own strength. In a world so uncertain about many things, we are sure of no light but Thine, no refuge but in Thee.

The din of words assails our ears from an agitated world. Grant us an inner calm undisturbed by any outer commotion. Give us courage to seek the truth honestly and reverence to follow humbly the kindly light that leads us on.

Thou hast created us to be Thy temples. Grant that the holy places of our inner lives may harbor nothing unworthy of our high calling in Thee:

> "The ruins of our soul repair,
> And make our heart a house of prayer."

In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1946

O GOD, to the high altar of Thy mercy we come, each with his private need which only Thou knowest. In Thee alone we find the deep springs of the spirit at whose crystal waters we may be so strengthened with might that, maintaining our integrity and fidelity in an evil time, we shall go forth to be in the world but not of it.

As, when curtains are lifted, through the smallest window streams the light of a vast and distant sun, so, Thou whose light fills all, illumine the rooms of our being which are dark only because we shut Thee out.

In the midst of all that saddens and perplexes in this difficult yet splendid day, give us an inner radiance; send us out where sound the cries of class and clan, not knowing that our faces shine, but humbly glad that in a world that lieth in darkness we are the children of the light: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1946

GOD OF OUR FATHERS, we give Thee thanks for the daring resolves and for the deathless words of the founding fathers, as in turbulent

waters, snapping the bonds of tyranny, they launched their noble experiment dedicated to the freely expressed will of all the people. As the sacred memories of those dark and doubtful days have again stirred the Republic on the birthday of the state, give to those who, through the treacherous seas of these days, pilot the Nation's course a revealing remembrance of the altars at which they knelt, the ideals to which they were committed, the human rights to which they gave their fealty, who pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor as security for freedom's greatest venture. May the bombs bursting in air, tracing colored gardens in the sky, be but symbols of the glory and beauty of democracy which shall yet bloom in this favored land until all "its good is crowned with brotherhood from sea to shining sea." Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 8, 1946

GOD OF THE MORNING, we thank Thee for dawning light which softly steals across the darkened earth, as the leaves stir in answer to it and the birds sing the broken music of it and the long light falls across the quiet spaces and touches the sleeping waters into molten silver. Our glad eyes rejoice for roads made clear again and for fields revealed again, for love-lit faces into which to look and for a transfigured world made radiant and real.

Make us partakers of the sacrament of light, sharing the mystic secret of the very soul of things. We come with hearts grateful for other lights that no darkness can put out, beacons flaming in the sky, the light of truth and love and duty, in whose glory we walk and in the shining splendor of which we toil. Steady us with the assurance that our labor for a new earth of brotherhood is not in vain if we but open our minds and hearts to the life which is the light of men, and if we but listen to a voice not faint and far in fields of Galilee, but in the want and woe of today and tomorrow passionately pleading:

> "O brothers, I make the world one kin;
> Open your hearts and let Me in,
> That the reign of My Father may begin."

We ask it all in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1946

ETERNAL GOD, Father of all, who art above all and through all and in all, without whom life has no spiritual source, no divine meaning or destiny, but with whom there is power for the present and hope for the future: We seek Thee as our fathers before us have sought Thee in former days when the difficulties they faced were as frowning heights before their climbing feet; yet by faith they were led over the peaks to the pleasant valleys and still waters beyond. So lead us on, for Thou only art our guide and deliverer.

Strengthen us with Thy might that the strain of these days may not break our spirits and that no denials of human freedom now loose in the world may intimidate our souls. When the problems which front us seem insoluble, when the very principles for which brave men have died are betrayed, when the seamless robe of world unity is rent in twain, when even the shining river of our dreams seems to sink into the sands of futility, still may we labor on, serene and confident, knowing, while the weeping of hopes deferred may endure for a night, that the joy of Thy sure victory cometh in the morning.

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1946

OUR FATHER GOD, who art without beginning or end of days, who countest the nations as the dust of the balance, who puttest down the mighty from their seat and hast exalted the humble and the meek: Allowed by Thee, we have been called to be servants of the Nation in a tense and tortured time, when the world has been plowed with violence, when the sun was blackened and the moon became as blood, when wars and rumors of war vexed the earth. In such a day Thou didst summon us to unleash the might of freedom against rampant evil bent on enslaving all peoples and didst lead us to a victory which insures to men of good will a golden chance to build a world that at last shall be a fit dwelling place for Thy children.

Through this crucial period we have been at best unprofitable servants. Now unto Thy holy keeping we commit ourselves, and all that we have done and said, as this day there is written "The

end" to the chapter of our endeavors during these momentous times. With a solemn sense of the finality of it all the volume is closing. For all our regrets we cannot cancel one word or erase one act. Wilt Thou bless and strengthen all that here has been worthily done, as we have followed flickering lights in a dark hour. Pardon and overrule what has been done unworthily, or left undone, or done amiss.

And now may the Lord bless us and keep us; may the Lord make His face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us; may the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us and give us peace—peace in our own hearts, peace in this dear land of ours, and peace throughout all the earth, now and evermore.

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

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